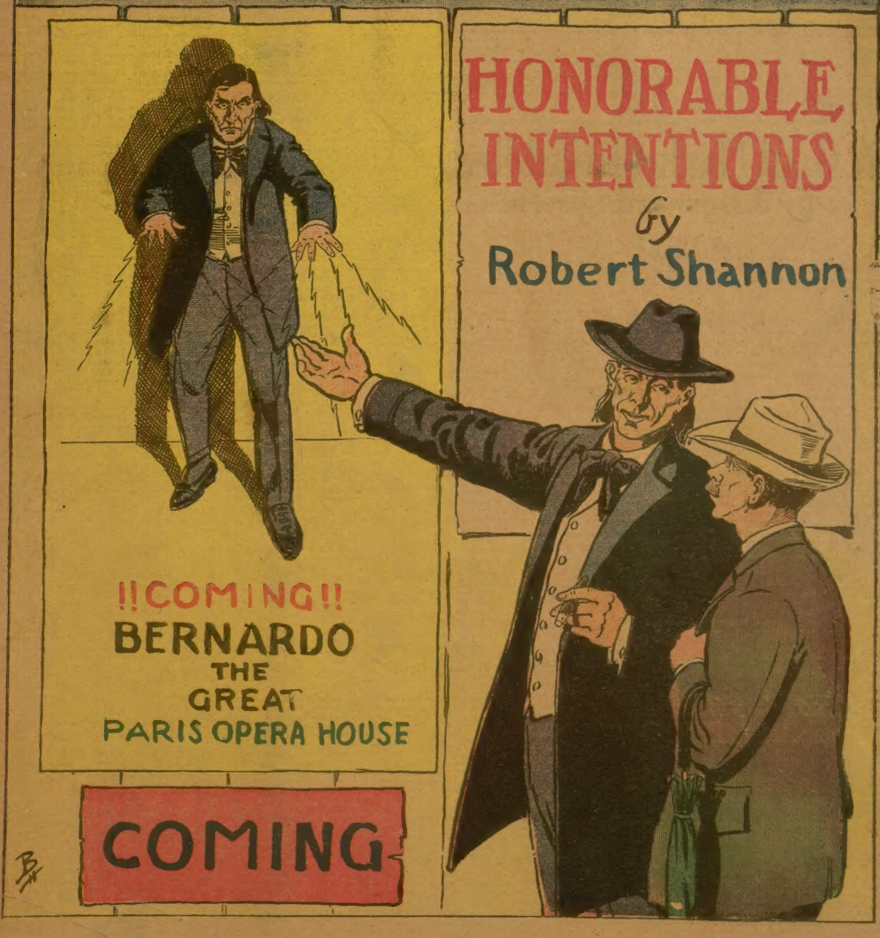
A NEW STORY OF BERNARDO THE GREAT THIS WEEK

CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. LI. NO. 24. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1923. 5 CENTS A COPY.


HONORABLE INTENTIONS
by
Robert Shannon
!!COMING!!
BERNARDO
THE
GREAT
PARIS OPERA HOUSE
COMING
B

RED LETTER SHORT STORIES

THE WARNING, By Mary Spain Vigus
UNSCRAMBLING THE EGGS, By Horace Howard Herr
AN ELUSIVE CHANTICLEER, By Howard Philip Rhoades
A BULL MARKET IN FIDDLES, By J. Bernard Lynch
DON JUAN OF TOMBIGBEE, By Garrard Harris
and other gripping tales

Complete in This Issue

Sure Relief
FOR INDIGESTION
BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS
6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief
BELL-ANS
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1923, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

VOL. LI. JUNE 16, 1923. NO. 24.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

All rights in stories purchased by the Ledger revert to the author following their publication by us. All persons are warned against reprinting them without first obtaining the consent of the author.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editors of the Ledger do not consider handwritten manuscripts. They purchase jokes, drawings and poems only by special arrangement with professional writers and artists. It is assumed by the Editors that manuscripts unaccompanied by stamped addressed envelope are not desired returned by their writers.

No articles are purchased; only fiction in all lengths. Payment is made on acceptance.

A Bull Market In Fiddles

By J. Bernard Lynch

UNCLE MYER, first aid to the financially afflicted, displayed unwonted interest as he mentally entoried a customer, while leaning ronizingly across the glass showse.

hat customer was tall, gaunt, aciated; his hair long and straggly, e chalky color of his face accentuated by bright, sparkling light in big brown eyes. The age advertised by plentiful streaks of gray strands was repudiated by a youthful figure and nervous energy evidenced in every movement.

With apparent effort, he raised a violin case from the floor and laid it across the counter. Then after a sigh he relaxed his grip and, with a gesture of despair, allowed his gaze to travel questioningly toward the pawnbroker.

"Well," asked the keeper, "do you want a loan or is it for sale?"

"A loan," answered the man, wearily. "It's my all, but soul hunger must wait until human need is satisfied."

The pawnbroker, with business-like brusqueness, snapped open the catch and made ready to uncover the offering.

"Pardon me," interposed the man, "this is an instrument of delicate and artistic construction, and must be handled with care. In fact—it is an old master!"

Slowly, as if drawing forth a precious treasure, the man laid the violin on the counter. He then looked toward the pawnbroker, as if anticipating that the exhibition would enforce enthusiastic admiration.

The pawnbroker, to whom all instruments perhaps looked alike, blinked disinterestedly and asked, "How much do you want?"

"Listen," said the man, impressively, as he raised the instrument from the counter and tucked it, in a peculiar manner, under his chin. "You fail to value this treasure, but the violin will make you understand."

He drew the bow across the strings slowly, and the eulogy he could not convey in words he put into tones and half tones. A merry lilting waltz enlivened the sombre atmosphere and regaled the varied collection of misfortune's trophies. The man and melody bespoke mastery in the medium of expression and the pawnbroker's grim look softened as he felt the appeal dominating the strains.

The music ceased with soft plaintiveness and the player laid the instrument on the counter.

"You see," he offered, indulgently, "it bespeaks the mellowness of bygone years; it is a heritage of master workmanship. But even tho it's my soul, my heart, my life, we must part for a while. Altho the value of such an instrument as this should be counted by thousands, I ask but a trifle. To get too much might keep us apart too long, for genius is often hungry and fortune is a fickle jade. Let me have three dollars until the ghost walks."

With an expression of relief the pawnbroker, after a casual examination, turned to the desk and, securing his customer's name and address, passed money and pawn ticket across the counter.

The grotesque customer moved slowly toward the door and then stopped. "Pardon me," he said, as he retraced his steps, "I trust you appreciate how important the safe keeping of that violin is. Being delicate it is extremely sensitive to heat and cold. It is also affected by darkness. It must have light and air. Would you mind hanging it somewhere?"

"I will store it in the back room," answered the pawnbroker. "It is both sunny and airy there."

The violin owner shook his head protestingly, as if doubting the character of the back room. "There's a good place right above the counter," he said; "would you mind hanging it up?"

"All right," answered the pawnbroker, impatiently, and after placing the case under the counter he hung the violin where designated, while the man looked on approvingly. Then, after profuse thanks, the odd customer departed.

And with the service lubricated by demands of other customers, Uncle Myer forgot the violin and its strange-looking owner.

TWO days later he smiled a welcome to a gentleman whose personal appearance breathed money begetting confidence. As the demands for loans had been unusually large during the day, the pawnbroker beamed pleasantly when his customer requested to see a diamond ring from the window display.

The man studied the ring reflectively, and with the aid of a pocket microscope viewed the sparkling gem.

"The stone is good," he admitted, "but I find, on closer examination, the setting is an inferior copy of one I already have in my collection, for that reason it does not interest me."

"Don't be in a hurry, mister," said the pawnbroker, in an agony at the prospect of losing a sale. "Look around. Possibly you'll see something else you'll like."

The man paused, rather bored, and sent his glances wandering indifferently over the many pledged articles in evidence. The pawnbroker could see that nothing really attracted him. What a pity the ring had not been salable. Uncle Myer thrust it back into the window with a peevish sniff. At the same time he made up his mind not to let the customer escape without buying something. He felt his mercantile honor was involved in the affair.

"At any rate," he told himself, "he didn't go out. What is it he looks at now?"

The stranger's gaze had come to a halt above the counter. It remained there while Uncle Myer turned and looked at the same object.

No word was spoken for so long a while that the spirit of the pawnshop, always lying in wait for a moment when human influence ceases to dominate, had a chance for expression. Uncle Myer feared these moments. When he was there by himself he tried to avoid them by whistling, phone talks, or strolls to the door, whence he could overhear the busy street. The pledges were now in full power. Each clock ticked its loudest, each bit of brick-a-brac rang true to a vibration, a mandolin string snapped, an antique cabinet creaked as if to say "I could a tale unfold——"

And then a word was spoken—one word, no more.

"Stradivarius!"

Myer's heart thumped. (Did the stranger say it—could a man speak when his lips did not move?) Myer almost believed he had said it himself—only, as it happened, 'twas a word with which he had small acquaintance. Shaking off the weird influence of the silence, he cleared his throat and looked commandingly at the customer. To his relief, the latter spoke at once in a business-like manner.

"That violin," he remarked, "looks rather interesting. My special fad is gems, but I like to look at instruments. I have an idea that one might be unique."

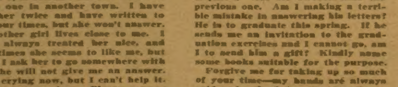
"Sorry, mister," said the pawnbroker, "but that violin is not for sale. It's a pledged article, and only here two days. But I've other instruments. Maybe——"

The man made a gesture of irritation. "No," he said, sharply, "I don't care to waste time on ordinary modern fiddles. Of course, that may be nothing more, but I fancied—at least, I'd like to ex-

(Continued on Page 17.)

What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER by VICTORIA GREY



DEAR MISS GREY: I am a regular reader of the Chicago Ledger and I have read your letters to other girls and boys until you seem like a mother to them. Please, Miss Grey, be my mother for a little while. I am a boy 17 years old with dark hair, brown eyes and fair skin. I love two girls; one in another town. I have met her twice and have written to her four times, but she won't answer. The other girl lives close to me. I have always treated her nice, and sometimes she seems to like me, but when I ask her to go somewhere with me, she will not give me an answer. I am crying now, but I can't help it. I can't eat or sleep. Please answer at once. Good-by; I thank you with all my heart. A LOVESICK BOY.

You are wasting yourself on people unworthy of you, dear little All Heart boy. Now just you do as "your mother" tells you. Stop letting these girls see that you care for them—that is, stop for a while. Pretty soon you will see them looking out of the corners of their eyes to see what has happened to you, and then pretty soon you will see them making wee, little indefinable advances toward you. But frankly, I shouldn't waste my time on girls like these, for it is oh! so much more fun to be wild about some one who is wild about you! I'd wait, boy, until the right girl came.

Dear Miss Grey: As I read the problem solutions each week I am convinced that you are indeed a trustworthy friend. You seem to find pleasure in guiding people along hazardous routes, always bringing them out to see the glory of the good.

I am a motherless lass with no older sister. May I confide in you? My best pal has a cousin attending college. She gave him my address and he sent me Christmas greetings which I didn't hesitate in answering. His letters come regularly and one is just a "wee bit" sweeter than the previous one. Am I making a terrible mistake in answering his letters? He is to graduate this spring. If he sends me an invitation to the graduation exercises and I cannot go, am I to send him a gift? Kindly name some books suitable for the purpose.

Forgive me for taking up so much of your time—my hands are always cold and red. I do not subscribe to the theory that cold hands indicate a warm heart; so will you suggest a way to keep them in a natural condition? With a heart full of gratitude, I remain,

DOUBLE DIMPLES.

Thank you, you sweet bundle of a girl! And there is no harm at all in carrying on this correspondence, inasmuch as this boy and you have a mutual friend thru whom you "met" by letter. Send him some book bearing upon his intended career if you can. Or some quaint little thing like the book of Japanese "fairy tales," each of which has a moral not at all for children but for grownups; or, if he hasn't, theRubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. I wish you joy, dear. As for the hands, wash only in warm water, not hot, and get more calesthenic exercise. Your circulation is poor.

Dear Miss Grey: I suppose you have lots of letters to read, but I hope you will read mine thru. My hair is long and thin and I want to bob it. Some say that will make it thicker. Is it still in vogue? I am 19 years old. MRS. L. T.

If usage makes the style, bobbed hair is certainly in the very height of fashion. There have been numerous rumblings about it being cut, but no one pays the least bit of attention to it, for oh! it is lovely and easy to keep your hair nice. And no matter how thin the hair is, it will look like a bush when bobbed if one only gives it a marcel or curl once in a while. It also makes the hair come in thicker, and as hair grows eight inches a year normally, it wouldn't be short forever. Also you can use a hairnet over it when you want it to appear as long hair done up.

Dear Miss Grey: I am a girl 18 years old, living on a farm. I have a boy friend who comes to see me once in two weeks in a hired car. I think it's too often. What can I do then? I like him, but others have told me he is homely; thus I am losing interest in him. Is it right for me to do so? What would be the right conversation upon his visits? He talks of love, but it's rather monotonous to me. He also talks about our future, but as we are not engaged, how can I return his answers?

My mother and sister prepare lunch when he is there. Should I help, or keep him company? May I accompany him out in the evening? What is the proper thing to wear to a dance or theater? Or when he comes to see me? Who orders the lunch at a restaurant and what may I order for a late lunch? And lastly—and most perplexing—when he leaves me he insists upon a kiss and I always refuse. I don't think it proper and don't like him for it, but he insists it is not wrong. Dear Miss Grey, what can I do? If you answer even half of these questions I believe I'll pay you a personal visit to see if you aren't really superhuman? Thanks, Miss Grey.

UNCULTURED.

Well, here we go for all these nice questions. There is no harm in the boy's coming even as often as twice a week if you like him well enough. If you don't, have your mother answer the door and say you are busy, or headachey, but to come in anyway, even if you AREN'T to be seen, and a few visits like these will stop his coming. You cannot help it if you lose interest in him because people harp on his homeliness. If you were in love with the young man it would not have that effect. As for conversation, ask him what he is particularly interested in—or ask him how sugar is made, or what camphor comes from or if he knows turpentine comes from trees or something like that. When he talks about your and his future say frankly, "But I'M not engaged to YOU. How can you TALK that way?" You have an awfully sweet mother and sister. You can follow your whim as to helping with lunch or not. You may acompany him out in the evening and wear an evening gown with low neck and no sleeves. It should be of light weight, silky material. Wear just a regular afternoon dress when he comes in the daytime—or evening, in fact. In a restaurant, the waiter should come and take your order first, and the young man's order next. Fish is very good to order for evening lunch. Boiled lobster is quite delightful, and coffee and nuts or some fanciful dessert. It is not proper to kiss him if you are not engaged to him. When he wants to kiss you say you are saving your kiss for your unknown fiance. You can say such things laughingly and pleasantly—but adhere strictly to them. Now! When is that visit coming?

MARVELOUS NEW BEAUTY DISCOVERY BRINGS NATURALLY CURLY HAIR IN 20 MINUTES.

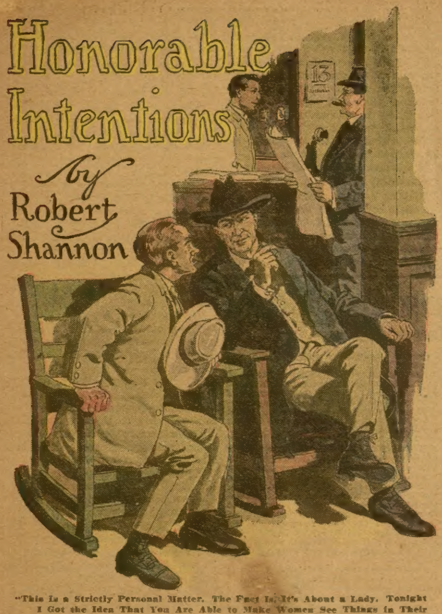
From the heart of sunny Spain comes the most remarkable beauty discovery of the age—Liquid Marcelle—bringing to every girl and woman in America the thing she has always longed for—beautiful, silky, naturally curly hair!

The application of this marvelous Spanish liquid is simplicity itself. Just comb a few drops into your hair, twirl the hair a bit with the fingers, or put it up on your favorite curlers, and presto!—in 20 minutes you are looking at a mass of beautiful curls and waves! Never before has such a magic beauty aid been offered!

In order to give every woman an opportunity to try this wonderful new curling fluid and hair tonic in her own home, we are going to offer 10,000 bottles at actual cost of production and handling—without one cent's profit to us. We have figured this down to $1.87, which includes the cost of making, packing, shipping and advertising. Send no money; just give us your name and address and pay the postman $1.87 upon delivery. Your money will be refunded if you are not elated with results. The Century Chemists, Century Building, Dept. 238, Chicago.—Adv.

Honorable Intentions

by Robert Shannon



"This Is a Strictly Personal Matter. The Fact Is, It's About a Lady. Tonight I Got the Idea That You Are Able to Make Women See Things in Their True Light."

HAVING finished his night performance at the opera-house, Bernardo the Great returned to the National Hotel and dropped into a lobby chair to finish a black cigar before retiring. Somehow—it seldom happened to him—he felt almost weary. His lids closed over his dark, magnetic eyes, and a discussion of trade conditions, volubly carried on by a group of traveling salesmen, became a faint babble in his ears.

The sound of a chair scraping on the floor as it was drawn close to his, followed by a slight, forced cough, aroused him. A small, wistful-faced man smiled at him affably but timidly.

"I attended your show tonight," the stranger ventured. "I was very much entertained—very much."

The professional hypnotist and magician acknowledged the tribute with a slight inclination of his head. The approval of the public, one or a thousand, was his meat and drink.

"I am very glad," he replied with dignity, "altho it is my purpose to instruct rather than to amuse."

"That's what I mean," the little man hastened to assure him. "I learned a lot from you tonight. I didn't know it was possible for one man to control people like you did. I never took much stock in this hypnotism business before. Why, you had a half-dozen people up there on the stage actin' up like crazy people—dancin' around and cavortin'!"

Bernardo smiled with that superior benignity of his which gave him such an air of wisdom.

"Merely the power of mental suggestion," he remarked easily; "the virile, well-disciplined will exercising complete dominance over the individual of untrained mentality."

"But you actually put 'em to sleep," his admirer insisted, still mystified. "Why, you seemed to twist 'em around your finger, like they was putty. Then you did that there trick with mental concentration——"

"Thought transference," Bernardo corrected. "In referring to any phenomena I always use the exact technical phrase."

"Well, whatever you call it, I never seen the beat of it. Tellin' people what message they wrote down on a piece of paper that you never seen and they sealed in an envelope—well, it confounds me all right! I never knew such things was. Another thing—you made a mighty fine speech there at the last on the higher life. By golly, you looked like a Congressman and you talked like one, too—better 'n some we've had here at election times."

The heart of the mountebank warmed. Faker and trickster that he was, Bernardo the Great had his softer side. To pose pompously, to achieve effects thru chicanery and sophistry, to pit his wits against the world—that was his life, and his reward was in whatever applause and homage came his way. Rather the life of the strolling player, with its limitations and privations, its uncertainties and vicissitudes, than the more substantial but prosaic fruits of his undoubted intelligence—that was Bernardo the Great. The night trips on the inland railroads, the gaping and astonished country audiences, the fare of third-class hotels, the endless chain of small-town experiences—better that, a thousand times, than respectability and stagnation. To stride down West Maple street of Tonganoxie in a wide-brimmed hat and a long-tailed coat after a successful performance, and to feel the unsophisticated residents sizing him up in awe and respect, was worth more to him than money in the bank.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Bernardo," the man beside him summed up, "you're a man of great power and influence. In fact, I was wonderin' if I mightn't get a chance to have a personal talk with you."

"I'm always glad to talk with any one who is interested in my profession."

"But this is strictly personal. It's about a very private matter. The fact is, it's about a lady. Tonight I got the idea that you are able to make women see things in their true light."

Bernardo glanced at the speaker with new interest. As a chance observer, he would scarcely have suspected the almost wizen gentleman, who was plainly nearing his fifties, of anything remotely connected with romance; yet there was something in the man's manner that now suggested it to the keen showman.

"I suppose I may speak to you in confidence?"

"Certainly," said Bernardo, checking a smile.

"Well, sir"—it was with the air of a confession—"I might as well take a chance and come right out plain with it. I ain't no hand with women—never was; but I was figurin' on settlin' down and gettin' married, and I wanted to talk with you about it."

"Why not speak to the girl's father about it?" Bernardo suggested.

"No use. He's 75 years old and stone deaf."

"Well, then, how about the young lady herself?"

"That's where I'm weak. Like I said, I ain't no hand with the women."

"Been courting her long?"

"No, not so very."

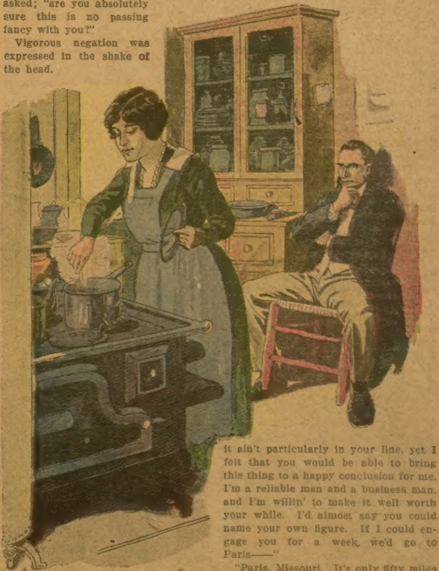
"Just about how long?"

"Some ten years, I guess."

The lover was helplessly sincere. Bernardo cleared his throat impressively.

"Now are you sure," he asked; "are you absolutely sure this is no passing fancy with you?"

Vigorous negation was expressed in the shake of the head.



He Knew, as He Glanced About the Well-ordered Place, That Miss Ariminta Nicholson Was Deserving of Something Better Than Spinsterhood.

"No, sir. I'm not what you would call a flirtin' man."

"Then your intentions are——"

"Honorable, sir—honorable!"

Bernardo considered the problem in silence for several minutes.

"All right, my friend," he said finally. "As a humanitarian, an adept in the mental sciences, and, I trust, something of a teacher and helper to my fellow man, I shall listen."

He passed a hand over his brow in thoughtful patience.

II.

A CAUTIOUS glance about the lobby of the hotel showed that it was empty by now, save for the somnolent clerk nodding behind the desk.

"I will just ask you one question," Bernardo said solemnly. "Have you ever asked this lady to marry you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did she say?"

"I'll never forget her words, Mr. Bernardo." There was great tenderness in the voice. "She said, 'Certainly not.'"

"When was this, please?"

"The first day I met her, just about ten years ago."

"You never proposed after that?"

There was an apologetic smile on the unsophisticated face.

"Well, how could I—after that?"

"Proceed," said Bernardo.

"The whole idea come like a flash to me tonight, when I saw you controllin' people up on the stage. I just thought that if I could do that, or if I could get you to help me—well, sir, I'd like to engage your services for about a week."

A frown momentarily darkened Bernardo's forehead.

"I don't want to insult you, sir," the seeker hastened to explain. "I realize it ain't particularly in your line, yet I felt that you would be able to bring this thing to a happy conclusion for me. I'm a reliable man and a business man, and I'm willin' to make it well worth your while. I'd almost say you could name your own figure. If I could engage you for a week, we'd go to Paris——"

"Paris, Missouri. It's only fifty miles up the line. You could go up there with me, and I believe you could sway her into it. That's all she needs—just somebody to sway her. Now, that's the proposition, and I want you to quote me a figure on the job."

Bernardo smiled.

"Such a service, even supposing that I could perform it, couldn't well be valued in money, could it?"

"Well, I'm willing to pay——"

Bernardo raised a hand against commercialism.

"It isn't a question of money. It's a matter of ethics. I'd have to know all the circumstances before I could consider using any occult or supernormal power."

He was interrupted.

"I'm going to tell you the whole story in a nutshell," said the little man. "My name is Henry R. Guilfoil, and I'm the sole proprietor, inventor, manufacturer, jobber, and retailer of Guilfoil's Neverfail Sheep-Dip. Got my own little factory up there at Paris, where I live. Just happened to be here today on business. Before I went in the sheep-dip business I was a vet'inary—you know, some people call it horse-doctor. I tell you, Mr. Bernardo, I've dealt with animals 'most all my life. Maybe that's why I don't know how to handle people—specially women. Paris is an old-time town, and the people there are sort of stiff-necked. I don't know for sure that they looked down on me for being a horsedoctor, but somehow I always thought maybe they did.

"When I first met Ariminta Nicholson she was 25 years old and as pretty as a picture—to me, altho there was some people couldn't see it. We met at a strawberry festival, and I proposed the same night and got the mitten. That's about all there is to it."

For a time both men sat silently. Bernardo was first to speak.

"You still call on her?"

"Only on Sunday afternoons. I ain't never missed one yet. If it's in summer or spring I usually take her a bouquet out of my garden, or if it's winter I generally take her a sack of candy."

"Any rivals?"

"Well, not any more. They gradually dropped off."

Perhaps it was because Bernardo, for a brief spell, was weary of the road. It may have been that he felt the need of a rest, of relaxation, of fresh energy that comes from steering one's activities into new channels. Or, again, the proposition may have presented itself in the aspect of a challenge to his powers. He closed his eyes in thought for so long that Mr. Guilfoil's spirits sank to his vici-kid shoes. Then the luminous eyes opened in a gleam of enthusiasm that scarcely concealed Bernardo's amusement.

"It is a call of the first magnitude," he announced grandly. "In the vast, eternal scheme of life, there come great duties which devolve upon us. Ordained and pre-destined as I am, committed to the furtherance of some preconceived and majestic force of nature, I cannot fail you, my brother."

He grasped the nervous hand of Mr. Guilfoil.

"Brother, you have come to the right man, the one man who can by his instrumentality assist—not command—in the untangling of the omnipresent snarl of life. What mysterious agency sent you here tonight I cannot tell. Those things are not given to me to understand. Yet there comes an irresistible urge from within my subliminal self to give freely of my gifts. Were it not so, believe me, my friend, I would spurn your offer."

"I was wonderin' if I got out a special brand of sheep-dip and named it after her, would it help any," Mr. Guilfoil interjected.

"As I look into your steadfast eye," Bernardo continued, heedless of the interruption, "I see gleaming there some light of high purpose and deep resolve. There is a subtle glow about your aura, which I sense rather than see, that vibrates in harmony with my own sixth sense. In your behalf, my friend, I would go to great distances, for indeed I could not do otherwise."

"I could name the new brand 'Ariminta's Pride,' and I could make it an extra fine dip, too."

"You appeal to my higher nature, to my altruism, my faith, and my hope." Bernardo rose to his stately height and shook back his long hair, for he was warm with his own oratory. "All the forces of telepathy, of suggestion, of superabundant and supernormal mentality and psychology, shall be at our command. I feel it. Together we shall reach out into the infinite and draw upon the all-powerful sources of energy that are available for souls with the gift of appreciation."

"There ain't another woman in the world, so far as I know, ever had a sheep-dip named in her honor," the lover insisted doggedly. "Strange I never thought of it before."

"As the seers and mystics of a past age, as the wizards of the Nile and the oracles of Delphi plunged into these perplexing problems that beset a well-nigh blind and helpless people, so shall we, my new-found friend, use our own natural but neglected intuitive and intellectual powers to complete an end that is, on the face of it, of the highest cosmic importance."

The hypnotist paused for breath, and Mr. Guilfoil shot in a clincher.

"I'll have a lithograph of her face on every barrel of it!"

"Guided by a never-failing instinct, we shall not fail, my brother!" Bernardo, standing a foot taller than Mr. Guilfoil, spoke solemnly, as if he were pronouncing a benediction. "Repose thy soul in slumber tonight, and on the morrow we shall fare forth to woo and win. Do you get me, my brother?"

Mr. Guilfoil did get him, and they wrung hands on the compact.

III.

THEY met again at breakfast. Bernardo's high spirits, as he sipped his morning coffee, were matched by Mr. Guilfoil's enthusiasm.

"I'm lookin' forward," the little man announced, "to the greatest week of my life!"

"My boy," said his new mentor, "it isn't going to take a week. One day, twenty-four hours, the thirtieth part of a month—that is sufficient. Besides, my engagements in the towns in this territory would alone preclude a prolonged stay. Today being Sunday, I am free for our great adventure into the realm of Eros. What time does the train leave?"

Mr. Guilfoil was slightly worried.

"I was countin' on havin' you with me for a week," he murmured apprehensively. "You see, it's a case of long standin', and——"

"Time!" Bernardo threw back his head and smiled. "It is but a man-made measurement of eternity. One day is plenty when inspiration serves us."

He beckoned to the waitress, a shambling, red-faced girl who looked upon him with frank admiration.

"Tilly," he said, lifting a biscuit from his plate, "this is a very remarkable piece of cookery. Now tell me, does it look strange to you?"

"Why, if it ain't all right, Mr. Bernardo, I'll get another."

"On the contrary, it is a very fine biscuit. I haven't tipped you since I've been here, have I, Tilly?"

"That's all right, Mr. Bernardo," the waitress protested. "It's been a pleasure for me to wait on a man like you, and you don't need to feel——"

"Nevertheless, you shall have your fee," said the man of mystery. "Look!" Very carefully he pushed his knife into the side of the biscuit, loosened the crust and, reaching in with his slender fingers, drew out a tightly folded two-dollar bill. "It is but a small return for your very excellent attention," he said as he handed the bill to her.

The girl accepted it dumbly, being too much astonished to speak. Mr. Guilfoil's eyes became round with wonder.

"I don't see how you do it!" he gasped. It's almost supernatural."

"Come!" said Bernardo, rising. "Let us stroll down in the sunshine to the station and get our tickets."

As they left the dining-room, Tilly stood silently gazing after the greatest man she had ever seen, with wonder in her eyes. She determined that if she lived a thousand years she would never part with that two-dollar bill.

"You don't need to worry about tickets," Mr. Guilfoil assured Bernardo, after they had paid their accounts and left the hotel. "I have already bought them. From now till you leave me you're my guest."

When the train pulled in, Guilfoil steered Bernardo to the parlor-car.

"No smokin'-cars for us!" he said. "We're goin' to ride to Paris in the style befittin' a man of your standin'."

They were soon comfortably seated in the upholstered swivel chairs, and the presence of Bernardo made itself felt thruout the car. The porter, especially, was impressed with the distinguished appearance of the showman.

"Senatuh," he said with deep politeness, "could I bring you the mornin' newspaper, suh, what we took on at Joplin?"

Bernardo merely nodded, but the negro hurried.

"It's just the same wherever you go, or whatever you do, Mr. Bernardo," the sheep-dip merchant remarked. "It

---

Unscrambling the Eggs

By Horace Howard Herr.

A CHAIN is no stronger than its weakest link. That applies to sausage. One link in Martin's sausage chain wouldn't stand the strain and, as a result, a perfectly good newspaper reporter was out of a job.

Business wasn't good with the Harmon Daily Herald when its owner decided to reform the sausage industry. Young Martin was assigned to get the "inside dope." He got it and it showed that almost everything but the pure food law was being chopped up for sausage. He wrote the story. If it had been published there would have been a riot and the mutilated remains of butcher shops probably would have been scattered hither and yon in the "town square," which was the center of Harmon. But the story wasn't published.

When the owner of the Harmon Daily Herald read Jim Martin's story, he said it was a bully good yarn, too good to publish.

"What do you mean?" the perplexed reporter asked.

"It's like this, Jim," the owner explained as he playfully stuck his thumb into Martin's ribs. "Business is rotten—always is in hot weather. Got a scheme to keep the money coming in. We'll give a good advertising man a copy of this story and he'll call on the sausage makers. Believe me, brother, they'll sign any old contract we ask, just to keep that story out of print. After they've signed a few fat advertising contracts we'll throw the story in the hell box and everything will be fine and dandy."

"Not with my story!" Martin exclaimed as he picked up his manuscript from the owner's desk. "That's one variety of blackmail that doesn't appeal to me."

There's where the chain broke. When that link parted it disconnected Martin from a regular pay roll.

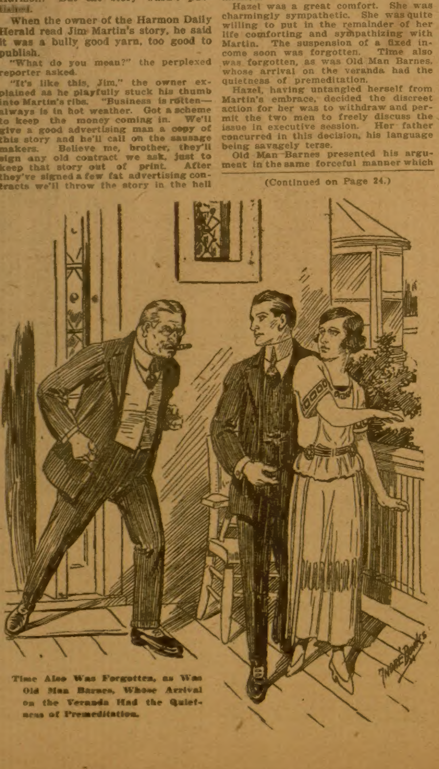
SUDDENLY relieved of the responsibility of reforming the sausage industry, amputated, as it were, from his visible means of support by being summarily discharged from the staff of the Herald, Martin needed comfort and sympathy. Fortunately, he knew where there was an inexhaustible supply. Hazel Barnes was the only daughter of Old Man Barnes, and Old Man Barnes, besides being Hazel's father, was chairman of the State Public Service Commission.

Hazel was a great comfort. She was charmingly sympathetic. She was quite willing to put in the remainder of her life comforting and sympathizing with Martin. The suspension of a fixed income soon was forgotten. Time also was forgotten, as was Old Man Barnes, whose arrival on the veranda had the quietness of premeditation.

Hazel, having untangled herself from Martin's embrace, decided the discreet action for her was to withdraw and permit the two men to freely discuss the issue in executive session. Her father concurred in this decision, his language being savagely terse.

Old Man Barnes presented his argument in the same forceful manner which

(Continued on Page 24.)



Time Also Was Forgotten, as Was Old Man Barnes, Whose Arrival on the Veranda Had the Quietness of Premeditation.

seems like people just naturally take to you and recognize your abilities. I'm awfully anxious for Ariminta to see you."

"Ariminta?"

"Ariminta Nicholson—she's the lady."

"I shall be honored."

"Yes, and she'll be flabbergasted, I know. 'She ain't never met a man of your stripe before."

The porter returned with the morning newspaper.

"Sam, put your hand out here," Bernardo commanded, as he took the paper.

A full set of white teeth gleamed smilingly.

"Yaas, suh!"

Between his thumb and forefinger, Bernardo displayed a bright dime. With a quick movement he placed it in the negro's palm.

"Shut your fist—tight. You got that dime? Feel it in your hand?"

"Yaas, suh."

"Turn your hand over, Keep it closed. Still sure it's there? Absolutely certain?"

"Yaas, suh."

"Open your hand!"

The obsequious grin faded from the negro's face as he saw a round white button reposing on his outstretched palm.

"Where'd dat dime go?"

There was querulous disbelief and amazement in his tone. Bernardo smiled.

"It's there—on your coat." He reached up and deftly produced the coin from the lapel buttonhole of the porter's coat. "You should be more careful with your money, Sam," he said, and handed the dime to the amazed darky.

"A little fun and amusement," Bernardo explained to Mr. Guilfoil.

A half-dozen passengers were eying the pair, and the sheep-dip merchant had a curious feeling that he was coming in for a bit of attention.

"I suppose everybody on this car knows who you are," he remarked proudly.

"Perhaps. I've appeared in public so much——"

"But they ain't met you in person. Listen—when we get to Paris, we're going right up Main street arm in arm. They'll talk about it for weeks!"

The conductor came thru for their tickets. After he had collected them, Mr. Guilfoil followed him to the end of the car, ostensibly to get a drink of water.

"The gentleman with me is Bernardo the Great," he volunteered casually.

"You mean the old duck with the long hair?" The trainman had been on the road so many years that no one less than a President of the United States impressed him. "What kind of patent medicine does he sell?"

Mr. Guilfoil flushed.

"The gentleman," he said resentfully, "is a very distinguished man, and a friend of mine."

He turned and rejoined Bernardo.

"Under Government management," he complained a moment later, "the railroads are going to the bow-wows. They don't give you no service, no nothin'." He gazed out the window. "And practically no scenery."

A rich and fertile landscape rolled past the window. It was a region of great barns and small houses, with industrious farmers at work in their productive fields. Bernardo shuddered.

"I find people more interesting than scenery," he told Mr. Guilfoil.

IV.

WHEN the conspirators alighted at Paris, a pleasant surprise awaited them. On a bill-board opposite the station was emblazoned the majestic figure of Bernardo the Great, crouching forward with both hands outstretched. From the tips of his fingers jagged streaks of lightning emanated. Pasted across the top was a poster announcing the scheduled appearance of the great mystic two weeks hence.

"My advance-agent's work," Bernardo remarked. "It seems I am to play your city later on."

Mr. Guilfoil felt that it was a great day for him. His march down Main street with Bernardo was a triumphal procession. Preceded by negro boys carrying their bags, they made their way along, punctuating their progress with many stops for introductions.

"My friend, Bernardo the Great," the proud pilot would say. "He's down to stop with me over Sunday;" and then, before there was a chance of any one person absorbing too much of the great one's time, he would drag him along.

"I'm going to have a large audience in this town," Bernardo told himself. "I'll know every sucker in it before the show begins."

At the postoffice they met a crowd waiting for the Sunday distribution of the mail. The entry of Mr. Guilfoil accompanied by the majestic stranger was a sensation. Almost any stranger would have been an event in Paris, but such an imposing one as Bernardo, such a striking, distinguished-looking somebody—well! Upon being introduced, he was instantly recognized as the original of the bill-board portrait.

In the midst of the levee, Miss Ariminta Nicholson arrived. Mr. Guilfoil, if possible, became prouder and more agitated when he caught sight of her almost buxom figure and her cheery face. With one rapidly wagging forefinger he beckoned to her thru the crowd.

"I want you to meet my friend, Bernardo the Great, Ariminta," he palpitated eagerly. "This is Miss Nicholson, Mr. Bernardo."

With a fine air of courtesy, Bernardo bowed over the hand which he clasped.

"It is a pleasure to meet any friend of Henry Guilfoil's," he murmured. "I have no dearer friend in this world than Mr. Guilfoil, and it is always a pleasure to meet those whom he honors with his valuable esteem."

Ariminta had seen the bill-board. Her blue eyes sparkled with excitement, and there was a peachlike flush in her cheeks. For the moment she was once more a young girl. She glanced at Mr. Guilfoil, surprised that he should have such high connections.

"And are you going to be here long, Mr. Bernardo?" she inquired.

"Just ran down to spend the day with Guilfoil," the hypnotist said. "Had a telegram from the Governor of the State wanting me to stay over Sunday with him—but you know how it is when you meet an old friend." He dropped an affectionate hand on the sheep-dipper's shoulder. "After all, Miss Nicholson, old friends are dearest, aren't they? I am very fond of the Governor, of course, but——"

He glanced at Henry and smiled with such affection that Miss Nicholson's eyes widened. Never before had she suspected her suitor of so much charm.

"Mr. Bernardo," she said, with a glance at the postoffice clock, "I'd like mighty well to have you and Henry come over to our house for dinner. I ain't got much to offer you, I'm afraid, and I'm only a plain cook, but if you'll come, I'll fry up some young chickens, and we've got plenty of garden-truck."

There was a gleam in the eye of the Paris visitor. Weeks on end he had been eating in railroad lunchrooms, in country

(Continued on Page 13.)

An Elusive Chanticleer

By Howard Philip Rhoades

HOURLY the town of Carroll was growing more excited over the matter of Mayor Brandon's mysterious rooster. Bob Hopper again was called in by Norton, city editor of the Eagle, who said: "Hopper, we've got to find this fowl!"

"But he doesn't exist!" protested Hopper, "Weren't the mayor's premises inspected at his request, and didn't even his political enemies admit there was no rooster?"

"Yes, but Oliver Reems has just been here and sworn there is a rooster. He puts it up to Mr. Jenkins and Jenkins puts it up to us."

"But——"

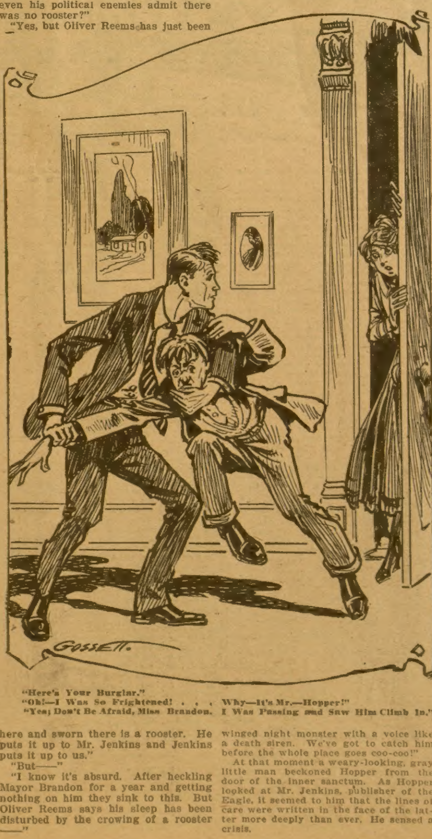
"I know it's absurd. After heckling Mayor Brandon for a year and getting nothing on him they sink to this. But Oliver Reems says his sleep has been disturbed by the crowing of a rooster——"

"It's his conscience, after years of rotten politics!"

"But he says it's a rooster. So far as we're concerned that makes it one. We can say it's something else, and change our jobs, and I've a wife——"

"I'll catch her the mayor's rooster," cried Hopper.

"Catch it for the whole town. They're talking about the fowl like he was a winged night monster with a voice like a death siren. We've got to catch him before the whole place goes coo-coo!"



"Here's Your Burglar."
"Oh!—I Was So Frightened! . . . Why—It's Mr.—Hopper!"
"Yes; Don't Be Afraid, Miss Brandon. I Was Passing and Saw Him Climb In."

At that moment a weary-looking, gray little man beckoned Hopper from the door of the inner sanctum. As Hopper looked at Mr. Jenkins, publisher of the Eagle, it seemed to him that the lines of care were written in the face of the latter more deeply than ever. He sensed a crisis.

"Mr. Hopper," said Jenkins, "please go carefully to the bottom of this matter of the mayor's rooster. It's not so much the mayor's keeping a fowl which is a neighborhood pest, but his pretending to get rid of it and not doing so. Now, people in that neighborhood heard it last night. Mr. Reems himself heard it, and he is determined the truth shall come to light."

"Trust me, Mr. Jenkins," said Hopper. "The next time a rooster crows on the mayor's premises at night, he's a goner!"

Hopper went back to Norton with a serious face. "The boss seems awfully concerned," he said. "I'll do my darndest."

"I wish you would, Bob," said Norton. "Confidentially, I think things are pretty near the end of the string. By reason of political advertising he controls, and in other ways, Reems has induced Jenkins to keep the Eagle a mud-slinging partisan sheet years after other papers have given up that sort of thing. As a result, the Eagle is in bad shape. What's this?" He caught a headline on the first page of a rival afternoon paper, the News.

"'Mayor denies he keeps chickens, and challenges anyone to find one on his place'," read Hopper. "But who's the girl?" He pointed at a half-tone of an attractive girl accompanying the account.

"The mayor's daughter!" cried Norton. "Say, if they've dragged her into it! Look, they quote her: 'I don't know whose business it is if my father does want to keep chickens,' said Miss Dora Brandon, daughter of Mayor Brandon, who has just returned home from an Eastern school.

"Dora Brandon!" cried Hopper. "I knew her at school——"

"But, listen!" said Norton. "This makes it a double fight. I've heard our society editor tell how Dora Brandon and Martha Reems, the daughter of Boss Reems, are as bitter social enemies as their fathers are political. They fought it out all last summer to be leader of the younger set."

"Hasn't Martha Reems been in the office?"

"Certainly, a stout, near-sighted looking girl, usually with a piece of news she wants at the top of the society page. She knows her father's standing here and takes advantage."

"Of the two," said Hopper, "I vote for Miss Brandon."

"A general verdict. But look at this. What do you suppose the Mayor has up his sleeve? It goes on to say: 'Mayor Brandon intimated today that he might take drastic action to end the squabble over the mysterious rooster. There are ways of stopping this ridiculous chicanery,' he said, 'to which I may be forced to resort.'"

Both Norton and Hopper—and the town of Carroll—wondered what Mayor Brandon meant. He had never promised anything that he had not delivered. Head of a great industrial organization he had been elected as a protest against infamous boss rule. He had instituted a clean, honest, business administration, which left Oliver Reems, for years the boss of the corrupt old-time influence, out in the cold.

His future threatened, Reems had taken every tricky means of trying to throw a monkey wrench into the mayor's quiet, effective machinery. He had failed on all larger issues, and now he was hanging to this absurd small issue with the grip of a dying man. Certainly if he failed it meant his end, for the charge was a petty, ridiculous one. But, if he could prove that the mayor was keeping

(Continued on Page 21.)

"They Have Got Me, Ben; Save Me." A Strange Message Reaches Mr. B. Enderby.

THIEVES' WIT

By Hulbert Footner

What Happened in the Last Installment

Walter Dunsany, according to the newspapers, had sailed for Liverpool. Instead, he remained in the city as John Mattingly, expert diamond cutter and, perfectly disguised, obtained a job in the work shops of his own concern. An official report from Australia stated that Kenton Milbourne was really Evan Whittlesey, brother of John Whittlesey, an Australian actor playing under the name of Milbourne. Kenton, the report added, was something of a black sheep. Ben discovered Alfred Mount's infatuation for Irma Hamerton, and there appeared to be some sort of understanding between the two. Ben took Dongan, chief of detectives, into his confidence and the pair agreed to work together in running down the jewel thieves.

This story began in No. 20, the Ledger for May 19. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued).

BY NOON I was at Station W, which is away uptown on Columbus avenue. Peeping thru the glass front of Box 229 I saw that the letter from Dongan had not yet arrived, at least the box was empty. A little while later I had the satisfaction of seeing the letter with the ——— Detective Agency imprint on the corner shoot into the box.

For a weary two hours thereafter I made believe to amuse myself with the store windows of the block, up and down, both sides. Since I was the very picture of a harmless old loafer, my movements attracted no notice.

At last my trailer hove in view on foot. There was no danger of overlooking this man in a crowd. I spotted him nearly two blocks away. He came dipping down the street with his vast cutaway spread to the breeze and his feet slapping the pavements, just as the different operatives had described him. With a shape and peculiarities so marked, a crook must needs be doubly clever to keep out of the toils. I suspected I was up against a good one. There was little of the crook in his appearance. His fat, rosy face bore an expression of good will to all men.

He issued out of the postoffice with the open letter in his hand, and looking not quite so good-natured. He started north again, still on foot. Walking at that rate it was impossible for an apparently decrepit old man to keep up his character, so I was presently obliged to get on a car. It was an open car and I could keep track of him for several blocks. Indeed, with the stops, we traveled very little faster than he did. When I got too far ahead, I got off and let him overtake me.

He turned west on One Hundredth street and disappeared in a cheap apartment house, one of a long row. When I came abreast of the stoop I saw him in the vestibule, poking his fat fingers in one of the letter boxes. Marking the position of the box I passed on.

Returning presently, I saw that the box belonged to apartment 14. The name upon it was R. Winters. I do not, however, mean to tax your brain with any more of Fatty's innumerable aliases. From one of the reports I learned that his name was "Jumbo." Hereafter I shall call him that.

I loafed up and down the street debating my next move. It is a crowded street and I was not conspicuous. Many an old dodderer walks up and down watching the children's games with a vague glance. I was very keen to have a look at the inside of apartment 14. Thinking of Irma and Roland and the necessity of accomplishing something quickly, I am afraid I was not content to act with the caution that Mr. Dunsany and I had agreed was necessary. The most obvious suggestion was to send Jumbo a fake telegram, calling him out. But in that case, when he discovered the sell he would know that I was on to him. I wanted to be sure of a case against him first.

While I was still pondering the matter, Jumbo issued forth again accompanied this time by a woman of his own age and type who might have been his wife. From the style of her dress I judged that they were off on an expedition, and my heart beat high. I made sure that they were really leaving the neighborhood, by seeing them on an Amsterdam avenue car bound down town.

Returning, I rang the bell in the vestibule several times to make sure there was no one else at home. The latch never clicked. I took advantage of some one's coming out to enter, and climbed the stairs until I came to the door marked 14. I knocked without receiving an answer. The doors of these flats are childishly easy to open unless the tenant puts on a special lock. In this case it had not been done. A calling card properly manipulated did the trick. I found myself inside.

I shall not go into a lengthy description of the place because there was nothing to describe. It was an ordinary flat of four rooms, and from the look of it might have been outfitted complete by an installment house. There was nothing to suggest the taste of the owners, at least not until you came to the kitchen. Here there was an immense ice chest crammed with the choicest and most expensive eatables and drinkables. That was where their hearts lay! There was also a great store of fine liquors and cigars.

One bit of evidence rewarded my search, and only one. There were no letters, no papers, not a scrap of writing of any kind, except two lines on a piece of paper which I found under the blotting-pad of the cheap little desk by the sitting-room window. It had evidently slipped under and had been forgotten. A clever crook, of course, is no cleverer than an honest man. He is sure to make a little slip somewhere. In the two lines of writing I once more beheld the famous cryptogram. I pocketed it in high satisfaction.

I had got as far in my search as the imitation Japanese vases on the mantel-piece. I was peeping inside one of them when I heard a slight sound behind me. I turned around and beheld Jumbo swelling and purpling with silent rage in the doorway.

I confess I was a good deal shaken by the apparition, tho I managed to put down the vase with a good appearance of composure. He had stolen in as noiselessly as a cat. No matter how clear one's conscience may be, one is taken at a disadvantage discovered in the posture of a burglar.

For a while we looked at each other in silence. I cautiously reassured myself that my gun was safe in my pocket. I saw that Jumbo was making a tremenous effort to hold himself in, and I realized that he had more to fear from a showdown than I had. I began to breathe more easily. I had taken off my hat for cooiness, and the wig was sewn inside the band. He obviously knew me. Perhaps it was as well for me. If he had supposed me an ordinary sneak thief he might have struck me down from behind with a blow of that mighty fist.

He began to swear at me thickly and softly. I remember wondering if he were going to have an apoplectic seizure, and hoping he wouldn't because it would spoil my case.

"I have you covered from my pocket," I warned him, in case his feelings got the better of his judgment.

"Yah! I'm not going to touch you!" he snarled. "I don't have to."

He got his rage under partial control. "Go ahead and finish looking," he said with a grim sort of humor.

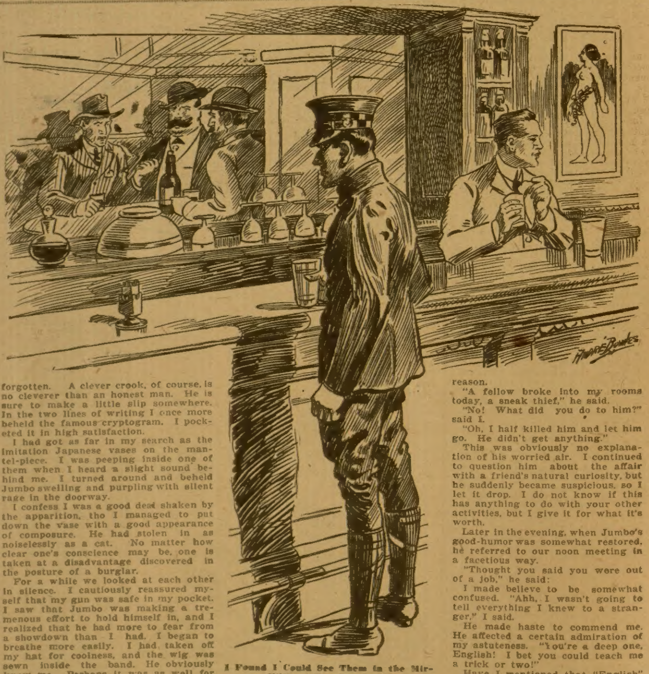
"I have finished," I said.

"Well, what did you find?"

"Nothing."

"You're dead right you didn't find nothing," he triumphantly retorted, "because there ain't nothing to find! I'm straight, I am! I don't fear nobody. I don't know what you think you're after, but I'll tell you this, I'm sick of this spying business! I warn you to drop it, or I'll crush you as I would a fly! Who are you, you—amateur! I know all about you. You ain't got nothin' behind you. You're a four-flusher, a cheap skate! Keep away from me or I'll make you sorry you set up to be a sleuth!"

All this had quite the opposite effect of what was intended. As soon as Jumbo began to brag and blow, something told me he was not in the least to be feared. However, for my own purposes, I assumed an air of confusion,



I Found I Could See Them in the Mirror Without Turning My Head.

and looked longingly toward the door behind him. He was not at all anxious to detain me. He circled away from the door, keeping his front carefully turned towards me. I in turn backed out of the door, and he slammed it shut.

As soon as I got home I made haste to translate my find. It proved to me even more important than I had hoped.

> Received of Jumbo six thousand cash, three thousand stock as my share of the blue pearls. EVAN.

I allowed myself a little feeling of triumph. You will remember I had learned that Kenton Milbourne's name was Evan Whittlesey. As for the mention of blue pearls, there were no others but Irma's in the world. This amounted to real prima facie evidence then, the first bit I had secured.

Would they find out that it was in my possession? It must have been temporarily mislaid, they were in all other things so careful. After my visit perhaps Jumbo would begin to think back. I was not left long in doubt as to the matter. They struck at me with a boldness and skill I was little prepared for.

CHAPTER XIX.

FIFTH REPORT FROM WALTER DUNSANY.

June 25th.

TODAY as I came out of the work-people's entrance to Dunsany's at noon Jumbo passed by on the sidewalk. He tipped me a scarcely perceptible wink, and kept on, as I was with my fellow workmen. I suppose that he wished to catch me in the act, so to speak. In other words, he wants to have it understood between us that he knows I work there. It is a step towards more confidential communications.

We met as usual tonight at the Turtle Bay Cafe, but something had happened in the meantime, because Jumbo was glum and sour. I made believe not to notice it. After he had a drink or two—the moonshine was fairly good—he volunteered the reason.

"A fellow broke into my rooms today, a sneak thief," he said.

"No! What did you do to him?" said I.

"Oh, I half killed him and let him go. He didn't get anything."

This was obviously no explanation of his worried air. I continued to question him about the affair with a friend's natural curiosity, but he suddenly became suspicious, so I let it drop. I do not know if this has anything to do with your other activities, but I give it for what it's worth.

Later in the evening, when Jumbo's good-humor was somewhat restored, he referred to our noon meeting in a facetious way.

"Thought you said you were out of a job," he said:

I made believe to be somewhat confused. "Ahh, I wasn't going to tell everything I knew to a stranger," I said.

He made haste to commend me. He affected a certain admiration of my astuteness. "You're a deep one, English! I bet you could teach me a trick or two!"

Have I mentioned that "English" is becoming my monaker?

By this time it is thoroly understood between Jumbo and I that we are both "good sports," i. e., dependably crooked. It saves a lot of bluffing on both sides.

Jumbo asked me what my job was at Dunsany's. I explained how I handled all the stuff that was sent in to be reset, my particular job being to remove the jewels from their old settings before handing them on to the expert craftsmen.

"What a chance!" said Jumbo wistfully. "But I suppose they have you watched."

"Oh, yes," I said, and I went on to explain all the precautions against theft and loss, "but, of course——" Here I made believe to be overtaken by caution.

Jumbo's little eyes glistened. "Of course what?" he demanded.

I tried to turn the subject, which only increased his eagerness. He kept after me.

"If a man knew the trick of making paste diamonds," I suggested, "and could substitute one occasionally——! Of course, he'd have to make them himself. It wouldn't be safe to buy them."

Jumbo whistled softly. "Can you make them?" he asked.

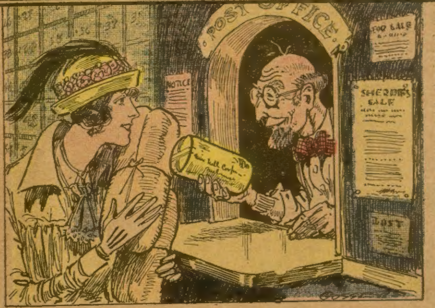
I confessed that I could.

"But wouldn't the fellows get on to you; I mean the experts you hand the jewels on to?"

(Continued on Page 15.)

THE WARNING

by Mary Spain Vigus



He Dived Down Behind Some Boxes and Handed Her a Round Package. "I Hid It 'Fore Your Paw Has a Chance to See It."

THE business houses of Melrose were built around an open square which served as a ball ground for the small boys of the village and a convenient parking place for the cars and trucks of the country people. Time was, when farm wagons and buggies jostled each other at the long hitching-racks, but they were becoming rarer every day. The march of progress had finally reached Melrose and the newest styles were reproduced there, in some guise, only a few weeks after they appeared on the streets of New York City.

On an afternoon in early June, Nell Cooper tripped along the uneven, brick pavement on the south side of the Square.

She was bareheaded, for the girls in Melrose discarded hats in summer, except for church wear, and the sun brought out the reddish glints in her brown hair. The pink gingham dress she wore matched the pink of her cheeks. A vagrant smile curved her full, red lips and was reflected in her soft, brown eyes, for Nell was only 20 and was going to meet her lover.

She tiptoed by her father's store and went into the postoffice.

"Your package come this mornin', Nelly," whispered old Mr. Potter who ran the postoffice for her father.

It always made Nell want to laugh when she looked at Mr. Potter's bald head, which was like an immense china egg, and the Adam's apple which crawled up and down his thin neck when he talked, but she was careful never to let him see her.

He dived down behind some boxes and handed her a round package. "I hid it 'fore your paw had a chance to see it. Here's yer paper, too."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Potter, thank you," exclaimed Nell, slipping the package into the bundle which she carried under her arm and starting hastily for the door.

"Where are you goin', Nelly?" her father's voice demanded from the door which connected the store with the postoffice.

Adam Cooper had an office partitioned off in the rear of his place of business and very little happened outside which his sharp, black eyes did not see. He was a spare-built, wiry man, in the late 50's, with a curved nose, thin lips and iron-gray hair.

All over the country, where he loaned money to the farmers at rates varying according to their necessities, Adam was known as a hard man. In fact, Mr. Potter expressed the public opinion very clearly when he said that his employer was "an iron man, with a lump of ice for a heart and a dollar mark for a soul!"

"Where are you goin' now?" he repeated, stepping aside to avoid passing under the ladder which a painter had left in the way.

"Miss Letty's goin' to help me fit my new dress," fluttered Nell, looking down at her bundle.

"Don't 'spect me to pay any money out for it," he snapped. "If you can't make your clothes yourself, do without 'em."

"Oh, Miss Letty never charges me anything, pa," Nell reassured him as she backed away.

He followed her to the door and stood watching as she turned the corner and passed in front of the Melrose garage. It was well he could not see how Nell blushed when George Adams came to the door, nor the understanding glances which passed between them.

Adam Cooper glared at the broad-shouldered young owner of the garage as he leaned against the wall, seemingly unaware of his presence. He hated George Adams and his garage and every thing connected with it, for several reasons.

When George's mother died six years before, Adam had sold her farm and livestock to satisfy the mortgage which he held, and George, a quiet, overgrown boy of 18, went to the city to find work. He came back to Melrose at the end of three years, leased the old blacksmith shop and converted it into a garage.

Now Adam considered automobiles an invention of the devil and any man who owned one, a fool. He loaned money to these same fools to buy them at ruinous interest, but demanded more substantial security than the cars themselves.

He fought the new enterprise in every way possible. But George Adams had saved some money and never went to him for assistance. Slowly his business prospered, as people found they could have their cars repaired in Melrose without going all the way to the county seat. The cars which he kept for hire were in steady demand and Adam fumed and fretted to discover that here was one man who was not afraid of him and who had succeeded in spite of his opposition.

Then as Fate would have it, Nell and George met at a picnic and promptly fell in love with each other; fathoms deep in love, so that they could not see or hear or think of any one else in the world.

Old Adam, coming home from his office one night, found George in the parlor and had promptly forbidden him the house; he had also sternly forbidden her to see him elsewhere. So he always watched her go past the garage, tho he did not really think submissive Nelly would dare to disobey him.

Nell passed demurely on by the drug store and the pressing-club on the corner, then turned into a narrow side street.

MISS LETTY COLE, the village dressmaker, lived in the first house on the right. It was a tiny cottage with green blinds and a small yard laid off into prim flower beds. Miss Letty opened the door and Nell followed her thru the narrow hall into the front room. The room, with its flowered brussels carpet and framed mottoes, belonged to a period long past. Just as Miss Letty with her crimped hair, parted evenly in the middle, and neat white shirtwaist-and-skirt, was of another generation. Two youngsters, children of her dead brother, were playing with some seashells on the floor.

"Miss Lelly, you have been crying!" Nell exclaimed, turning her companion around to the light. "What in the world is the matter?"

"I'm in awful trouble, honey," Miss Letty answered, dabbing at her red eyes with a moist handkerchief. "Your pa sent for me this morning to say he couldn't carry the mortgage on my house any longer. What'll I do, Nell?"

"Why, it's been runnin' along ever since I can remember, Miss Letty! An' you always pay your interest promptly, I've been told."

"I had it all ready for him for the day after tomorrow," sobbed the little dressmaker, "same's I do ever' year."

"Why, it's only five hundred dollars," suggested Nell; "can't you raise that much some way?"

"Your pa says the house's not worth that much, an' Nell, you know ever'body'll be scared to pay more for the place if he wants it. An' what'll become of me an' the children, Nell, if he does take it?"

Nell put her arms around Miss Letty's thin shoulders. "Oh, my dear, something'll happen. You won't lose your home. God just won't let it happen."

"Don't you 'spose you can talk to him tonight?" Miss Letty suggested hopefully. "He might listen to you. Tell him I'll pay half of it this comin' year. Will you, Nell?"

Nell promised, tho in her secret heart she had scant hopes of influencing her father.

But Miss Letty brightened up and when a shrill whistle sounded thru the house she gave Nell a playful push. "There's George now. Run on and don't keep him waitin'."

And Nell obeyed her. Since early spring, while her father watched her day and night, she had met George Adams in Miss Letty's small orchard which extended back of the garage. The fig bushes and raspberry vines along the fence shut out any prying eyes and made it an ideal spot for a lovers' meeting.

Miss Letty was their only confidante. The plain, little old-maid who had never had a romance of her own, gloried and thrilled in theirs. They often caught her peeping at them from behind the kitchen curtain or inventing trips to the vegetable garden, but they did not mind Miss Letty any more than the robins in the gnarled, old apple tree.

George still wore his overalls and had a smudge across his left cheek, but Nell did not love him any the less for that. He was her man and she was willing to take him just as he was, weekdays and Sunday. George never got excited and flustered like she did and it always gave her a feeling of confidence just to see his steady, gray eyes and square, determined chin.

But she saw that he was laboring under some excitement, himself, that afternoon as she dropped down on the grass beside him.

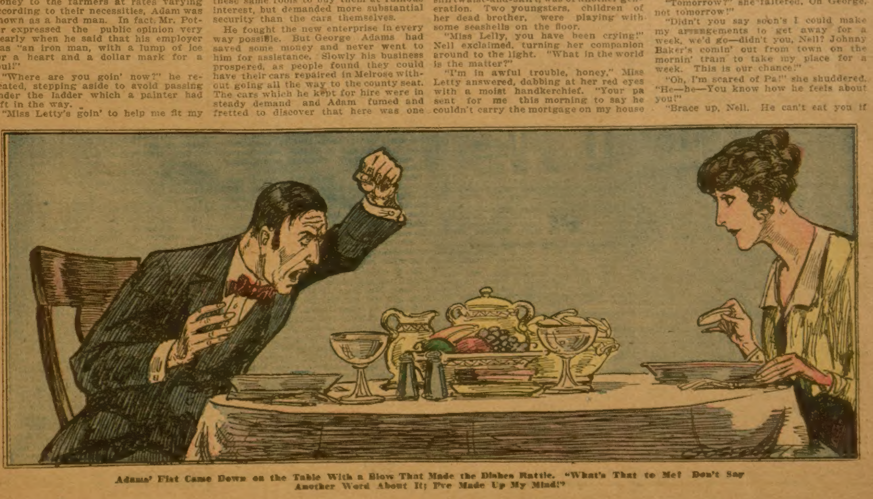
"The stage's all set, Nelly Girl! Tomorrow's the day!" he chuckled, drawing her to him.

"Tomorrow?" she faltered. Oh George, not tomorrow!"

"Didn't you say soon's I could make my arrangements to get away for a week, we'd go—didn't you, Nell? Johnny Baker's comin' out from town on the mornin' train to take my place for a week. This is our chance!"

"Oh, I'm scared of Pa!" she shuddered. "He—he—You know how he feels about you!"

"Brace up, Nell. He can't eat you if



Adams' Fist Came Down on the Table With a Blow That Made the Dishes Rattle. "What's That to Me? Don't Say Another Word About It; I've Made Up My Mind!"

he should find out, and once we are married I can take care of you, believe me. Only give me the chance."

Nell peeped up at him. She was terribly afraid of her father, but more afraid of losing George Adams to some other girl. "No, I—I guess I'll go, all right, George. But how can we manage to get away without Pa finding out—my clothes'n all?"

"Why, pack your suitcase before you leave home an' we can drive by for it just before train time. That's easy. Let's see—you walk out the Whiteville road a piece, like you was goin' to see some one—about two-thirty. Then I'll come along and we can drive over to get our license'n get married there."

"Oh, I couldn't be married by any one except Brother Simmons!" protested Nell with unexpected firmness.

George Adams laughed easily. "All right! You're the doctor! Brother Simmons it is! Well, everything's settled now, I'd better get back before somebody comes lookin' for me. . . . Look here, girl!" he exclaimed, cupping her face between his calloused palms, "you're goin' to play the game? No backin' out at the last minute?"

Nell laughingly shook her head as George disappeared thru the hole in the fence behind the fig bushes.

MISS LETTY had gone into the kitchen to butter some bread for the children. She was so excited over the news that she left them crying and followed Nell into the front room.

As Nell took up her bundle from the bed, the parcel-post package slipped out. She ripped off the outer covering and held up a fat, lavender-tinted jar for Miss Letty's inspection. "You can't guess what it is in a hundred years!" she said, with a laugh.

Miss Letty adjusted her glasses. "It says it's some kind of clay. What on earth's it for, Nell?"

"To make me beautiful!" Nell chanted, "to make me beautiful!"

"Land sakes alive, child! You don't need anything like that!"

"Just feel!" Nell protested, taking the needle-scarred finger of the little dressmaker and rubbing it across her cheek. "It's been rough that way all summer. I've tried buttermilk—an' everything I could think of."

"You put it on your face? Clay! My, my! What will people do next?"

"It just came in time, Miss Letty," beamed Nell. "I want to look my best tomorrow. We're goin' to spend a whole week in the city. And I've enough money saved to buy a new hat for once without Pa buttin' in to pick out one I don't want."

The mention of Adam Cooper's name brought back to Miss Letty the memory of her own troubles. "Don't forget to speak to your Pa about the mortgage, Honey."

"Sure, Miss Letty," Nell called back from the gate, "I won't forget. And we'll come to tell you good-by before train time."

Nell cut thru the Square and turned into the principal residence street of the village. She loved Miss Letty, and all the way home was puzzling her brain over some way to persuade her father to change his mind about the mortgage. He had no religious convictions, that any one had ever discovered, and never went to church; no little human weaknesses by which he might be reached. He had never felt pity or shown mercy towards any human being.

She wondered if there was any vulnerable spot in his armor. True, he was superstitious about little things—how frightened he had been last year when she broke his shaving mirror. And it fretted him for any one to raise an umbrella in the house. But all this could not help her about Miss Letty.

Adam Cooper lived in the largest and most imposing house in the village, an old colonial residence with some fine oaks about it. The house still contained most of the heavy walnut furniture which had belonged to its original owners and everything about it was dark and gloomy-looking.

In vain had Nell begged her father for years to put some new paper on the dingy walls and buy some modern furniture for the spacious, high-ceilinged rooms.

Nell had supper all cooked and waiting when her father came home at 6 o'clock. She had prepared several of his favorite dishes and watched him anxiously across the table for a propitious moment to begin. But there was no sign of weakening on that granite countenance, so in desperation she gulped out her carefully prepared speech.

"Pa, Miss Letty says if you'll wait on her till next year, she can pay half the mortgage, besides the interest. Business is pretty good now and she can save a little bit every month an——"

"Letty Cole is the biggest fool in Tennessee," Adam interrupted, "that's what she is. Year in an' year out she's been promisin' that same thing, an' year in an' year out she fails to do it. What did she want to take Andy's children—by his third wife—to raise for 'stead o' sendin' 'em to the Orphan's Home?"

He stopped for breath. "Only this spring she gave Eli Simmons twenty-five dollars for his new church. What do they need with a new church? No, I'm tired of foolin' with Letty. I have a customer for the house and intend to get it off my hands.'"

"But what will become of her and the children, Pa?'" Nell ventured. "There isn't another vacant house in Melrose and Miss Letty couldn't make a livin' anywheres else.'"

Adam's fist came down on the table with a blow that made the dishes rattle. "What's that to me?" he thundered. "Don't say another word about it, Nelly! I've made up my mind."

So Nell watched him go back to the store, as he did every night of his life, while she shed a few sincere tears for Miss Letty. But tomorrow was her wedding day, and long before she had finished the dishes her mind kept running back to her own affairs.

It was almost dark when she climbed up to her attic and lugged a dusty suitcase down to her room. Her father rarely came in here, but to be safe she shoved it out of sight under the big four-poster bed.

Nell knew just what she would wear for the great occasion. Hadn't she read in Miss Letty's magazines that "where the bride was going away immediately afterward, a coat-suit was the proper thing to wear." That was settled. But she must have other clothes in the city, so she made a mental inventory of her wardrobe and settled on what she would take with her.

At 9 o'clock Nell heard her father come home and after mounting the stairs go past her door into his own room. Then she got out the jar which was to give her the complexion of a Venus in less than an hour and studied the directions for its use.

She waited an hour later until she was sure her father was asleep before beginning the treatment. Nell grinned at her reflection in the mirror when the clay was evenly spread over all of her face. She had fastened a sheet up high around her neck to protect her dress and pinned a bath towel about her head.

She sat down by the window to await results and soon discovered that the beautifying process was not without its penalties. As the mask dried and hardened it pulled against the pores of her skin like numberless little vacuum pumps. A consuming thirst seized her. She was not sure she could open her lips to drink, but finally decided to go down stairs and try.

The house was dark except for the dim light from a small reading lamp which was left burning in the lower hall all night. Passing thru the dining-room, Nell stumbled over a chair, but finally found her way to the kitchen, where she satisfied her thirst with difficulty.

She managed to avoid the chair on her way back and was just stepping into the hall when a sudden sound, something like the bleat of a terrified sheep, halted her. Her father was standing at the other end of the hall in his long nightshirt, staring at her.

Nell did not stop to think what a weird spectacle she presented, with the green rays of the reading lamp lighting up the clay mask and her flowing white draperies. She shut her eyes tight to await the coming storm and only opened them at the sound of a groan. Adam Cooper had fallen on his knees and was rocking back and forth with his hands pressed over his eyes.

Intent on escape, she stepped noiselessly backward and fled to the back stairs. The steps were narrow and steep, but she felt her way up and sped along the hall to her room.

Startled out of all desire to be beautiful, Nell hastily removed the clay from her face, undressed and jumped into bed. She fell asleep listening for her father to come back up stairs.

Adam Cooper was exceedingly methodical in his habits, so Nell was surprised the next morning to discover that he had gone to the store without waiting for his breakfast. When he did not return, she was vaguely alarmed and this changed to panic as the day wore on and she heard nothing from him. Had he discovered their plans and was only biding his time to frustrate them? Could he injure George in any way? She packed and unpacked her suitcase and then feverishly packed it again.

But the hours dragged along, and at 2:30 Nell in her blue suit and trim sailor hat left the house. She cast a wistful glance back, for it had always been her home and she knew it would never be again. She and George would probably live in a couple of rented rooms somewhere when they came back to Melrose.

But Nell threw up her head and walked steadily on to their meeting place on the Whiteville road.

George was already waiting for her in the best car which the Melrose garage could boast. She climbed in, the engine snorted a few times and they were off. It seemed so strange to be sitting there beside George, in his best suit with the blue tie she had knitted him for Christmas, speeding past the cotton fields and all the old familiar landscapes.

IT WAS 4 o'clock when they drove back into Melrose and stopped at the tiny parsonage, next door to the unfinished church.

Everything happened as smoothly as though some careful stage manager had set the scene. The Rev. Elijah Simmons was at home and his wife and daughter were also there to act as witnesses. No one appeared to stop the ceremony and Nell did not balk at promising to love, honor and obey.

The parson followed them to the door. "I hope your father will not be displeased about this, Nell," he said anxiously. "He gave me a thousand dollars for the new church this morning. A noble gift. We will be able to go on with our building now."

Nell's eyes were big as saucers as she followed George out to the car. A thousand dollars to the new church! Why, her father had never given a cent to the church within her remembrance. And only last night he had denounced it as a useless expense.

Miss Letty was waiting for them and came running out to the car. "Oh, Nell!" she cried, trembling with excitement, "what do you think? Your father came by this afternoon and cancelled the mortgage. Said he knew I'd never be able to pay it and we would just call it square. I won't even have to pay the interest any more. Why, I was that surprised, you could have knocked me down with a feather."

Nell was even more surprised, remembering what her father had said about it at supper the night before. But she hugged Miss Letty and patted her withered cheek while the little old maid cried for sheer happiness and would not believe that they were really man and wife until she saw Nell's ring.

"Now for your father, an' then we'll be thru with this burg for a week," said George cheerfully as they drove off.

"Oh, not him!" Nell cried, clutching at his arm, "not now! I want to wait until we come back. He—pa—I——"

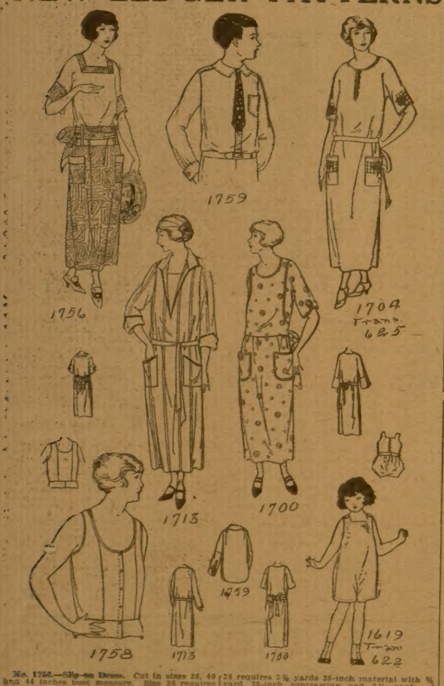
"No siree! We don't want to sneak off like we had done something to be ashamed of. Let's get it over with. Buck up, Nell!"

At the store, they learned that Adam Cooper had gone home.

"First time since his wife died!" commented Mr. Potter. "Walked right out middle o' the afternoon with the sto' full o' folks! Something's almighty wrong with Adam!"

There was not a sign of life about the house when they drove up. Nell caught her breath and lagged behind as they stepped on the porch and saw her father

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS



No. 1756.—Slip-on Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch material with 1¼ yards 32-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

No. 1759.—Men's and Boys' Shirt. Cut in sizes 12½, 13, 13½, 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½, 17, 17½, 18, 18½ and 19 inches neck measure. Size 12½ requires 1⅜ yards 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 1704.—This Dress Can Be Made in Two Hours. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch material with 2⅜ yards of binding. Price 12 cents. **Transfer Pattern No. 625**—in yellow only—12c extra.

No. 1713.—Porch Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch material with ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting and 3½ yards of binding. Price 12 cents.

No. 1700.—Serviceable and Attractive House Garment. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch material with 5¼ yards binding. Price 12 cents.

No. 1758.—Slenderizing Undergarment. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 40 requires 1 yard 36-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 1619.—Dainty Combination for the Young Miss. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch material. Price 12 cents. **Transfer Pattern No. 622**—in blue only—12c extra.

ORDER BLANK FOR LEDGER PATTERNS.

Please Note Carefully New Address.

Chicago Ledger Pattern Dept., 230 South Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Inclosed find.......... **Send me the Patterns listed below:**

Pattern number .... **Size** .... **Price 12 cents.**

Pattern number .... **Size** .... **Price 12 cents.**

Name ....

Street or P. O. Box......................................

Town.. State............................

Inclose stamps or coin (each pattern is 12 cents). **Wrap coins carefully.**

sitting in an arm chair within the hall.

But there was no outburst from him as they opened the screen door; no fiery denunciation of George. There was even the ghost of an unaccustomed smile twitching the corners of his mouth.

"Well, well! And so you tried to put one over on the old man! (Could this be Adam Cooper speaking?) "Put one over on me? I guessed as much when I found Nelly's suitcase all packed up in her room. And so you've taken things into your own hands, eh?"

It seemed to Nell, watching her father, that in some undefined way the very fibre of his being had changed since the evening before. His eyes were not so keen; the hard lines about his mouth had relaxed somewhat. He had thawed out like a frozen brook on the first warm day of spring.

"Well, young folks will be young folks, I reckin," he went on. "I'm free to own up, I was mistaken about George—he's considerable of a man. Fact is, I've been wrong about a lot of things. A man goes ahead thinkin' and actin' his own way an' then, all at once, something happens to prove he was wrong all the time. Last night, I had a warnin' "—with a backward glance at the other end of the hall—"a warnin' to mend my ways. I've been a hard man all my life, I reckin—a hard man!"

At a loss for words to reply, the wedded pair stared at each other and at the floor.

"You and George must come back here to live," Adam resumed. "I couldn't stay in this house alone, and there's room enough for all of us. Course, all I have will be Nelly's some day."

Nell ran to him and threw her arms about his neck. "Of course, we will, Pa, if you want us. Of course we will. You'll have to have somebody to take care of you."

"You might as well get some new things for the house, too, while you're in the city, Nelly; I want you to be satisfied. An' mebbe," with a furtive look at George, "mebbe I'll order you a car. We'd as well get in line, I reckin'."

"Ten minutes to train time, Nell," called out George, looking at his watch. "Better get your bag."

A moment later, she stood looking about her room and planning just how she would change it upon her return. Pale blue paper on the walls with a border of pink roses, cretonne draperies at the tall windows——

And then she spied the jar of clay on the washstand.

Nell stood on a chair and carefully pushed it out of sight on the high shelf in the closet.

"Stay there!" she twinkled mischievously. "Pa may need another treatment some time."

Cupid & Co.

by Silvo Cafferato

THE Colonel owned to thirty-five years of age and was probably forty-three. Newsboy, usher, circus hand, he had attended the school of adversity twenty-four hours a day, always with his eyes open, both of them to the main chance. Ten years ago you might have seen him standing on some vacant city lot handling out bottles of hair restorer that would lift the bark of the trees; ten years before that he was proving to the dissatisfaction of the honest farmers that the hand is quicker than the eye. In the school of adversity he had taken the course that lead to master of shady arts, but once in Fayetteville where he had gone to see the wheels go around, and incidently to attend the county fair in the way of business, his hand had not been quicker than the eye of a stout rube with a tempting wallet, and the Colonel had gone to Columbus for a year as a "dip." From contemplation of the past he emerged with a firm resolve to do right as long as it paid, and also with the ideas of the dip forever behind him. It was at this stage that he turned to the gray Quaker hat and the ten-cent bottle of capillary anodyne that the street crowds scrambled for at fifty cents. In a week the Colonel found himself. Four years later he had established the International Matrimonial Agency.

Sing, O bard of business of the rise of the Colonel then! He Ponzied matrimony, he capitalized Cupid. He incorporated, floated, bonded and, with the care of a financial conservationist, watered the stock of Venus & Co. and made that firm pay 20 per cent dividends. Colonel Plunkett, for that was his present "nom[illegible] d'operation," revolutionized the industry. Into the methods of the get-hitched-quick promoters he brought system. He bought up mailing lists from patent-medicine kings, seed firms and mail-order houses. If you were divorced today, tomorrow morning the postman would bring you a letter from the Colonel offering you helpmates in assorted lots. He established, and edited the "Call to Hymen" and sent it broadcast thruout the country. In the Colonel's business there were no such words as single blessedness; he brought hearts together, soothed the elderly maiden in her spinster loneliness, cheered the bachelor with a promise of conjugal bliss, stimulated the disappointed to try again, healed the aches of alimony, and gave guaranteed osteopathic treatment for any case of cold shoulder. He harvested the crop for many a grass widow and sowed new seeds for her, picked peaches instead of lemons in the garden of love with the unerring eye of the true horticulturist. Some years before, while the Colonel was distributing his liquid ivory seed from street corners, he had stopped at the Indian Hill Hotel, Shademore, Ohio, where his alert eye had caught sight of a blond waitress, whose name being Margaret Fields, had prompted the Colonel to start a conversation which culminated when he had promised to share his profits with her.

"I'll show you a way to make some easy money," he had said to her; and she answered: "Any easier than you're making it now?"

That settled it. When the Colonel left Shademore, Margaret Fields left too, and thereafter in many a town, as the Colonel chanted the merits of his hair-restorer, from the top of a box, or a temporary platform, a stylishly dressed woman slipped thru the crowd, bought two bottles, smiled, voicing her thanks—and after that no haranguing was necessary. Or she would sit beside the Colonel and hand out change. There was her own blond hair to attest to the efficacy of the mixture; it was hers, and she could prove it.

Margaret Fields and the Colonel continued their peregrinations for nearly a year. Each day she grew prettier; and as she learned the ways of the world outside Shademore, she picked up pointers on dress and manners that made the old Colonel gasp. After a while he had to travel alone for Margaret went to New York attracted by the spot lights. You may have seen her in the "Follies" several years back—that Titianesque one on the right, you know.

BUT the stage career palled, and Miss Elise Vouchamp, for that had been her name when New York had first seen her; looked up the Colonel. Then he carried out a plan that had long been in his mind. It was the master stroke. He again took Miss Vouchamp into his confidence and his profits. One day a rich sheepman, or cattleman, or something, from Wyoming, yearning for home life, wrote to the Colonel: "Will pay you one thousand cash if you can fix it up for me right," and the Colonel considering himself a good fixer, telegraphed the sheepman to come to New York. He came; and was introduced to Miss Vouchamp. She was no longer the somewhat forward waitress of Shademore. A good dinner, several bottles of—well, not hair-tonic, and a few glances from Miss Vouchamp's big brown eyes, and the sheepman, or whatever he was, offered his sheep, ranch and a solitaire to Miss Vouchamp, and last but not least, a check for one thousand to Colonel H. F. Plunkett, which that farseeing man promptly cashed before the sheepman had been shorn.

Miss Vouchamp was to become Mrs. So-and-so next day. At luncheon there was a quarrel. The sheepman never knew how it happened. He found himself out on the sidewalk, swearing Wyoming oaths as a taxicab whirled up the street.

"But my dear sir, you broke this off yourself! After I had it fixed for you, you insulted the lady!" explained the Colonel gently but firmly next day when the sheepman had come for his thousand; and so the gentleman had to return to Wyoming minus his thousand, without a wife, plus experience.

That simple transaction opened a new line of business for the International Matrimonial Agency. Thereafter the Colonel operated the agency merely to facilitate the ventures which he and Miss Vouchamp now undertook. It was very easy. Sometimes the Colonel would take a trip out of town; sometimes he had to refund. There was a very exciting experience with a rude Virginian who insisted on pulling the Colonel's nose. A French Canadian from Montreal had challenged him to a duel. An Oregon lumberman sat in the outer office all one afternoon full of rage and Swede dialect waiting for an opportunity to demonstrate to the Colonel how logs were handled, but what the Colonel lacked in physical prowess, he made up in cunning, so while the lumberman raved he slipped out by the private entrance and disappeared for the day. He soon rented a big suite in the Dexter Building, furnished it in mahogany—grew side whiskers, and acquired a bay window, much against his will, for altho he was in the matrimonial business, he had never ventured on the matrimonial seas, and therefore did not scorn the admiring glances of some of his prettier clients.

His office, or rather that of the International Matrimonial Agency, was on the eighteenth floor of the Dexter Building, and the roar from the great surging tide of men and affairs of lower Broadway came faintly up from the streets, where early twilight was already giving way to the glare of electricity that civilized man throws against a late November afternoon. Colonel Plunkett sat at ease, before a pile of letters. He opened them one by one; from some fell checks, from others money orders, from others bills, and occasionally coins fell forth, the excellent clinking of which made the Colonel's fat white hands work industriously—slitting the envelopes with a little ivory-handled paper knife, the present of a couple happily united by the Colonel's efforts; he put the letters on one side and the fast growing heap of coins, bills and checks on the other. He swept the letters into a wire basket, the heap carefully into the top drawer of his desk, and leaning forward pressed a button and said to the office boy: "Tell Miss Alston to come here."

Miss Alston was a product of the East Side, had an invalid mother and two small brothers. Stenographers with an invalid mother and two small brothers, especially if they live on the East Side, usually receive about seventy-five per. Miss Alston's salary was one hundred and fifty. The Colonel could have had a stenographer for seventy-five dollars a month, but not Miss Alston. On this she supported the mother and brothers, dressed neatly and saved twenty-five. If this were an article on how to combat the H. C. of L., I would have Miss Alston give us a few tips, for she certainly did not seem underfed, nor did she lack taste in dressing sanely. She had a great deal of imagination, a quality that was indispensable in the Colonel's business, she had a strong personality, and was going to be a very handsome woman, tho she did not know it, for she paid little attention to her appearance. Her big, blue eyes lay low under drooping lids; her thick, short brown hair was combed tightly back from her forehead; her teeth, really lovely and beautifully set in the jaw, rarely showed, for her smile did not part her lips, too firmly pressed together, in those days.

(Continued on Page 22.)

BIGGEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED!

ONLY $3.98 On Arrival

King "Tut" FLOWERED Paisley and Canton Crepe

Bertha Collar of Lace and Net

$15 VALUE

Almost unbelievable at our special low price but—see for yourself, without any risk and entirely on approval. Can you imagine, only $3.98 for this latest style, original Paris model of King "Tut" flowered Paisley in many colored Egyptian pattern and highly lustrous mercerized cotton CANTON CREPE. The most beautiful dress of the season. Waist! newest overlapping panels and sleeves of Paisley. Stylish long length skirt, newest flare cuffs and belt forming into big bow are of French Blue cotton Canton Crepe. Smart Bertha collar of finest quality Valenciennes lace and ruffled French net. This dress is finely tailored of the best quality materials and has every popular style feature shown this season. Take advantage of this once-in-a-life-time opportunity to be stylishly dressed and at such a low cost.

Paisley Panels

Latest Paris Style

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

SIZES for Women 32 to 46 For Misses 14, 16 and 18

Be Sure to State Size

Send No Money

But rush your order Now! Give us name, address and size. Pay the mailman as good faith deposit $3.98 plus a few cents for postage when the package arrives. Then examine the dress to your heart's content. Note the splendid material and the trim stylish lines. If not satisfied return to us and we will refund every cent of your money.

Fred'k M. Dunham & Co., Dept. A 207 CHICAGO

DON'T SEND A PENNY!

Gold Filled Jewelled Bracelet Watch $6.45 C.O.D.

FREE! Extra Silk Ribbon Bracelet

High grade small size Octagonal bracelet watch, beautifully polished. Jewelled movement, carefully timed and adjusted, stem wind and set. Gold-filled case and extension bracelet. Like having 2 watches because you get Free extra silk ribbon bracelet.

Now less than ½ price! Was $15—now only $6.45. Elegant jewel case Free. Order this wonderful birthday or anniversary gift, while this sale lasts.

SEND NO MONEY! Deposit $6.45 with postman when watch is delivered. We pay postage. If not satisfied return unused and we'll refund your money.

UNIVERSAL WATCH CO., Dept. 500, 1557 Armitage Ave., Chicago

STOP Sneezing Wheezing

Do it with ATLAS It hits the spot and Stops Hay Fever, Asthma, Bronchitis or Catarrh—clears up the chest and head, makes breathing easier, prevents choking, smothering or gasping for breath—no more sleepless nights. It safeguards your health in any weather or season. Every sufferer of Hay Fever and Catarrh needs GENUINE ATLAS TREATMENT to get well—marvelous results in hopeless cases. For Generous Free Trial send name and address. Be sure to give age and nature of disease for special attention.

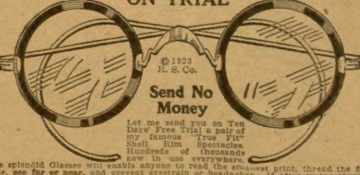
ATLAS MEDIC CO., 1826 BYERS BLDG. BUFFALO, N. Y.

BALL GLOVE GIVEN

FREE for distributing five hundred small advertising cards around to the homes in your town. This dandy glove may be earned by anyone in a few hours spare time. Send for cards at once and get started. Write today.

T. R. WEBER, 629 E. Main St., Louisville, Ky.

SPECTACLES FREE ON TRIAL



Send No Money

Let me send you on Ten Days' Free Trial a pair of my famous "True Fit" Shell Rim Spectacles. Hundreds of thousands now in use everywhere.

These splendid Glasses will enable anyone to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see far or near, and prevent eyestrain or headaches. If after trying them for 10 days and nights you are amazed and delighted, and think them equal to glasses sold elsewhere at $15.00, send only $4.49; if you don't want to keep them, return them and there will be no charge. Send no Money! Pay no C. O. D.! Beautiful gold-lettered Spectacle Case FREE. Just send your name, address and age on the coupon below and spectacles will be sent you at once on 10-day free trial.

CUT AND MAIL TODAY

RITHOLZ SPECTACLE CO., Dept. BW23, 1462-1466 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me a pair of your spectacles on 10-day trial. If I like them I will pay $4.49, if not I will return them and there will be no charge.

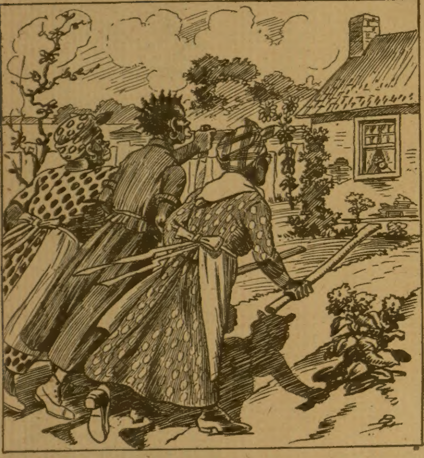
Name.. Age..............

Post Office.. State..............

Street and No.......................... Box No........... R. F. D. No..........

Don Juan of Tombigbee

By Garrard Harris



He Beheld the Three Amazons Moving in Mass Formation Upon His Domicile.

COLONEL BOLIVAR WARREN of Tombigbee, Mississippi, along about 1890 hit the cotton futures market for a hundred thousand dollars, and his two daughters immediately insisted the plantation was too lonely—the family must move to a city where social careers were possible.

Mrs. Warren was ready for the fray also, and truth to tell, the Colonel had a notion he was a Napoleon of finance and could beat the stock market people at their own game. His son Tom wanted to be a lawyer and felt that only in the city could members of the bar reap the large rewards.

So, the family was ready for the great adventure. Paying off the moderate mortgage which had been on the place so long it was an heirloom, and putting the plantation in trust for fifty years so any member of the family who wished might occupy it as a haven of refuge, the Warrens moved on to urban conquests.

That is to say, all except old Uncle Ephriam, who flatly declined to leave the comfortable brick cabin he had occupied some forty years and where, as major domo he had exercised a pleasant and not too onerous authority. Uncle Eph strongly disapproved of the move.

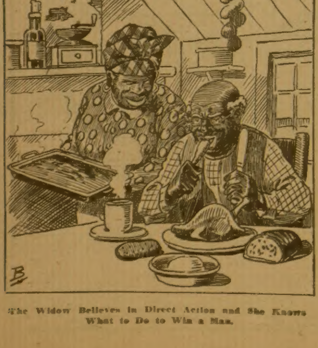
"Naw suh, Cunnel, I ain' gwine nowars; de Good Book say, 'a bird in de hand is de nobles' wuck of Gawd'—I got dis year cabin, and I can rassle a livin' outen de ground. Den too, somebody got to stay an' look atter de place gin'st de time youall comes back and dern glad to git back. Naw suh, I stays!" Thus he ultimatumed.

One man after another rented the plantation after the Warrens left—it gradually became run-down and ramshackle. When cotton went to five cents a pound it lay vacant two years. Then a tenant came on and so did the boll-weevil; the tenant left without paying the rent, but the weevils, having eaten up the rent cotton, came to permanently abide. Then it continued unrented from thence forward.

Rumors percolated back to Tombigbee that the family had lost everything and was on hard lines; at any rate, Eph's check had long ago ceased from that source. Not knowing how to write he made no inquiries. Still, he stayed on, hoping against hope that some day his white folks would return. He looked after the place as best he could, despite the steady encroachment of blackberry briers and sassafras taking fields and lawn. Wistaria and Virginia creeper were smothering the old house in nature's own green mantle of charity which hid time's ravages. The cedars and mimosas down the long slope in front were a haven for mocking birds—their orisons and the whistling of quail were all that broke the solitude thereabout.

Eph received a pension of ten dollars a month from the State as a faithful servitor of the Confederacy, and for several years the Warrens sent him an equal sum as caretaker. He raised a few bales of cotton, chickens, too, vegetables and watermelons, which he peddled in the nearby little town. Being of a saving disposition always, Eph had managed in some forty years to accumulate three thousand dollars, which was at interest in the Planter's Bank.

Under the thawing influence of several glasses of potent elderberry wine at Sis' Calline Twickenham's cabin, where he had been invited for a Sunday dinner, Eph showed his bankbook and indulged in vainglorious boasting. The news spread like fire in a cotton warehouse. Sis' Calline, a heavy, hearty widow of many years duration, determined then and there to annex Eph, who had also lost his mate in the long ago. "An' plump satcherfied to be single; mer ole ooman were a powerful fractious pusson. De scalded houn' fears de pot—never ergin fer me!" Eph had confided to a friend.



The Widow Believes in Direct Action and She Knows What to Do to Win a Man.

And yet, it was mighty lonesome out on the place, with the white folks gone, and no company or companionship save his mule, his dog, and the rabbits and birds.

Two other unattached widows heard the news about Eph's wealth and determinedly entered the lists with Sis' Calline. Eph began to take on weight and the luster of his coal-black skin reflected the plenteous diet many invitations afforded.

The widow believes in direct action and she knows what to do to win a man. She feeds him—and keeps on feeding him. She flatters him, but fills him with tasty viands before she proceeds to similarly gorge his vanity. Then she urges him to talk and boast, listening with a slavish and adoring deference as he preens and struts and crows.

Six months of this sort of thing resulted one day in assertion by Sis' Calline that she was engaged to be married to Eph. She said it loudly, premeditatedly, and for a purpose in the presence of Sis' Luvenia Watts and Sis' Pearline Tobias, the other two aspirants. It was just after protracted meeting dismissed at the Life Boat African Church. Each countered promptly with a similar claim, as the crowd gathered.

The resulting discussion was so highly acrimonious and violent that the services of three constables were required to separate the debaters and land them in the Tombigbee lockup—where hostilities were resumed at intervals during the night.

In the magistrate's court next day each belligerent proved that Eph was engaged to her, and when the evidence was all in, Eph, as he hovered on the outskirts of the crowd, felt pretty much the same. He discreetly evaporated from the scene while Lawyer Moss was describing his infamy in breaking the hearts of three poor, bereaved women. They punctuated the attorney's every period with sobs and whoops of self-pity. Eph knew in his soul that, as pity is akin to love, self-pity is the preliminary to homicide, sometimes—and the wide spaces called him urgently.

THREE hours later when thru his front window he beheld the three Amazons, united in common cause of vengeance and smarting under fifteen dollar fines moving in mass formation upon his domicile, he also noted that one carried an ax helve, another a pick handle, while Pearline, the most temperamental of the three, bore a long, shiny butcher knife.

Eph sounded like a cyclone as he tore thru the corn patch; a hippo on the rampage could not have trampled more cotton as he surged to the river bank. His dugout canoe was barely out of range when a barrage of stones and brickbats followed him. The Robert E. Lee on her historic race with the Natchez had nothing on him as to speed as he went Gulf-ward down the Tombigbee River.

Thus it came about that Uncle Eph roosted on a cotton bale at the Mobile wharf and moodily pondered. He had escaped the widows, but he was afraid to return. He did not know a soul in Mobile to identify him at the bank and he could not draw a cent of his money, a hundred miles away. He had tried for days to find a job. He had achieved peace, a continuous of single blessedness and a whole hide, but it was the peace of loneliness and utter desolation.

Accustomed of late to being entertained, fed to repletion upon the best the hen roosts of quality folks afforded, fattened as it were, for the matrimonial sacrifice, now that he had to pay in advance for each morsel of food, he found the problem serious and most depressing, with but ten cents left in his pocket.

Autumn sunlight made him drowsy. He nodded and mulled over the situation. He wished he could go back home safely, and not be sued for breach of promise, or poisoned, or conjured as a matter of revenge. Consciousness merged into a dream in which the big-house of the Warrens again held his white folks; people again passed in and out of the hospitable doors, and there was happiness, and life, and contentment.

An unearthly noise jarred him into tense wakefulness. The steamboat Excelsior, loaded for the up-river trip, had moved alongside the wharf to get some odds and ends of last minute freight and ship some additional roustabouts. She was blowing a call for hands.

River darkies began to ooze out of the fried-catfish emporiums and dives along Water and Commerce streets to investigate the employment offered by the Excelsior's booming whistles. At the end of the swinging stage the mate stood to meet and dicker with the hands over pay. He stepped down and walked to where Eph was comfortably reclining.

"Want a job, uncle?"

"Thanky suh, boss, but I ain't no rouster; done got too ole to rassle bales an' bar'ls an' sich."

"Who said anything about roustering? I want a sort of head waiter to make himself generally useful. Dollar a day, tips and grub?"

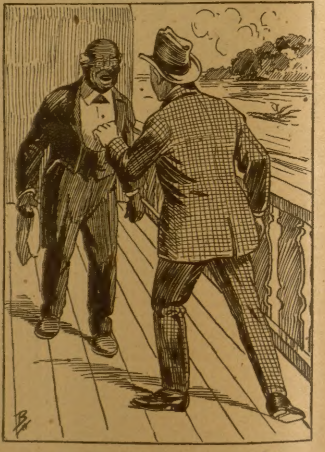
"Cap'n, you is done hired de best man fer dat job what ever rid a steamboat! Head waiterin' is de fondes' thing which I is of! I useter buttle fer de Warren fambly——"

"Oh, all right—all right—where's your plunder?"

"Baggage is right on mer haid and' mer back."

"Get aboard then, and get busy!"

To the dining saloon Eph added just the right touch. While the Excelsior worked freight at Selma, he went ashore and in some way managed to acquire an ancient dress suit, white shirt, white tie and white cotton gloves. So eminently respectable was he in his official regalia, so evidently a colored person of superior quality, that passengers were ashamed to offer him less than two-bits as a tip, thus proving again the old adage that it pays to cultivate appearances.



"Is This Uncle Eph? Yes? Well, I'm Tom!"

It was a pleasant and profitable life. He was entranced with the river, the boat, the ever changing scenery, and liberal, good humored passengers. Two aboard seemed old residents on the Excelsior. They retained their berths trip after trip.

Eph noticed they seemed devoted to cards, in fact, were in a poker game which started when the boat pulled out from Montgomery and never ended until Mobile was reached. He asked one of the older hands on the craft about the men who were so suave, so liberal in small donations to him when he was fetching drinks, or new decks, or cigars. The other darky eyed him pityingly.

"Dem? You ole lummox, ain't you got no eyes? Dey's gambler gemplemums. Dey rides dis boat endurin' of de cotton season, trimmin' de planters on dey way to Mobile an' Nyaw 'Leens. What's yo' yes—don't you see dey always banks de game?"

Pickings were poor for the gambler gentlemen on the up-trip. It was on the downward cruise that men who came aboard had wallets plethoric with money and warehouse receipts for many bales of cotton, and a large and adventuresome spirit in their bosoms. All year they had drudged making crops, and now was play-time. Across the green baize table many of them lost thousands of dollars.

Uncle Eph became the favorite attendant upon the games and came to know the card sharps well. In turn they found the naive old darkey could innocently give them valuable information about passengers, so they rather cultivated him and were liberal enough in gratuities.

ON A TRIP while the Excelsior was loading at Montgomery for the return, Uncle Eph strolled uptown. He noted Bradley and Farrish, the gamblers, entering a hotel bar with a man whom they seemed to have in tow; and later, in company with the card sharps he came aboard. He was rather ordinary looking, somewhere between 30 and 40 years of age, and had a discouraged, apologetic way about him. He seemed timorous, and indifferent, and his clothes a bit shabby. Eph paid no particular attention to him except to note the gamblers urging him at frequent intervals to the bar. Once Eph saw both Bradley and Farrish empty their drinks on the floor, while the man consumed his.

"Uh huh—somebody's got some money an' is likely to lose hit 'fore annuder day!" was Eph's muttered comment to himself.

The game started right after supper, and Bradley was careful to keep the glass at the man's elbow filled. When play ended at 2 o'clock the stranger was cleaned out.

Shortly after noon next day Eph came upon the man toward the stern of the boat, leaning upon the rail and staring at the water with an expression upon his face no man should wear.

Eph sidled up to him, for a flash of an idea had come to him as he glimpsed the man's tired, grief-stricken eyes.

"Cap'n, I been watchin' you ever since I fust seed you in Mon'gomery, an' I wants to ask is you any relashun to de Tombigbee Warrenses?"

"My name is Warren—why—look here, is this Uncle Eph? I'm Tom."

"De good land er de Lawd!"

Their hands clasped and each searched the countenance of the other.

"Mist' Tommy, whar is you been, an' de rest of de fambly?"

"Father lost all the money he made—died in three years after he left. Mother lingered along and she died too, in a few years. The girls are married—and fairly well, I might say."

"An' what does you do fer a 'livin', Mist' Tommy?"

"Uncle Eph, I'm the most unanimous failure that ever lived. Tried law, and all the time my mind was on hunting and fishing, green fields, blue skies and the cotton ready to gather. Tried newspaper work. And then I finally slipped down to where I got to be just an ordinary plug bookkeeper."

"You belongs out on de land!"

"I know it. The love of the outdoors is as strong in my children and my wife as it is with me. So, we decided I was to take my little savings, come back South and see if I could not land a position as bookkeeper or manager of the commissary on some big plantation, or buy an interest in a business in some small town where we could be together, and at any rate, closer to the life we all love. And now—that hope is gone."

"Why don't you go up an' farm de old home place?"

"On account of the trust father left on it I can't borrow a cent on it, and you ought to know it takes money to get a start planting. I have only a few dollars left, after my infernal folly."

"How much dem fellers git off'n you?"

"A thousand dollars."

"Good goshamighty! What you gwine do?"

"Heaven only knows—I don't."

There was a long silence while the two men stared at the yellow current slipping by.

"What fambly has you, Mist' Tommy?"

"Wife and two youngsters—a boy and a girl. My wife is a brave, fine woman; she's been giving music lessons to help me get up this money I've thrown away. I ought to be killed. They are living in a cheap, mean house on a cheap mean street in a great big, lonely city, and I've ruined their chance to get away."

"I sho'ly would like to see dem chillen—speshually dat boy, an' make some boats fer him, an tell him tales bout de varmints an' dey carryin's on, an' animule talk. Is he name Tommy, too?"

Warren nodded affirmance. Silence fell upon them, broken only by the rythmic splash of paddle wheels and soft sighing of exhaust pipes.

"Mist' Tommy, does yo' li'l boy look like you useter look?"

"He is 6, and they say he is the image of me when I was that age—his sister is 8."

"Lawsy! how I'd like to be back at de old place an' have a li'l feller to play wid an' look after an' make him happy."

A tear crept down Warren's cheek. His boy had never known the joy of being out in the open. He had never seen a wild rabbit, or ridden a horse, or heard the lore of denizens of wood and field. He had never had the thrill of catching a sunfish out of the creek, nor of picking blackberries, and being taught to swim in a crystal stream. His little girl had never heard a mocking bird, or the piping of a cardinal, nor filled her arms with gardenias from a hedge, nor gathered a spray of honeysuckle with the dew and the dawn upon it.

Eph wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. He knew, and he understood.

"Mist' Tommy," he said, "I's got some money in de bank; you take hit an' make a start on de place. I'll go back dere wid you an' take a chance on what we makes, an' not draw no wages. We can shorely scratch out a good livin', ef nothin' else?"

"Dear old friend, I thank you, but I can't take your little savings."

Again the two men lapsed into abstracted silence as they mused on the swirling water, their minds full of the long ago.

"Mist' Tommy, if you had yo' money back would you reely be willin' to go on de home place an' make a start?"

"I don't think any power on earth could keep me away. As you say, we certainly could scratch out a living, and lots of happiness along with it for all of us."

Eph finally went forward to his duties. He saw Bradley, the gambler, eying him from a distance. He sauntered around a corner of the deck, then with a wink and an almost imperceptible nod, beckoned the gambler to come after. Eph led the way to Bradley's stateroom. Inside, with the door closed, the old negro tremblingly made disclosure.

"Boss, hell's a-popin' fer sure! I jes' wormed it out of dat man I was talkin' to—lemme tell you!" he began in a low, intense voice, surcharged with excitement. Fifteen minutes later Eph slip out tucking a brand new yellow-backed twenty-dollar bill in his pocket. Bradley hurried to find Farrish and have a conference.

Eph found Tom Warren looking over the rail again. It is not good for discouraged and down-and-out people to gaze at water too constantly. There are little voices that call and call, and whisper of rest and surcease from trouble.

"Mist' Tommy, I wants you to do me a favor," he began with ingratiating earnestness.

"What is it?"

"I wants you to take dis yere twenty an' git in de game ternite. I feels lucky—I natcherally knows you can clean 'em up."

"I won't—I'm thru!"

"Hold on—lissen—wait a minnit! Dem's perfessional gamblers. Dey uses marked cyards an' cold decks. Dey's crooked as de hine laig of a bench-legged fice dawg. If I'd a knowed las' night who you was I'd a stopped you."

"I wish to goodness you had!" groaned Warren.

"Now, I done slid 'round and throwed all dey decks of marked cyards in de river. Dey got to play tonight wiv new cyards dey buys from the purser. Dey ain't nuffin' but tin-horn sports—can't do no reel fancy tricks wid cyards. If dey ain't got no marked decks you has de same chanst as dey has, ain't you?"

"I reckon so." Warren was not enthusiastic.

"Den, too, I got de left-hine foot of a jinnywine graveyard rabbit in mer lef' pants pocket, an' it's been a scratchin' me fer luck twell I feel like I got de Cubian eetch!"

"Those are pretty good signs." Tom Warren smiled in spite of his woe.

"Yasser, dey sho'ly is; so will you try 'em wid dis yer twenty? Hit's a speshual lucky bill—jes' dis, an' not a cent more. Buy twenty dollars worth of chips, first pop. An' no toddies—not nary a one!"

Tom Warren hesitated—and fell. He had imbibed enough negro superstition in his younger days to make him believe that luck actually visited folks at times, and had her avant couriers. And if luck came to the aid of Eph, perhaps she would be kind enough to help him recoup a bit from the loss.

"But—why do you insist on staking me, Eph? I have a few dollars left." Warren did not exactly relish it.

"Well, suh, you knows an' I knows a culled pusson can't play in dat game. Dat air bill is one what a conjur doctor in Mon'gomery put a heavy hoodoo spell on fer luck, an' I'm plumb wild to see if hit's any good. Jes' resk dat one bill; th'ow it down fust pop! Dem's de rules de conjer doctor said."

"Oh, all right, then." He put the bill in his pocket. "But you are an old fool, Uncle Eph."

"Nemmine dat—no drinks now—an' play dem cyards like a Warren can play 'em when he's got his mind on de game. An' if you hits a winnin' streak, stay wid 'em—an' play 'em as heavy an' as long as de game lastes!"

THAT night Tom Warren rather shamefacedly planked down Eph's bill and bought twenty dollars worth of chips. A lightning swift glance passed between the two gamblers.

It seemed as tho he could not lose—it was a triangular contest between Warren and Bradley and Farrish. At 1 o'clock Bradley suggested the bank could stand no more losses and would close. Warren had won back his thousand dollars, and two hundred and fifty additional! The gambler gentlemen were so nice about it one would think he was doing a favor in taking their money. Before Warren was out of bed next morning the radiant Eph came in.

"What I done told you—what I told you?" he jubilated.

"Here, let me give you your half——"

"Not one cent—'cept dat lucky bill, if you has it. I keeps that. You gwine stand to yo' wu'd, now, 'bout goin' up to live on de home place?"

"We'll go straight from the boat to the train this afternoon."

"Now, I got three thousan' in bank—I puts dat wid yours. I gits you to invest hit fer me, an' handle hit. Wid fo' thousand dollars we gits a flyin' start on puttin' de place in fust class money-makin' shape again. De weevils done starved out long ago an' moved on—dey's big money in dem fields."

"First thing this morning I'll write a letter to my wife to mail at the depot as we get on the train, telling her to pack up our plunder and come on with the youngsters—the remnant of the Warren family is coming back home—where they belong."

"Glory hallelujah—my white folks is on de way!"

A furious captain and a wonderfully fluent mate stood on the stage of the Excelsior at Mobile and d—d Uncle Eph, his ancestors, heirs and assigns forever and ever for "jumping the boat" without notice, when capable servitors are hard to find.

Eph just grinned.

"Hard wu'ds," he observed, as they cleared the banana wharves and got out of earshot of the empurpled mate, "ain't never raised a blister yit, ner helped fill no graveyard I even is seen."

As they waited for the train to Tombigbee, Eph's musings on whether he would find any of his property when he got back, and what had become of Old Beck, the mule, were interrupted by Warren.

"Look here: there's something funny about the way I won that money; it came too easy, and it wasn't hoodoo money, either. What sort of a game did you put up on those gamblers, Uncle Eph? Out with it!"

The old negro threw back his head and laughed loud and long.

"Mist' Tommy, dem gamblers got a reg'lar gold mine on dat boat. De ve'y last thing in dis worl' dey wants is a row an' a big scandalment."

[illegible]

"I knowed you wouldn't take de money if it was jes' handed back to you—too much of de fambly pride to lose, an' den wiggle out—so I knowed de only way was to let you think you winned it."

"Oh, you did?"

"Sho'ly; so I runs to dis Bradley an' tells him like I jes' had picked de news out of you—he saw me talkin' to you—dat terrible complains had been made to de Gov'ner of de state by some big planter friends of his which had been skunt by dem; dey says de game is crooked an' de sheriffs is all been fixed so dey won't break it up."

"Why you old rascal!"

"An' I tole Bradley you was a sorter no 'count po' relashun of de Gov'ner, an' he done hired you private to get de evydence on to put dem gamblers in the penitenshiary, an' confiscate de boat, an' play de devil inginerally——"

"You certainly are a gorgeous old liar!"

"Yasser, I sho is, when I trys—an' I sez, sezzi, de Gov'ner give you $500 'spense money, an' de rest was yourn, an' now you done lost it you is soured on de job, an' you said if you had your money back an' de 'spense money you'd

Freckles

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Save 50%
6.15
6.48
SEND NO MONEY
9.75
12.75

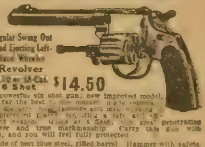
[illegible]

No. 3. Octagon or round case, 14-Kt. gold filled, 25-yr. case, [illegible] jewel, [illegible]
No. 4. Same as above, only 16 jewel, $7 [illegible]
No. 5. Tonneau shape, 14-Kt. white-gold-filled, 25-yr. case, [illegible] jewel. Sapphire crown. Silk grosgrain ribbon bracelet and clasp, $6 48.
No. 6. Same as above, only 6 jewel, $7
No. 7. [illegible] Lever movement, cushion shape, 14-Kt. white gold-filled, 25 yr. case. Sapphire crown. Silk grosgrain ribbon bracelet and clasp, $9 85.
No. 8. Rectangular [illegible] 14-Kt. White gold filled, 25 yr. case. Sapphire crown. Silk grosgrain ribbon bracelet and clasp, $[illegible]

SUPREME JEWELRY MFG. CO.,
Dept. 502. 434 Broadway, [illegible]

SEND NO MONEY

The Wild Cat



Regular Swing Out Hand Ejecting Left-Hand Wheeler Revolver
32.20 or 38 Cal. 6 Shot
$14.50

A powerful six shot gun; new improved model, by far the best [illegible] weapon. Quick as a flash, [illegible] penetrating power and true marksmanship. Carry this gun with you, and you will feel fully protected.

Made of best blue steel, rifled barrel. Hammer with safety. Fires regular and long 32.20 or 38 caliber ammunition.

SEND NO MONEY: Simply send us your name and address and state caliber wanted. We mail immediately. You pay on arrival our low price plus a few cents postage. If not satisfied after examination, return Revolver, and we will refund your money. Order today. NOW

THE PRICE CUTTING CO.
55 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
$10 Worth of Records FREE

Simply wonderful! The limit of value giving! Just think! A GENUINE DAVIS PHONOGRAPH on 30 Days' Free Trial, and on terms as low as

$2 A MONTH in case you decide to buy. Magnificent instruments in quartered oak or mahogany piano finished cases equipped with the finest worm gear motors [illegible] machines—at less than half the standard prices—and $10 worth of records FREE.

Send No Money

Just a postal with your name and address. Only a limited number of machines shipped on this extra-liberal offer. Better act quickly. This is a life-time opportunity.

DAVIS, Dept. 1-1.
6101 May St., CHICAGO

BLUE WHITE Luxite Diamond
Send it Back!
$1.97 C.O.D.
Free
BAR PIN

1 CARAT RINGS $1.97 [illegible]

PERFECT [illegible]

DON'T SEND A PENNY! [illegible] We pay postage! [illegible]

GARFIELD IMPORTING CO., 3935 WASHINGTON BLVD., Dept. [illegible] CHICAGO

2 SPLENDID SHIRTS 3 SILK KNITTED TIES $3.79

GREAT BARGAIN [illegible]

SEND NO MONEY

[illegible] SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

FREE A dandy pair of snap-on Cuff Buttons FREE [illegible]

PUBLIC TRADING CO., 263 5th Ave., Dept. 1-6 New York

Stop Aches!

Quickly—pleasantly—conveniently with magic

Midol

Thousands of people have used it for years. It is safe, leaves no after effect, contains no dangerous drug.

Spring Fever
Brain Fag
Headache
Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Lumbago
Neuritis
Nerve Aches
Women's Ills

Send for MIDOL today!

You will consider it a lucky day when you send for these wonderful [illegible] pain relievers. MIDOL stops pain—but it doesn't [illegible] the system.

MIDOL is an old, time tried remedy. For ten years it has relieved headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, toothache, neuritis, Spring fever, asthma, etc. MIDOL is better than Aspirin, Antipyrin, Acetanilid or Phenacetin.

MIDOL relieves pain, acts as a bracing body tonic—makes you feel well and enjoy life.

The fame of MIDOL is rapidly spreading. If your druggist hasn't gotten it yet [illegible] MIDOL'S wonderful aid. Send for a box of MIDOL tablets and be free from pain and discomfort.

Put up in Two Convenient Sizes, 15c and 40c.

Send Coin or Stamps today!

GENERAL DRUG COMPANY Dept. (14)
94 N. Moore Street, New York

Women!

[illegible]

jump de boat at Mobile an' write de Gov'ner dat folks been lowratin' dem and it's all a peck o' lies; den you'd go to Nyaw 'Leens to try your luck on de races."

"Ananias was a rank amateur compared to you——"

"I sez, sezzi, you feels like you had been made a boob of, an' is 'shamed so you wouldn't take de money ef it was handed back plain so, but de only way you'd take it was to win it. So we fixed up de scheme an' Bradley gimme dat bill—he tuck de number, even. I was to make certain you wouldn't report 'em an' would jump de boat, an' den, entice you into playin'. Ef you come in de game an' flang down dat twenty, Bradley knowed de deal was on, an' dey job was to feed money to you."

"How about those marked cards?"

Eph grinned joyously.

"Oh, well—I speck dey is all marked—dat was jes' talk."

"Well, I'm certainly not going to give them back the money!"

"Sho'ly not! Dem gamblers was dat grateful to me dey give me a ten-dollar tip an' two vestes an' a pair of striped britches an' a passel of ties.'"

"Now, if you can handle field hands as well as you handle gamblers——"

"Leave hit to me, Mist' Tommy—leave hit to me! I'll have cullud folks swarmin' all over dat place beggin' to be took on as share-croppers, an' furnish dey own teams an' grub; we gwine make some money!"

"And, Eph, how about those widows that chased you away?"

Eph's countenance radiated sunshine.

"Dat's one reason I wus so pintedly detremined to git you back up home. Dem wimmens won't dare put dey foots on de place if dey knows one of de fambly is dere—dey knows better. An' soon's I tells dat I done turned all my money to you, dat settles hit wid dem, fer a true fack."

"Surely, you don't intimate those widows are mercenary?"

"Not speshually—dey's jes' wimmen—an' dere's nuffin in all dis yere worl' as oninterestin' ter a woman—widders in particular—as a man wha has nuffin'. I's plumb safe!"

The Symbol of Authority

By Hamilton Craigie

THE velvet black was unrelieved by the faintest pinprick of light, save for a dim oblong of lesser shadow, where the long window stood open against the background of the night.

Abruptly a deeper shadow appeared, and disappeared within the opening, melting instantly into the blackness, slipping along the wall with invisible, groping fingers, searching, probing. . . .

Click! In the abrupt, blinding effulgence of the light the man, crouching against the wall with blind eyes, swung up his automatic with a defensive, warding movement, hesitated for a merest fraction of a second, and then dropped the weapon at his feet as the dry, biting voice of command sounded in his ears. For the moment he was sightless.

Presently, however, he was aware of the figure of a woman—in evening dress, facing him behind the barrel of a blunt-nosed pistol. She regarded him with a certain hardness of eye as she said curtly, indicating one of two chairs, between which was a small table with a telephone set:

"Sit down!"

The man, a blocky, square-shouldered fellow, with a seamed, lead-colored face, obeyed, doubt struggling with a certainty which had been his but a few moments previous, out there in the black well of the night, where even now his partner awaited him. The woman seated herself with a lithe ease, facing him across the table, her bright eyes fixed upon him with an odd, baffling scrutiny, as she continued:

"Well—you're no professional, of course."

Then, a covert sneer apparent in her speech:

"With a professional excuse, however, I don't doubt."

The man did not immediately respond. For the moment he appeared to have shrunk into his chair. His loose, baggy clothes, his curious, dead-white pallor, his air of bewilderment, showing in his face in a mixture of sheepishness and chagrin, seemed to answer her question even as he appeared to be at a loss for words to state his case.

"Well," she went on, with a sharp inflection, "what is it? Dumb, are you? I can't sit her all evening to listen. There's the telephone—why shouldn't I use it to call the police? Lord!" she ejaculated disgustedly, "you're a pretty burglar, aren't you? I really believe this is your first offense."

Somehow, if he wondered a little at her astonishing coolness, her sang fro.d, he was also conscious of a subdued intensity; he felt, beneath the suave, sarcastic exterior, a smoldering unease, so that, as he made answer, he thought to detect in her an attitude of listening—a curious, perturbed detachment strangely at variance with the hard brightness of her manner.

"Why, yes, ma'am," he said, with an effort, "I'm an amachoor, all right, but not in th' way y' t'ink—I c'n explain all right——"

She interrupted him swiftly.

"It doesn't matter," she told him. "Really—I'm not interested. For the moment I was curious; I thought perhaps——"

She broke off, turning upon him a swift, probing gaze. Then, as if entirely satisfied, she continued:

"I suppose it would compound a felony to let you go; you don't deserve it; but—well—perhaps I'm prejudiced in your favor; you seem so thoroly incompetent," she finished, as a contemptuous afterthought.

She made as if to rise, and as she did so, from somewhere within the house there came to the man's ears a faint, clinking rattle, the wisp of a sound penetrating to his consciousness as thru many thicknesses of walls. For less than two ticks of the watch it persisted, and then ceased abruptly, much as a window is opened and closed upon street noises from without. Whether or not this shadow of a sound, in the midst of the night's vast stillness, carried a meaning for the man in the chair, presumably his slow wits had accepted the sudden, illogical generosity of his reprieve.

He could not have formulated it in words, but under the harsh glare of the electrics he could see in the woman's face a look of strain, so that, with all coolness, her poise, for just the fraction of a thought her attention had wandered to something, or some one, other than himself.

For as she moved in her chair the muzzle of the pistol wavered, so that at the instant he was out of the line of fire; with a quick, savage spring he crushed her backward, pinioning her pistol hand in a paralyzing grip, wrenching the weapon from her grasp. Armed once more, he stood over her threateningly, as he rasped out:

"Now—come clean! You tell me what you was doin' breakin' into this house an' leavin' th' window open behind you!"

Her face paled to a faint, shadowy grayness as she lay back in her chair, her brilliant eyes clouded with something other than mere physical terror as she faltered:

"You—you . . . what do you mean . . . you don't . . . what right have you . . . this is my house . . ."

Her voice died as he bent forward, and with a swift, incisive gesture turned back the lapel of his coat, flashing before her bewildered gaze something which shone with the dull glint of burnished metal, the Symbol of Authority—a silver shield.

The woman shrank visibly at the sight. Then:

"[illegible]—a policeman!" she cried, hysterically.

He stood over her menacingly as he repeated, with derisive intonation:

"Aw . . . I reckon it's your turn to do a little explainin'—you're 'interested,' all right, now, ha? An' say—you had m' number th' very first time—I'm an amachoor, sure enough, a rookie, if y' like that better, but I oin't no amachoor burglar—no, ma'am," he continued, garrulously. "I'm just a plain cop, thankee kindly, an' it looks like you're my first pinch in this neck o' th' woods, I'll say."

[illegible]

"Ah!" she breathed.

The table was parallel with the window and walls, and from her position he could see that she was gazing over his shoulder. He would not risk a glimpse; he did not dare invite a hazard with this woman who handled a gun like a man; but with a swift, sidewise movement, made a half turn, so that he was just in time to see, out of the tail of his eye, the tall figure of a man in opera hat and baggy light coat, advancing down the long room, his right hand thrust carelessly into his trouser's pocket. He was apparently unarmed. He moved noiselessly, with swift strides.

"Who is this—ah—person, Anne?" said he.

A close observer might have concluded that the individual in question had not as yet acquired that blase indifference to manifestations of social rank which would come as the natural corollary of a ripened experience. The newcomer, intruder, if such he was in truth, bore every evidence of material prosperity, but there was patent, even to the intelligence of the other, that there was about him an air of breeding, of authority, which challenged, at least for the time, any assumption of wrongdoing with which he could possibly be connected.

Doubtless the natural suspicions of one, whose calling would make him suspicious of everything and everybody, had even at first made the blocky man hesitate at the unusual sight of a lady in decollete entering a window like any common housebreaker, and doubtless now was beginning to feel that he had made a mistake—an idea which may have gathered strength with the advent of the man in the high hat and top coat.

With the coming of the latter, too, the woman seemed for the first time to relax.

"I'm glad you didn't delay, Robert," she said. "This—ah—policeman seems to think that I'm a burglar. A little while ago I thought the same of him. Tell him, won't you, please, who I am?"

She appeared to have recovered completely her previous cool poise.

The blocky man with the pistol, for an appreciable interval, appeared as if he were undecided as to just what course to pursue. As the man called "Robert" approached, however, the other hesitated for a barely perceptible instant, and then backed off in the direction of the window, his weapon slightly lowered yet quartering the room before him as if ready for immediate use.

The man in evening dress turned to him with a dignified precision:

"This lady is my wife, sir," he said. "If any explanation is necessary, and you are authorized to receive it——" with the faintest possible emphasis on the words—"I should say she is entitled to the freedom of her own house, but in this instance, if you must know, we were about to motor over to a friend's. I remembered something which we had forgotten to take with us, and left my wife in our car, which you may have seen at the gate. I was so long away that she came after me, and finding the front door locked—it has a spring lock—entered thru the window. This is all I can tell you."

The face of the man addressed appeared to be a study in conflicting emotions. One might have said that, tho obviously impressed by the sincerity of the explanation, tho loath to forego the splendor of such an arrest, he felt somehow that he had blundered.

Mechanically, he thrust the weapon into the pocket of his coat. His was assuredly not a keen, analytical mind, and perhaps one with a greater amount of sophistication than a country constable might have been impressed by the words as much as by the manner—the undeniable hall-mark of a breeding which showed in every look and tone of the man who faced him, unruffled, calm.

Suddenly the woman spoke:

"Why don't you call up headquarters?" she suggested, "and satisfy yourself that everything is all right?"

The tone might almost have been said to border on a bravado that was part impatient scorn, and part an insolent assumption of the other's unwillingness to push the matter to such an extreme, his very inexperience no doubt shrinking from the consequent reprimand from his chief when the latter should discover his blunder.

This may have been passing in his mind. Seemingly, he might have had the boldness to suggest the same course to his inquisitress. The woman laughed, as he appeared to be about to speak, when, abruptly the man in evening dress remarked, a shade of impatience in his tone:

"Well—I think the officer is satisfied—aren't you, officer?"

Then, without waiting for a reply:

"Let's be going, Anne. We're overdue as it is."

He seemed possessed with the natural impatience and anxiety of a man who has an important engagement to keep.

Any policeman at least any country constable, would have said that there was no positive evidence of any wrongdoing. This one had never seen the owner of the house, which in itself was nothing remarkable. He had seen the car at the gate, and had noted that it was a luxurious one. But above all did he appear satisfied of the honesty of the man before him, and that, of course, of necessity included the woman. He cleared his throat with a nervous rasp:

"Well, sir, I'm sorry 'f I made a mistake—can't take any chances, y' know. I believe what you're tellin' me. . . . I seen th' lady from th' road, an' I wasn't wantin' t' get past me. I've only been on th' force a short time. I guess that's all, thankee. I'll be goin' now. Good night, sir—good night, ma'am."

And with the final word, pausing only to pocket his pistol, he disappeared in the blackness of the night, almost with a haste which bespoke perhaps a natural desire to escape from a situation which had, at the least, proved somewhat embarrassing.

Behind him, in the room, at the instant of his departure, the two remaining actors in the brief drama passed in swift silence thru the open doorway, where, in the adjoining chamber, the dining-room of a sumptuous establishment, once perfectly appointed, but now, under the lights, bare, cheerless, and in some disorder, two heavy suit cases rested upon the long dining-table.

The man, whose right hand had all this time been hidden in his trouser's pocket, now drew it forth with a small derringer, which he bestowed in some invisible position beneath his left arm pit. Then, picking up the bags, and followed by the woman, the lights still on, they left the house by the front door, and, proceeding along the graveled driveway, still in unbroken silence, entered the touring car which stood, with its engine running, at the gate. The gears meshed, and they rolled slowly out upon the darkened country road, with no lights shining.

They had hardly begun to move when the woman, turning to her companion said in a sharp whisper:

"Miss anything, Bob?"

"Nothing except my dignity, Annie."

He laughed softly.

"Everything stripped clean as a hound's tooth," he continued. "But that—constable!"

The rest of his mirthful speech was lost in a sudden grinding of the brakes. There came a quick flurry of noise from without, gruff voices, followed by the woman's scream:

"A stick-up, Bob—quick!" she gasped as her companion, tugging desperately at the sling under his arm, strove to disengage his derringer.

But before he could release it, and while the woman, with frantic fingers, sought for her missing weapon, from either side of the car appeared a masked figure, holding a revolver.

An arm reached inward to wrench the derringer from her companion's grasp, while a sinewy hand, disregarding the woman, pulled open the door at her side, reached across her knees, the while she soiled the sweet air of night with curses, and secured the loot, jerking the bags out onto the roadway, where they fell with a clinking thump onto the hard macadam.

In a moment, followed by a stream of invective, in which, curiously enough, there was no call for the constable, presumably still somewhere in the vicinity, booty and highwaymen were swallowed up in the blackness of the night.

IN THE gray early morning two men were seated at opposite sides of a table on the top floor of a tenement. Spread out before them were the con-

Child-birth

Here is a wonderful message to all expectant mothers!

When the Little One arrives, you can have that moment more free from suffering than you perhaps imagined. An eminent physician, expert in this science, has shown the way. It was he who first produced the remedy "Mother's Friend." Mrs. C. J. Hartman, Scranton, Pa., says: "With my first two children I had a doctor and [illegible] use instruments, but with my last two children I used Mother's Friend and had only a [illegible] no time to get a doctor because I wasn't [illegible] only about ten or fifteen minutes." Use "Mother's Friend" as our mothers and grandmothers did. Don't wait, start today, and write to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA-[illegible], Atlanta, Ga., for a free illustrated book containing information every expectant mother should have. "Mother's Friend" is sold by all drug stores—everywhere.

NEW-TREAD TIRES AT 40¢ ON THE DOLLAR

Send No Money!

Here is a real opportunity to cut your season's tire bill notwithstanding advances in prices. For a limited period only we offer our famous Diamond-Treaded Tires — as illustrated — at less than ½. Made of NEW LIVE RUBBER and built on the best carcasses money can buy.

Special Sale Prices

Size	Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tube
28x3	$4.95	$1.25	36x4	$8.65	$2.35
30x3	4.95	1.35	32x4½	8.85	2.40
30x3½	5.85	1.40	33x4½	9.00	2.45
32x3½	6.60	1.50	34x4½	9.15	2.50
31x4	7.00	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.60
32x4	7.50	1.65	36x4½	9.45	2.70
33x4	7.85	2.15	35x5	9.75	2.80
34x4	8.10	2.25	37x5	9.85	2.90

ALL OUR TUBES ARE NEW FRESH STOCK and Guaranteed for One Year. Shipment made same day order is received. Pay on arrival and if not satisfied, return AT OUR EXPENSE. Specify whether straight side or clincher wanted. FIVE PER CENT DISCOUNT when cash accompanies order. DEALER AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY LOCALITY.

DIAMOND-TREAD TIRE WORKS
3257 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Illinois

LONG RANGE TELESCOPE

3 Feet Long—5 Sections. So powerful you can count cattle 10 miles away. Price by mail, $1.85. If C.O.D. 10c extra.
Union Novelty Co., Dept. 5, Trenton, N. J.

"FIBRE-LITE" LIMBS

Easy Payments—Do Nature's Work. AGENTS WANTED who wear Artificial Leg. GOOD PAY. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO
WORMAN CO., 252-8 Hennepin, Minneapolis, Minn.

INSYDE TYRES

Inner Armor for auto tires. Prevent punctures and blowouts. Double mileage. Easily applied. Big profits. [illegible] Details free. Agents wanted. American Accessories Co., Tire 16, Cincinnati, O.

How to Make Others Love You

Charm and fascinate whom you will. Secure this great woman's secret methods. Book, explaining everything, only [illegible] Confidential. Plain wrapper. Mme Eve, Box 15, Dept A, Varick Sta., New York.

FREE! Horseshoe nail ring, sterling silver, solid gold horseshoe top, genuine garnet stone setting. Send no money. Bachmore, 1416 Broadway, N. Y.

tents of two suit cases: heavy plate of every description; jewelry; loot which might have been the result of many hauls. Atop the pile, and somehow dominating the array, there lay a small automatic revolver.

The taller of the two men had reached up as if to possess it, when his companion, a short, stocky fellow, with a seamed, lead-colored countenance, forestalled him with upraised hand.

"Nix, Mike," he said, "that's an amachoor's soovenir. But here—take this. It's worth six bits, anyhow—an' it's gen-u-wine," passing him something that glinted dully under the light.

It was a German-silver shield, which bore the following legend in raised letters.

SERGT.-AT-ARMS
JOHN J. McGINNIS
MARCHING & CHOWDER CLUB

* * *

Honorable Intentions

(Concluded From Page 5.)

hotels, anywhere and everywhere except at a home table.

"Madam," he said with a deep bow, "on behalf of Mr. Guilfoil and myself, I accept with pleasure!"

"Just as soon as we can get over to my house and wash up, we'll be right over," Mr. Guilfoil added. "I was goin' to bring Mr. Bernardo over anyhow in the afternoon, 'cause I wanted you to meet him, Ariminta."

Within the hour—shaved, brushed, and combed to the last hair—the guests arrived at the Nicholson home. It was a modest, two-story frame house, standing well back from the street. Peach trees grew in the front yard, and there were star-shaped flower beds, marked out by bricks set on edge. On the porch an old-style hammock was swung, and there were rustic chairs, deep and comfortable.

Miss Ariminta's life seemed dedicated to the care of the place and of her aged father. In his day, Nathan Nicholson had been a tolerably successful lawyer, and had accumulated money enough to keep him until the end of his life. When age overtook him and deafness almost entirely deprived him of his hearing, he had retired. He was a tall, spare figure of a man with a great shock of white hair, who was content to putter silently about the place.

He sat on the porch, reading, when Bernardo and Mr. Guilfoil arrived. The formality of an introduction was accomplished, but it is doubtful if the aged man heard a word that was said.

Miss Ariminta, fresh from the kitchen, hugely beaproned and with her sleeves rolled up, came to the door to greet them.

"Now you gentlemen just make yourselves at home," she urged. "I'm busy for a while—got the pies and the biscuits right in the oven, and I can't leave 'em to do much entertainin'."

"We might look at some of the views in the stereoscope in the parlor," Mr. Guilfoil suggested, but Bernardo shook his massive head.

"I'd like to ask Miss Nicholson, as a special favor," he said, "if I couldn't go out into the kitchen with her and watch her at her domestic duties. You know, Henry, I sometimes think that woman achieves her highest mission in life in these simple, humble duties that mean so much to men of the world—like us, Henry. To see the busy housewife intent upon the preparation of a well-cooked meal—ah, Henry, old friend, such a sight arouses fond memories and hopes in all of us, does it not?"

Miss Ariminta blushed with pleasure.

"I never in my life heard such a beautiful sentiment expressed in just that way," she replied. "I want you to come right out into the kitchen, Mr. Bernardo, and make yourself perfectly at home. Henry can sit out here on the porch and talk to dad till dinner's ready."

Talking to dad was such a one-sided perposition, inasmuch as Mr. Nicholson made sketchy and irrelevant replies to what he judged were Mr. Guilfoil's remarks, that the sheep-dip merchant finally gave it up and strolled out into the garden to look at the flower beds. It would be much better, he felt, to leave his spokesman undisturbed with Ariminta.

V.

IN THE kitchen, Bernardo sat comfortably in a chair tilted back against the wall. His hostess, moving about the steaming stove, was a picture of domestic efficiency in his eye. He knew, as he glanced about the well-ordered place, that Miss Ariminta Nicholson was deserving of something better than spinsterhood. She peeped into the oven to see how her pies were coming along; she lifted a pot to the back part of the stove; she changed the position of a stew-pan that it might have more heat. Thruout the kitchen were pleasant commingling odors of cooking food.

For once, Bernardo's conversation lacked the brilliancy and spontaneity that was his source of power. He realized that he must have an idea; that a coup was needed to complete his mission. So he went down deep for it, and it came—at first in nebulous fashion, and then full-formed.

Several minutes later he found Henry in the garden, contemplating a variegated bed of pansies.

"Henry," he said, as he approached, "I promised to help you win her, and I've done it. She's waiting for you."

It was difficult for Mr. Guilfoil to believe that the great moment of his life had actually come. Hope and doubt combined to produce a peculiar, questioning smile on his lips.

"You don't mean that she's accepted me?"

"No, Henry, but she will. Just go in and propose to her—that's all. For the first time in her life she's in the proper receptive state. In her present condition she cannot refuse you."

"Bernardo," asked Henry, his upper lip quivering with excitement, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," replied the trickster, "that she's hypnotized. I mean that if you ask her now she cannot refuse you. Fear no rebuff. It is your hour of fate. You asked for help, and I'm pointing the way. Victory is in your hands!"

Despite the magnificent promise of the situation, it was Henry Guilfoil's Fabian nature to quibble a bit.

"But if she's hypnotized," he queried, "what I want to know is this—if she accepts me now, will she stick to it when she wakes up?"

Bernardo smiled tolerantly.

"That is the beauty of it—she will. She'll never know exactly how it happened, but there will always be a sweet, elusive memory of something infinitely sweet and tender. This day will ever be fresh in her memory, rose-scented and splashed with a golden glow."

Ineffable joy was written on Mr. Guilfoil's countenance.

"That's wonderful" he exclaimed. "Wonderful! Tell me more about it. How did you do it?"

"There is no time for talking now," the hypnotist objected. "When they are in this particular kind of hypnotic state it does not last long. On the stage, under extremely favorable conditions, I've seen 'em last twenty minutes—never longer. Miss Ariminta is a difficult subject. I wouldn't guarantee that she'll stay under the influence more than ten minutes at the most." He stopped to glance at his watch. "Not more than five minutes still remain to you."

"Bernardo," said Mr. Guilfoil, who was too excited to employ the "mister," "I'm goin' to ask her."

With a step that was light with new, definite hope, yet with the uncertainty of a man treading a mine-trapped field, Henry Guilfoil made his way to the kitchen door. Bernardo sighed as his eyes followed his friend into the house.

If the truth must be told, even the great mystic himself was uncertain what the result would be. His mind flashed back over his long, eventful career. He thought of the dark horses he had seen come in under the wire, and of the long shots that had paid big winnings. He had a sporting interest in Henry Guilfoil, and he hoped he would triumph.

The sunshine streamed down thru the trees and caressed him with its warmth. From a field close by the lowing of a cow for her calf came to his ears. It was half town and half country. A boy with a kite that darted crazily in the air came tearing down the unpaved street in front of the place. A two-seated carriage with a fringed top passed, bearing a load of young people on their way from the country to spend the day in town. A humming bird darted swiftly across the path, and above a rose-bush he saw a butterfly hovering, its gorgeous wings moving in soft undulations above the rich and fragrant blossoms.

He did not stray far from the kitchen door, for he was waiting to hear any sounds that might come from within, and wondering what result they would indicate. One never can be sure in which direction a bold stroke will react. He came nearer, almost timorously.

After awhile Mr. Guilfoil appeared, saw Bernardo, and came to him. There was something in his stride, in the carriage of his head, and in the swing of his body, that bespoke the conqueror.

"I asked her, and she's mine!"

The mighty hand of Bernardo gripped the sheep-dipped paw of Mr. Guilfoil with a sympathetic pressure.

"My heartiest congratulations, brother," was all that he said, but his soul sighed with relief.

A burden had been lifted from his conscience. Once more he had seen his judgment of human values signally confirmed. Again the brain that was steeped in the ways of trickery and fraud, of great odds and inspirational guile, had won the palm of success.

"I went in the kitchen, and there she was, just as natural as life, whippin' up a pan of mashed potatoes. She saw me, and she asked me to hand her the pitcher of cream. It looked like she was in her perfect senses. I handed it to her, and she poured some in the potatoes and went right on whippin' 'em to a froth, almost. For a minute I was sure it was too late, for it looked like the spell had worn off; but I just took a long chance. The very first words I said to her was, 'Ariminta, will you marry me?'

"She never missed a stroke with the potatoes—just looked up at me with a funny, kind sort of look in her eyes, and said, 'Yes, Henry, I'll marry you. I been wonderin' why you didn't——' And then she stopped right short off. I said, 'Ariminta, do you mean it? Do you know what you're sayin'? Are you in your right mind?' I asked her that, and she smiled again. 'Of course I mean it,' she said, and when I went up to her—you know, to give her a—well, she wouldn't let me, and said that could all come later. Then she made me come out here and keep you company till dinner was ready."

He stopped to run his fingers reflectively thru his hair.

"Mr. Bernardo, you're the best friend a man ever had. I ain't questionin' that; but I'll swear she didn't look nor act like a woman that had been hypnotized. I want to ask you, man to man, do you really think she was? You don't think you could have been mistaken?"

A great sadness seemed to fall upon the mystic. Here was a man who had admitted that by his own efforts he had been unable to win the woman of his heart; that he had proposed ten years before, had been refused, had talked sheep-dip to her in the long interval, and was in a fair way to get no farther. He had invoked the aid of the master mind and now he questioned the method that had given him his heart's desire.

"'Man's inhumanity to man,'" said Bernardo, "'makes countless thousands mourn.'"

It sounded well, but it meant nothing to Mr. Guilfoil.

"When I spoke to Ariminta she seemed perfectly sane and normal in every way," he insisted.

Very carefully Bernardo rolled back the right sleeve of his coat.

"The hand is empty. Watch me closely. Now!"

There was a rapid flash of a hand moving faster than the eye could follow. When it stopped, Bernardo held a full blown rose with the stem between his thumb and forefinger.

"No matter how long the right man keeps the right woman waiting, she's always in a hypnotic state when she hears the magic words. She accepted you, Henry; therefore I can assure you that it was perfect hypnosis."

Having justified himself, he pinned the rose on Henry's coat lapel.

In next week's Ledger there will be a new story about Bernardo, the genial and courteous hypnotic quack. Its title is "Under the Spell," and while it is extremely amusing, at the same time the story has a strong sentimental appeal, vibrating the heart-strings of all who cherish fond memories of "the old home," or who are still members of happy ones. We advise all our readers to not miss "Under the Spell." It's a splendid story.

* * *

Clock Omens.

By H. Irving King.

IN MANY superstitious households the sudden striking of a clock long silent is regarded as an omen of death; and in many households people who laugh at the superstition nevertheless have an uncomfortable feeling, even as they laugh, when a silent clock unexpectedly breaks its silence, because some sudden jar or some relaxing of some part of its interior mechanism sets its wheels in motion. This superstition can not be an old one; as superstitions go, for clocks did not come into common use until toward the close of the Middle Ages—that is, clocks run by interior mechanism—tho they are said to have been invented by the Germans in the tenth century. The superstition is merely an old and primitive idea applied to a comparatively modern contrivance.

The first striking clocks are said to have been of the "alarm" variety and were designed to awaken priests and monks that they might arise betimes in the night to say their "offices." If that is so it may have had something to do with associating the striking of a clock in the supernatural in the minds of men.

Be that as it may the idea that the sudden striking of a clock long silent is a "warning" is but a survival of the spiritism common among primitive peoples, who were wont to ascribe a certain class of otherwise inexplicable phenomena to the spirits of the dead. It is on a par with the superstition which says that if a knock is heard at the door and we open the door and see no one there it is a sign of death. Superstition with regard to the rocking by itself of an unoccupied chair is another example.

That the spirits of the departed could come back, did come back and manifested themselves in various ways was a firm belief of the ancients. To prevent that return was the object of many primitive customs now surviving belief, also, of the ancients, that the dead longed for the companionship of those whom they had left behind and "came for them" when their hour of dissolution was near. The inexplicable striking of a long silent clock fitted in so exactly with these ideas that the superstition regarding it easily took root.

STOP WHISKEY

An Odorless and Tasteless Treatment

Any lady can give it secretly at home in tea, coffee or food, and it costs nothing to try! If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of whiskey, beer or wine, send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines Co., 946 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you absolutely free in plain wrapper, a trial package of this wonderful treatment. Write today and be thankful all your life.—Adv.

SUMMER SALE

Worth Double This Sale Price

Parisian Model

Figured VOILE Dresses

$2.98 With Silk Stockings FREE

[illegible] style. [illegible] you might expect to [illegible] $6.00. To introduce our company to several thousand [illegible] we offer this sensational bargain with a splendid Pair of Silk Hose absolutely Free! Send [illegible] name [illegible]. We guarantee to please you.

Send No Money

[illegible] skirt of fine white organdy. The organdy collar, cuffs and belt vestee richly set off with lace trim. Flowing sash belt. Self-material vestee neatly button trimmed. Parisian length skirt. Wonderfully tailored throughout. Colors: Copenhagen Blue, Rose or Pink. Sizes: Misses' size 14, 16, 18 and 20; Women's 32 to 46 bust.

Silk Hose FREE

In harmonizing color. Wonderful [illegible] soft and sheer. Sent Free with each dress during this sale. All sizes. State size and color. Write Quick—Send no money. Pay on arrival only $2.98 and postage for dress—nothing for the hose. Your money back quick and without question if you are not satisfied.

Money Back Guaranteed

State Size and Color

WALTERS, YOUNG & CO.
Dept. K200 3818 S. Kedzie Ave. Chicago

Genuine German MAUSER

Latest model 9 shot automatic. [illegible] and cartridges—lies flat in pocket, special at $11.95. [illegible] Luger [illegible] cal. $16.25.

Hand Ejector Revolver, swing out cylinder, [illegible] cal. $16.25. 38 cal. $17.25.

Half pre-war prices

$11.95 25 cal.

32 cal $12.95

Brand new latest models. Guaranteed genuine imported.

Pay on Delivery Plus Postage

SEND NO MONEY

Satisfaction guaranteed or money promptly refunded

Pocket Automatic

Shoots 7 quick straight shots (illustrated) regular $20.00 value special sale price 6.25

$6.25 25 cal.

Blue Steel Army Automatic, [illegible] 7.95, [illegible] $8.95

Military Trench Automatic, [illegible] FREE [illegible] $9.75

Top Break Revolver [illegible] $8.65

Watts Trading Co., 11 Warren St., Desk 16, New York

Bunions

STARTLING NEW DISCOVERY

FREE TRIAL Costs Not One Cent

Just send your name [illegible] It's entirely different.

FAIRYFOOT

[illegible] Don't suffer another day. Send name at once for Free Trial before [illegible] withdrawn.

Foot Remedy Co., Dept. 304
2207 Millard Ave., Chicago

Be a Winner!
CHANGE YOUR LUCK!

Hay Fever and ASTHMA

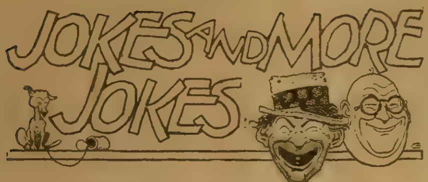
Cured Before You Pay

[illegible]

D. J. LANE, 174 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kans.

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and want to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely Free. Do not send any money—just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 1314 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.



His Possession.

"Now, gentlemen," said the street seller of alleged medical remedies, "such of you as have wives—ah, my friend, you have a wife at home, haven't you?"

"Well—p'tu!—yes," replied Lafe Lazzenberry of Fiddle Creek, "kind of a one."

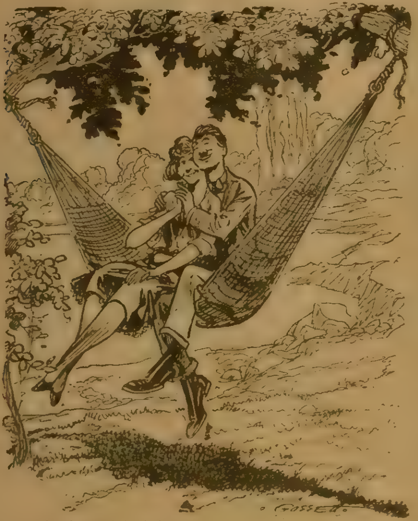
Where He Falls Down.

"I admit," pouted his wife, "that you are always polite to me in company, except——"

"Except what?"

"Except that you seem to forget the saying that 'Two is company.'"

IDEAL IS RIGHT



She—This hammock is ideal.
He—Yes.
She—Yes. It's large enough for one and strong enough for two.

Quite So.

Contributor—I hope you are carrying out those ideas I wrote you about?

Editor—Did you meet the office boy with the waste-paper basket?

Contributor—Yes.

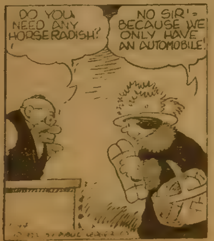
Editor—Well, he was carrying out your ideas.

Getting Along.

Miss Eighteen—Do you believe in long engagements?

Miss Thirtee—I believe in any kind.

SOLID IVORY


DO YOU NEED ANY HORSERADISH?
NO SIR'- BECAUSE WE ONLY HAVE AN AUTOMOBILE!

FIRST CONSIDERATION

THE dentist had finished work on a woman's back molar and had handed her a hand mirror that she might observe the result herself. Then he went on [illegible] other teeth [illegible] with the m[illegible] been filled [illegible] entirely com[illegible] the mirror wit[illegible]

"Well, madam [illegible] you?"

"How do they look to [illegible] peated.

"Yes, the teeth I have [illegible]

"Oh, I forgot [illegible] claimed, reaching for [illegible]

"What did you [illegible] gave you the mirr[illegible]

"Why, my hair, of co[illegible]

An Unusually Dry Season.

Alkali Jones was just in fro[illegible] country" and, as usual, the conve[illegible] at the store was about the weathe[illegible]

"It's dry up our way," said Jones [illegible] it's alw[illegible] dr[illegible] has been so dr[illegible] last f[illegible] my place [illegible] never learned to swi[illegible]

Her Title-hunting Mamma.

"Yes, I love you, Jack," said the beautiful young heiress, "but I'll have to speak to mamma."

"You mean I'll have to speak to her."

"No, I will. You see, she's now on the way back from Europe, and she may have engaged me to some nobleman while she was there."

GOOD ENOUGH

A MERE man entered a Southern hotel. "Gimme a room and bath," he ordered brusquely, in the manner of an army sergeant handling the captain's orderly a broom.

"Sorry, we haven't any," said a suave clerk, smiling blandly. "There are two conventions in town, a big theatrical company and a motor car show. House all crowded. Very sorry, indeed."

But the applicant had dealt with haughty hotel clerks before. He was made of sterner material than the average.

"What would happen if Warren Harding hit town?" he suggested. "Wouldn't there be a place to squeeze him in?"

The clerk finally admitted that the President might possibly be accommodated, but only with considerable effort.

"That is all I wanted to hear," commented the transient, signaling for a bellboy to take charge of his luggage. "Just give me the room you would have given Harding. It'll be good enough for me."

He slept in the hotel that night.

What He Deserved.

A young minister was expostulating with a landlord who had raised the poor parishioners' rent over a hundred per cent.

"If I want to hear you preach," said the landlord angrily, "I'll come to church where you should do your preaching."

"If you were where you should be," retorted the young minister, "you would have that privilege next Sunday. I am going to preach at the penitentiary."

Taking His Advice.

Sufferer—I have a terrible toothache and want something to cure it.

Friend—Now, you don't need any med[illegible] I had toothache yesterday and I went home and my loving wife kissed me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try the same?

Sufferer—I think I will. Is your wife at home now?

SOFTENING THE BLOW

BOSS—Miss Prim, you have an attractive face, a beautiful voice, you are modest, and, to be frank, just the sort of a girl that a man likes to have about the place.

Stenographer—That's very kind of you, sir, but should you talk to me like that?

Boss—And, as I was about to say, you seem not to know the meaning of punctuation and your spelling is simply rotten.

Regrets.

Guest—I wish I had come here a week ago.

Hotel Proprietor—Ah! You are flattering my establishment.

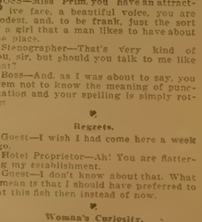
Guest—I don't know about that. What I mean is that I should have preferred to eat this fish then instead of now.

Woman's Curiosity.

Hub—The Scrapleighs are going to sell their household effects by auction next week.

W[illegible]—Then I'm going there to bid on [illegible] parrot. I'd dearly love to know wh[illegible] call each other in the privacy [illegible]me.

Too True.


NOTICE
WE SERVE NOTHING STRONGER ONIONS
HRG

[illegible]—Did the umbrella you are look-[illegible] have a hooked handle?

[illegible]—The entire umbrella [illegible]

Good Intentions.

A very small man in a very crowded street car rose politely, tapped a large lady on the elbow and said: "Take my seat, madam."

"Oh, thank you very much," she replied, as she turned around, and then asked: "Just where did you get up from?"

Appropriate!

"That was an awful doleful sermon the meenister preached this mornin'. What a text—'Here to day and gone tomorrow.'"

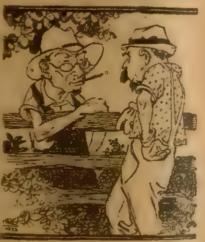
"Ay, it's trouble wi' their servants that's got on his mind; they've had six in as many weeks."

He Knew.

Satisfied Guest—That was a tip-top dinner, waiter. You know what that means, don't you?

Waiter—Yes, sah. It's one that you top off with a tip.

Dull Matter.



Timothy Hay—Did you ever read the Congressional Record?

Al Falfa—I tried to do it one year but I didn't like it.

Tim—What was the matter? Was it too prosy?

Al—No; it didn't have any advertisements in it.

Securing a Substitute.

The stork, regardless of the rules had deposited twins in their cosy little [illegible]ment:

"You'd better send for your mother, Helen," suggested Newpop.

"Why, John," she said, "you know you can't get along with mother."

"True," he responded glancing at the twins, "but somebody's got to tell the janitor."

Always Is Disagreeable.

"Deduction is the thing," declared the amateur detective. "For instance, there is a pile of ashes in our yard. That is evidence that we have had fires th[illegible] ter."

"And, by the way, John," broke in his wife, "you might go out and sift the evidence."

LESSON IN POLITENESS

THE wife of a new knight [illegible] very pleased with her t[illegible] informed the members of h[illegible] staff that they must, in fut[illegible] ber to address her as "my lady" [illegible] cook, parlormaid, and housemaid [illegible] no difficulty of this, but the [illegible] cleaned the boots found it req[illegible] almost superhuman effort to [illegible] ing, "Yes'sum" as of yore. "I've [illegible] gotten your name," said his m[illegible] the youth; "what is it?" "Jackson" [illegible] the blunt reply. "Jackson," repeated [illegible] lady reproachfully, "what else sh[illegible] said?"

"Mr. Jackson," said the boy, [illegible]

On Second Thought.

He—Did you ever think of g[illegible] married?

Shy Co-ed—It's never entered my mind.

"I'm sorry. Don't bother."

"Just a minute. You've started [illegible] thinking."

◆

Mrs. Who—Oh, my dear, I [illegible] loveliest dress today! Quite lost [illegible] head over it.

Mr. Who—Well, that helps some; [illegible] you won't need a new hat.

Posing as Youth.

He—They met years ago in an artist's studio. She was posing as youth.

She—I know. She's still at it.

INGENUITY

IT WAS one of those melodramas g[illegible] by home talent and in the gu[illegible] scene a real, honest-to-goodn[illegible] private was supposed to be drilled w[illegible] bullet while sawing thru the bars in a[illegible] endeavor to gain his liberty. The g[illegible] unfortunately missed fire, but the buck[illegible] true to form, dropped as if d[illegible]

Something had to be done and [illegible] instantly, but the sergeant of the gu[illegible] was equal to the emergency.

"Thunder and lightning!" he bellowed. "He's swallowed the hack-saw."

Thieves' Wit

(Continued From Page 6.)

As I have already told you, Jumbo knows next to nothing about diamonds, so I felt safe enough in my romancing. "Not likely," I said. "The paste jewels are first rate imitations at first. It's only after a while that they lose their lustre. Of course, if I was found out, I'd pass the buck to the fellow who gave them to me. After the new work is returned to the customer there's no danger until the work has to be cleaned or repaired."

"How could a fellow keep all the different sizes and cuttings handy in his pocket?" Jumbo asked.

"In his pocket!" I said scornfully. "He'd be spotted the first day! You make the job last over night, see? Weigh, measure and test the stone you want, and bring the phony stone to match it next morning."

Jumbo was breathing hard in his excitement. I suppose he saw an endless vista of profits, the risk all mine. "But ain't the stones all cut different?" he asked.

"Say, you want to know as much as I do," I said sarcastically.

He fawned on me. "You're dead right, 'boe. That's your private affair."

After we had another drink or two I made believe to drop my guard completely. I left out the ifs and the coulds and admitted that my game at Dunsany's was as I had described it. To prove it I brought out a couple of beautiful unset diamonds, which completed the conquest of Jumbo

"It's a cinch! a cinch!" he cried. "A couple of good men could make fifty thousand a year easy and safe. Fifty thousand after the commission was taken out."

"What commission?" I demanded.

"Thirty-three and a third per cent to them that disposes of the stones," said Jumbo evasively.

I thought it wiser not to question Jumbo any farther in that direction at present.

Jumbo went on enthusiastically. "You and me'll be pardners! This is our little private graft. We won't let anybody else in, see? You on the inside, me out, we were made for each other!"

The coyer I made out to be, the more friendly was Jumbo.

Finally, coming down to practical matters, he asked me what the stones were worth. I told him the market value.

"Of course I can't get anything like near that," he said. "But I'll make the best dicker I can. I'll let you know before I close with them."

After some more persuasion I finally handed over the stones. I knew he wouldn't play me false as long as he thought there were larger gains in prospect.

We haggled for an hour over the division of the profits. I passionately refused to consider fifty-fifty, since the work and the risk were all mine. Half a dozen times the budding partnership seemed about to end. We finally agreed on sixty and forty. By holding out as I did, I believe I have lulled Jumbo's suspicions forever.

The compact was cemented with a drink.

We talked on about diamonds, and I saw a new idea form and grow in Jumbo's little swimming eyes. Studying me speculatively, he put me thru a lengthy cross-examination concerning my knowledge of precious stones.

"You're one of these here experts yourself, ain't you?" he said at last.

I modestly accepted the designation.

"What did you leave England for?" he asked suddenly.

"What's past is past," I said scowling.

"[illegible]" he said hastily. "I don't want to pry into your affairs."

He changed the subject, but I could see him still chewing over the same idea, whatever it was.

We were sitting as usual at one of the little tables down the side of the barroom. Jumbo excused himself for a few minutes. When he came back he talked about one thing and another, but it was manifestly to gain time. He glanced at the door from time to time. I wondered what was saving for me.

At about 10 o'clock a man came into the place alone, and went to the bar without, apparently, looking at us

"Why, there's Foxy!" cried Jumbo [illegible]

He hailed his friend, and had him join us at our table. They overdid the casual meeting a little. I began to suspect that Jumbo had telephoned this man to come and join us, and I waited with no little curiosity to see what would come of it.

The newcomer was a man of Jumbo's age, but looking much younger because he was slender and well built. He was one of the plainest men I have ever seen, but not in the sense of being repulsive, just plain. He was a blonde with ashy, colorless hair, and features of the "hatchet" type, that is to say sharp nose, narrow, retreating forehead with the hair beginning some distance back. "Foxy" didn't seem to fit him very well, because he looked heavy-witted, stupid, but perhaps he can be sharp enough when he wants. He had a dull, verbose style of talk, and a conceited air like a third-rate actor.

Jumbo informed me with a scarcely concealed leer that Foxy was a "good fellow," in other words, a crook like ourselves. Verily, words come to strange passes!

Presently we got to talking about diamonds again, and Jumbo in his character of the broker, exhibited the two he had just obtained from me. He did not, however, in my hearing, say where he had got them. A look at me was a sufficient hint to say nothing about our compact. Presently I began to realize that Foxy in his heavier way was putting me thru a sharper examination than Jumbo's. My opinion of hatchet-face's cleverness went up [illegible] mediately. [illegible] is of one who might have [illegible] on the subject. For [illegible] knew the characteristi[illegible] and the ownership of t[illegible] mous stones. H[illegible] ing of the eye-to-eye [illegible] the experienced jeweler.

I apparently pa[illegible] tion satisfactorily. He [illegible] Jumbo in a meaning way and [illegible] latter said:

"Look ahere, English, you [illegible] to be able to make a good th[illegible] the side by appraising diamond[illegible]

My heart jumped at the po[illegible] ties this opened up [illegible] land the job of di[illegible] the gang? "The pr[illegible] crowded," I said careless[illegible]

"I could put you [illegible] job occasionally," said Jumbo. "So[illegible] fellows Foxy and me knows would be glad to pay for a little advic[illegible] about buying and [illegible]

I began to hope th[illegible] our labors might be in sight. T[illegible] next question dashed me a li[illegible]

"Have you ever heard of M[illegible] Brooks Delong?" Foxy asked.

Of course I had; she is [illegible] [illegible] I shook my head [illegible] some details of her [illegible] which would have astonished the [illegible]rming socie[illegible] heard them [illegible]ring of sparkl[illegible] [illegible]d in conclusion.

[illegible] I said innocently [illegible] them to her

[illegible] at Newport now," said Foxy [illegible]

"[illegible] what's the use of beating [illegible]nd the bush!" said Jumbo in his [illegible]arty way. "Ain't we all friends [illegible] It's worth a nice little [illegible] you, English, if you can find [illegible] report if it's the genuine [illegible] she wears around town [illegible]

"[illegible] can't leave [illegible] job," I ob[illegible]

"[illegible], he can't leave his job," said [illegible]

"[illegible] can go up on Saturday night's [illegible] and come back Sunday, can't [illegible]" said Foxy.

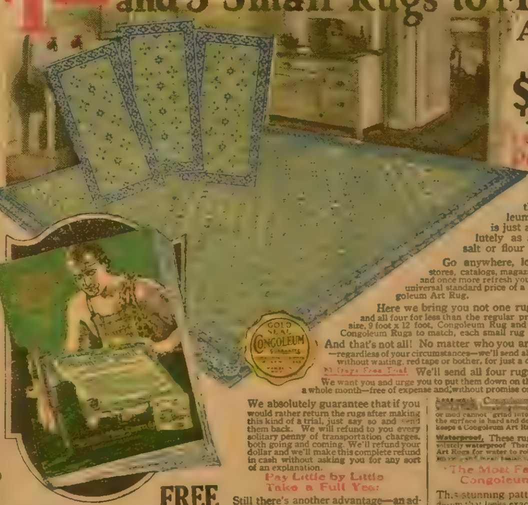
The matter was so arranged. I suppose I am in for it next Saturday. Will you see that Mrs. Brooks Delong is warned in some manner?

In the meantime I am to be taken to see the "friends" that buy and sell diamonds. Here's hoping that this

$1.00 Brings 9FT x 12FT Congoleum Rug and 3 Small Rugs to Match—

All Four only $15.95

Less than the Price of One



The price of the famous Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug is just as well known, absolutely as *standard*, as sugar, salt or flour *used to be*.

Go anywhere, look everywhere, in stores, catalogs, magazines and newspapers—and once more refresh your memory of the actual universal standard price of a full size Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rug.

Here we bring you not one rug alone, but four—and all four for less than the regular price of *one*. A full room size, 9 foot x 12 foot, Congoleum Rug and three small companion Congoleum Rugs to match, each small rug 18 x 36 inches.

And that's not all! No matter who you are, or where you live—regardless of your circumstances—we'll send all four rugs immediately, without waiting, red tape or bother, for just a dollar pinned to coupon.

30 Days Free Trial We'll send all four rugs on trial for 30 days. We want you and urge you to put them down on the floor and use them for a whole month—free of expense and without promise or obligation of any kind.

We absolutely guarantee that if you would rather return the rugs after making this kind of a trial, just say so and send them back. We will refund to you every solitary penny of transportation charges, both going and coming. We'll refund your dollar and we'll make this complete refund in cash without asking you for any sort of an explanation.

Pay Little by Little Take a Full Year

Still there's another advantage—an advantage that ought to place these Congoleum Rugs in every American home. In spite of the lowest price in existence—in spite of giving three small rugs to match absolutely free—we bring you the opportunity to clinch this *proven bargain* without a tiny bit of worry.

One dollar with the coupon brings all four rugs immediately. And we'll wait a year for the balance of the money. If you keep your rugs after making a 30 day's trial, you can pay little by little, almost as you please, taking a full year. That's the way we sell everything.

We Want to Place a Congoleum Rug in Every American Home

Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs are rapidly becoming the national floor covering—universally used in the kitchen, bathroom and dining room in good homes. People of taste and judgment are glad to use Congoleum Rugs in their best rooms. It is the rug with a hundred superior points.

They lay flat from the very first moment without any fastening. They never curl or kick up at the edges or corners. There is no need to tack or fasten them down. Dirt cannot accumulate underneath. They follow perfectly any unevenness of the floor.

Less work. Congoleum floors mean less worry [illegible] Dirt, ashes, grit, dust or mud cannot "grind into" Congoleum Rugs, because the surface is hard and does not absorb. A damp rag keeps a Congoleum Art Rug clean and doesn't hurt it.

Waterproof. These rugs are guaranteed absolutely waterproof. There is no burlap in Congoleum Art Rugs for water to rot. The surface is hard and [illegible]

"The Most Famous of All" Congoleum Patterns

This stunning pattern is a superb tile design that looks exactly like the finest mosaic tile that you have ever seen, in lovely robins' egg blue and stone gray colorings. Such a rug in your kitchen will change the appearance of the whole room. In the dining room it gives an effect impossibly beautiful to describe. For a bedroom it is the most appropriate pattern imaginable. For the bathroom it is absolutely [illegible].

Let us loan you these rugs for 30 days' *Free* so you may see for yourself the indescribable beauty of this wonderful design—the greatest favorite and the most popular Congoleum[illegible] ever produced.

This Offer Ends in 30 Days Send Your Dollar NOW

There never has been a bargain in any kind of merchandise to equal this offer we are making you. Prove it to your own satisfaction by just looking up the price of Congoleum Rugs anywhere. But we cannot hold this offer open long. We make it for quick action to prove to you our ability to sell you similar bargains in all kinds of home furnishings from cellar to garret on the same wonderful terms.

To take advantage of this offer clip the coupon below, pin a dollar to it and if you send your order within 30 days we will give you absolutely free the three small companion rugs identically the same pattern, and Gold Seal quality to match the big rug.

FREE

Mail Postcard for *Book of 10,000 Bargains*

This Congoleum Rug bargain is just a sample of the ten thousand other bargains in our great big furniture book. A postcard will bring it to you free for the asking. It shows *everything* for the home. It is probably the largest book of the kind published. A great many things are shown in their actual colors. You may furnish your home from it completely and at saving prices, on long credit, from cellar to garret.

ALWAYS A YEAR TO PAY

When we mail you our free bargain book, we open your credit account in advance. You never need to ask for credit. It's the way we sell everything. And we always loan articles free for a whole month before you need to decide

So, no matter where you buy furniture and house furnishings now, we would like you to have our book for comparison anyway. Look everywhere else first, if you please, but also give us the opportunity to show you our wonderful display.

A FEW DEPARTMENTS

Wood Beds
Furniture
Linens
Cooking Utensils
Clocks
Steel Beds
Floor Coverings
Silverware
Curtains
Sewing Machines
Brass Beds
Dishes
Bedding and Pillows
Lamps
Musical Instruments

Rugs and carpets in all weaves and patterns and colors. All sorts of odds and ends like wringers, [illegible], drapes, tools, fixtures, trunks and bags. And great big department of diamonds, watches and jewelry.

Ask for it now. A plain letter or postcard will do.

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.
1656 Thirty-Fifth Street - Chicago, Illinois

No. D4C408 9 ft. x 12 ft. Genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug and three companion rugs to match, each 18 x 36 inches. $15.95
Mosaic Tile Pattern in Robins' Egg Blue and Stone Grey. All four rugs on 30 Days Trial.

Pin One Dollar to Coupon and Mail

Spiegel, May, Stern Co., 1656 Thirty-Fifth St., Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed find $1.00, for which send me on 30 day's Free Trial your special offer of one 9 foot by 12 foot genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug and three companion rugs to match, each small rug 18 x 36 inches exactly as described in this advertisement.

If I keep them, I will pay you [illegible] monthly. I have 30 days to make up my mind. If I decide to return the rugs at the end of 30 days, you are to refund my dollar deposit and all carrying charges both ways. The price of all four rugs is $15.95, which is guaranteed to be less than the regular price of the 9x12 foot rug alone.

Name ____________

Street, R F D or Box No ____________

Shipping Point ____________

Post Office ____________ State ____________

Also, send me your Free Book of Ten Thousand other furniture bargains

may prove to be the grand headquarters of the gang.

When we left the place, Jumbo, excusing himself, pulled Foxy aside, and held a brief, whispered consultation with him, which boded ill for somebody. Their faces were distorted with anger. Foxy took the west-bound cross-town car, and we walked over to the subway.

Jumbo, anxious, I suppose, to make me feel that I had not been left out of anything, said: "Me and Frank had a little trouble today. There's a bull poking his nose into our private business."

Hoping to hear more, I heartily joined with him in consigning the whole race of "bulls" to perdition.

"Oh, this is only an amateur-like," said Jumbo. "He's running a little private graft of his own. He ain't dangerous. Me and Foxy's got it fixed to trim him nicely."

This was all I could get. I mention it, thinking that it may be of interest to you.

I suppose if either of my worthy friends ever suspected that I was not a "good fellow," my life would not be worth a jack-straw. The same menace lurks behind Jumbo's swimming pig-eyes, and Foxy's dull ones. But I am enjoying the spice of danger. The only thing that irks me are the tiresome hours at my work bench in Dunsany's. I'll be glad when the game becomes livelier. This is life!

DUN.

REPORT OF OPERATIVE NO. 4.

June 25th.

K. Milbourne came out of his boarding-house at 9:20 tonight. Walked east to Seventh avenue, north on Seventh to Fifty-Eighth street, and east to a resort near Third avenue called "Under the Greenwood Tree." This is a saloon and restaurant with a large open-air garden in the rear where a band plays.

I waited outside upwards of an hour. Then I went in to see if I had my man safe. I found there was a back entrance from the garden out to Fifty-Ninth street, and he was gone. I'm sorry, but "accidents will happen!" I returned to the boarding-house. Milbourne came home at 11:35, and judging from the light in his room, went directly to bed.

NO. 4.

CHAPTER XX.

AS SOON as I had read the two foregoing reports, which reached me in the first mail, I called up Sadie for the purpose of telling her to have the operative No. 4 transferred to some other duty, as he had obviously outlived his usefulness where Milbourne was concerned. This was the day following my encounter with Jumbo in his flat.

Keenan answered the phone. He said Sadie had just gone out after reading her mail. She had told him she didn't know how long she would be. We had not take Keenan very far into our confidence. He knew he was not clever, poor fellow, and did not mind his exclusion.

His word made me vaguely uneasy, for I knew of nothing to take Sadie out that morning, and she was very scrupulous about letting me know before embarking on anything new. However, there was nothing to do until I heard from her.

I plunged into the work awaiting me. That was considerable. I am only giving you an occasional report or part of a report which helps on the story a little. There were dozens of other lines we were obliged to follow that never returned us anything for our work. The office end of my business is the part I like least.

At noon I called the other office again. Sadie had not come in, said Keenan, nor had she sent any word. I was downright anxious by this time. Sadie must know that I would call her up, I told myself. Surely she would never stay away so long without sending in word, unless she were prevented. I called up her sister with whom she lived. They had not heard from her there since she had left as usual that morning.

I spent a horrible afternoon, condemned to inaction, while my brain busied itself suggesting all the dreadful things that might have happened. Curiously enough I thought only of the ordinary accidents of the streets. The truth never occurred to me.

The blow descended about half-past 4. Terrible as it was, it was like relief to hear anything. It came in the form of a special delivery letter, mailed as in irony from Station W. Within were two lines more of that d—d cryptogram, thus:

SP JAH FUXLJG QCXQ WYE DFB&U OWKMZM&YW SY EUS UYHJL FVDH QMWZCDBK QBC OYFG YB UOWX.

Meaning:

"If you return what you stole yesterday in the first mail tomorrow all will be well."

On the back of the paper was written another message.

"They have me, Ben. Save me!"

This went to my breast like a knife. It was unquestionably Sadie's handwriting. The wild words were so unlike my clever self-contained girl it broke me all up. For a while I could not think, could not plan. I could only reproach myself for having put one so dear to me in danger.

Fortunately for humans, old habits of work reassert themselves automatically. My brain screwed itself down upon the hardest problem of my career. There was not the slightest use in flying up to the flat on One Hundredth street. There would be no one there. Neither could I call on the police for aid without precipitating the catastrophe. If Sadie was to be saved it must be by unaided wits.

I thought of Mr. Dunsany with hope and gratitude. In him I had a line on the gang they did not as yet suspect. I immediately called up Dunsany's and asked if I might speak to Mattingly in the jewel-setting department. It was a risky thing to do, but I had no choice. Knowing how the gang watched Dunsany's it would have been suicidal for me to have gone there to meet him.

I finally heard his voice at the other end of the wire. "This is Enderby," I said. "Do you get me?"

"Yes," he said, "what is it?"

I had to bear in mind the possibility of a curious switchboard operator in Dunsany's listening on the wire. "Are you going to meet your friends tonight?" I asked in ordinary tones.

"Yes," he said, "same as usual."

"Those fellows have played a trick on me," I said. "They have copped my girl."

"Not Sadie!" he said aghast.

"Yes," I said. "It's a deuce of a note. [illegible]"

He took the hint, and his voice steadied. "What do you want me to do?"

"Find out what you can without giving yourself away where they have put her."

"I'll try. Where can I meet you?"

"We can't meet. But watch out for my friend Joe, the taxi driver. He stands outside your joint up on Lexington avenue. The number of his license is 11018. It's painted on the sidelamps."

"I get you," said Mr. Dunsay.

I cannot give a very clear account of the next hour or two. It was like a nightmare. I knew a young fellow that drove a taxi which he hired from a big garage by the day. I was depending on him to help me out. I had often employed him. I searched him out, taking suitable precautions against being trailed. He agreed to hire me his cab for the night and I went to his room to change clothes with him. The visored cap in itself was a pretty good disguise. I had made an engagement by telephone with my good friend Oscar Nilson, and he fixed me up so my own mother wouldn't have known me.

In my anxious eagerness I arrived at the Turtle Bay Cafe long before the hour. None of the men I was looking for had arrived, and I was compelled to drive around the streets for another half hour or more. I turned down the little flag on the meter, to avoid taking any business.

Once more I had a drink of buttermilk at the bar without seeing any of my men. The third time I returned I caught a glimpse of Mr. Dunsany's face at one of the tables, and I waited outside as if for a fare who had gone in for a drink or a cigar.

After a while I could stand it no longer. My torturing curiosity drove me inside. I went to the bar, taking care not to look towards the alcove where the three sat. I found I could see them in the mirror without turning my head. Mr. Dunsany and "Foxy" each presented a side view, while Jumbo, seated farthest within the alcove, faced me. Foxy was Milbourne, as you have already guessed.

All the alcoves down the side of the room were fully occupied. Even if I had been able to secure a place in either of the adjoining compartments, I doubt if I could have heard any of my men's talk. They had their heads very close together. There was an infernal racket in the place. I had to content myself with watching Jumbo's lips, wishing vainly that I might read them. I had to be careful not to seem to stare, for at any moment he might raise his eyes and meet mine in the mirror. My face was revealed in every line by the strong lights behind the bar.

As far as I could make out Jumbo and Milbourne were trying to urge something on Dunsany to which he resisted. His reluctance was so well done I could not decide if it were real or assumed. Once more I was compelled to pay tribute to my friend and assistant. What a lucky chance it was that had led me to him. He was a wonder!

THE other two were an ugly-looking pair at that moment, the one face gross and mean, the other sharp and mean. They had dropped their masks. I wondered now how I could have thought even for a moment that Milbourne was stupid. His long nose, his close-set eyes, the whole eager thrust-forward of his gaunt face suggested the evil intelligence of the devil himself. Not for nothing was this man called Foxy.

After a while they seemed to come to an understanding. Jumbo sat back and putting his hand in his pocket, looked around for the waiter. I made a quiet exit to my cab outside where I waited the turn of events.

It was some moments before they issued from between the swinging doors. I saw Dunsany's eyes go at once to the number on my side lamps, which he read off with visible satisfaction. He gave me a fleeting glance as I sat nodding on the driver's seat. Dunsany was making out to show the effects of liquor a little. The other two were cold sober.

"Say, boys," said Dunsany, "let's taxi it up; I'll blow."

I made believe to come to life, hearing that, and hopping out touched my cap and opened the door.

Foxy frowned and held back. "What's the use?" he grumbled.

"Aw, come on," said Dunsany. "I ain't had an auto ride since I landed." His slightly foolish air was beautifully done.

Neither Jumbo nor Foxy liked the idea, but they liked less calling attention to themselves by a discussion in the street. So they all piled in. Jumbo gave me a number on Lexington avenue which would be about half a mile north of where we then were.

There was a hole in the front glass at my ear for the purpose of allowing fare to communicate with driver. With the noise of the engine, however, I could hear no more than the sound of their voices. It seemed to me that both Foxy and Jumbo were admonishing Dunsany not to drink too much of the wretched liquor if he couldn't carry it better.

I found my number on a smallish brown stone dwelling facing the great sunken railway yards, and drew up before it. It was one of a long row of houses, all exactly alike.

As my fares climbed out, Dunsany said to Jumbo: "How long will we be in here?"

"Not long," was the answer.

"Then wait," said Dunsany to me. A glance of intelligence passed between us.

"You must like to throw your money away," grumbled Foxy, as they mounted the steps.

They were admitted by a negro manservant.

I examined the surroundings more particularly. The excavating of the great yards opposite has damaged the neighborhood as a residential district and the tidy little houses were somewhat fallen from their genteel estate. Small, cheap shops had opened in one or two of the basements, and beauty parlors, or dry-cleaning establishments on the parlor floors. Only one or two houses of the row retained a self-respecting air, and of these the house I waited before was one. The stone step had been renovated, the door handles were brightly polished, and the windows cleaned. Simple, artistic curtains showed within. In fact, it had all the earmarks of the dwelling of a well-to-do old-fashioned family which had refused to give up its old home when the first breath of disfavor fell upon the neighborhood.

I should further explain that the houses were three-story and basement structures with mansard roofs over the cornices. At the corner of the street, that is to say three doors from where my cab was standing, there was a new building four stories high which con- [illegible] brightly [illegible] on the street [illegible] In other [illegible] New Yorkers [illegible] Raines' Law [illegible]

The [illegible] I suppose. It [illegible] that [illegible] was all in [illegible] they had just left. She was a "good fellow," a "wise one," "longheaded."

At the cab door they hesitated [illegible] ment as if in doubt of their next [illegible]

"It's early," said Jumbo. [illegible] back to the Turtle Bay."

The others agreed.

Dunsany let them get in first. "Back to the Turtle Bay," he said to me. His lips added soundlessly: "She is here!"

When they got out again, Dunsany paid me off. His expressive eyes said clearly that he wished to speak to me further. The others stood close, and we dared not take any risk.

I thanked him, touching my cap. "Any time you want me, gen'lemen, call up Plaza 6771," I said.

They went inside.

I had given the first telephone number that came into my head. It was that of an artist friend of mine who had a studio apartment on Fifty Ninth street. I hastened up there in the car, and routed him out of bed. Artists are used to these interruptions. I had little difficulty, in making myself [illegible] to a man half asleep. He was decent about it, tho. He gave me tobacco and, telling me to make myself comfortable, went back to bed.

In an hour or so the telephone bell rang, and to my joy I heard Dunsany's voice on the wire.

"This you?" he said. We named no names.

"I get you," I said. "Fire away."

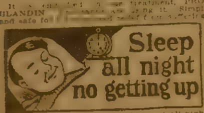
He plunged right into his story [illegible]

BLADDER WEAKNESS

A [illegible] has given the [illegible] Weakness of Bladder, and the

PROSTATE GLAND

It [illegible] treatment, PROGLANDIN [illegible] Simple and safe fo[illegible]



If you want to enjoy unbroken rest all night, with ease, comfort and contentment, then use PROGLANDIN on Free Trial

50c Pkg'e FREE

ALSO "SELF CARE" LEAFLET

To introduce we will give [illegible] Packages [illegible]

E. P. WORTH, 74 Cortlandt St., New York

Now
Be an Electrical Expert
FREE

Let me send you this great book. Learn all about the wonderful electrical industry and how you can easily learn to earn $3,500 to $10,000 a year

BE A CERTIFICATED

Electrical Expert

EARN $70 to $200 A WEEK

No matter what kind of work you are [illegible] how much you earn. Electricity offers you more [illegible] Your Pay is waiting for [illegible] Electrical Experts [illegible] great demand at the highest salaries ever known [illegible] opportunities for advancement [illegible] amazing. The enormous growth of [illegible] dustry means [illegible] faster than they can be trained.

EASY TO GET $3,500.00 to $10,000.00 A YEAR

I will train you at home [illegible] you will be this fine big pay. In just a few short [illegible] ready for a wonderful job [illegible] of education or experience [illegible] plified, up-to-the-minute, easily learned [illegible] up with my 20 years of engineering experience [illegible] your success.

OUTFIT FREE

Electrical Tools and Material

I will give you free a whole outfit of electrical tools, material, measuring instruments and a [illegible] motor—not toys, but the real things, such [illegible] school has ever offered before. I will start [illegible] after your first few lessons doing practical [illegible] practical way—work that will pay you extra [illegible] you are learning and from $3,500 to $10,000 a year [illegible] you are trained.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

I don't merely promise you these things—I guarantee them. I send you a signed bond guaranteeing [illegible] your whole tuition fee—every penny you pay [illegible] are not 100% satisfied after finishing my [illegible]

Mail Coupon Now—Save $45.50

Send me this coupon and I will mail you a [illegible] credit check. (for limited time only) My big [illegible] book and the "Vital Facts of the Electrical [illegible] including my Free Outfit Offer. Mail the coupon [illegible] the special [illegible]

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer
Chicago Engineering Works
CHICAGO
Dept. 235

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer
Chicago Engineering Works
Dept. 235, 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago
Send me free and without obligation your book "How to Become an [illegible]

Name

Address

tho plainly laboring under excitement, was admirably clear and succinct.

"She is confined in that house. She was lured there this morning by a forged letter from you instructing her to go there for certain evidence. I did not see her. I understood from their talk that so far she is all right."

"The house is occupied by a woman they call Lorina or Mrs. Mansfield. Handsome, blonde woman of 40; great force of character. She is a member of the gang, perhaps the leader of it. Anyway, they all defer to her. She has a better head than either Jumbo or Milbourne. I was taken there tonight for the purpose of having her size me up. Apparently she approved of me."

"I understood that the girl is safe until tomorrow morning. Then they plan"—his voice began to shake here—"to—to do away with her."

"Unless I come across with the paper they want?" I interrupted.

"Whether you do or not," he said grimly. "They have no intention of letting her go. They plan to get you, too, tomorrow."

"How?"

'I don't know. I was not consulted."

"Go on."

"The—the job they are trying to force on me," he faltered, "is to dispose of her body. They chose me because I am not suspected by you, not followed. I am to carry it out of the house piecemeal. Oh—! it's horrible!"

"Steady!" I said. "I promise you that won't be necessary. Any more particulars?"

"Mrs. Mansfield lives alone," he went on. "She has three colored servants, two maids and a man."

"Did you find out where they slept?"

"Yes. The two maids on the top floor in the front room, the man somewhere in the basement."

"Are they in the gang?"

"No. They do not know that Miss Farrell is in the house. But the man, I understood, could be depended on absolutely. Which means that he is ready for any black deed. He is as ugly and strong as a gorilla."

"What about the other internal arrangements of the house?"

"On the first floor there is a parlor in front, dining-room and pantry beyond. On the second floor the front room is a sitting-room or office. The telephone is here. Mrs. Mansfield sleeps in the rear room on this floor. Between her bedroom and the office there is an interior room, and that is where Miss Farrell is confined. This room can be entered only thru Mrs. Mansfield's bedroom."

"Did you notice the locks on the doors?"

"No. There was nothing out of the common. On the front door a Yale lock of the ordinary pattern."

"Anything more?"

"One thing. Mrs. Mansfield goes armed. She has a small automatic pistol with a maxim silencer which is evidently her favorite toy. I hope I got what you wanted. They were at me every minute. I could not look around much."

"No one could have done better!" I said heartily.

"What do you want me to do now?"

"Where are you?"

"In my own boarding-house. The party at the Turtle Bay soon broke up. The telephone here is in the restaurant in the basement, and everybody sleeps upstairs."

"You had better stay at home until morning," I said, after thinking a moment. "It is very likely that they are having you watched tonight."

"But I must do something. I couldn't sleep."

"There is really nothing you can do now. Stay where you can hear the telephone and I'll call you if I need you. I'll call you anyway when I get her out safe. If you do not hear from me by say, 3 o'clock, go to police headquarters, tell them all the circumstances, and have the house surrounded and forced."

"I understand"

"Tomorrow morning if all goes well, you must go to work as usual. I don't mean that we shall lose all our work so far if I can help it. They must not suspect you."

"Don't take too big a chance, Ben, the girl——"

"Don't worry. The girl is worth fifty cases to me. But I mean to save both."

It appears likely that Ben, in the developments of the story that are to follow in the sixth installment—coming next week—will be up against graver dangers than any he has met with before. With Sadie in the hands of the thieves, and crying for rescue, Ben must act promptly—and fearlessly. Don't miss what is to follow.

* * *

Lesson in Thrift.

WILLIE was always on the lookout for something good to eat and did his best to coax money out of his relatives.

When Uncle William, who was a hard man of business, visited his nephew, Willie asked him for a nickel to buy an orange from the pushcart man outside.

"Give you a nickel? Certainly not!" said the uncle. "You'll never make a business man. Run out and make faces at him and perhaps he'll throw one at you."

A Bull Market in Fiddles.

(Continued From Page 2.)

amine it. But if it's not on sale—never mind!"

And he turned toward the door. Could Uncle Myer let him go, thus, taking with with him a pawnbroker's prestige and also (perhaps) several dollars' profit? No, Uncle Myer could not!

"Come back," he called, "oh, please come back. I'll take it down—sure there's no harm in just letting you look it over. Then you can tell me what it's worth; and I know you'll be careful handling it. The owner warned me it was delicate."

The pawnbroker watched with deep attention as the customer weighed and examined the instrument, but it was with hope that the violin would be found wanting, as the ring had been. Then the pawnbroker would try him with an amber necklace or a mosaic brooch. These collectors were likely to buy anything.

At first it seemed as if the violin were anything but satisfactory, for after taking it to the door and looking it over in the light from the street, it was brought back and laid aside with seeming carelessness. Still, the customer made no move to depart, and after complaining because there was no fly in the amber, the mosaic was condemned as "modern" his attention reverted to the violin.

"So it's not for sale?" said the customer, slowly. "Well, I'm sorry. I've taken up a lot of your time, and I'd like to see you paid for your courtesy. But —what can a man do when the only object he cares for is 'not for sale'?"

Uncle Myer sighed in disgust, even while he wondered if the man wanted the violin, or was only trying to cover his exit neatly.

"Would you really like the fiddle?" he asked. "Do you see something of value in it?"

The man turned guiltily from his amorous gaze at the combination of wood, glue and strings, and put on what seemed to the pawnbroker an obvious assumption of nonchalance.

"Oh, I don't know," he remarked, "as it's really worth anything. It's only curious, I guess. Still, I'd be willing to venture a bid on it, just to reward you for your time and because my collection lacks a violin."

Uncle Myer remembered the hungry look of the old-young man, and convinced himself he could do every one a good turn.

"What'll you give," he whispered, "if I can induce the owner to sell? He prized it very highly, I remember, so he'll be hard to handle. I must be able to make him a good offer."

"I don't know what your idea is of a good offer," said the collector. "I'd scarcely care to go five hundred. If that would tempt you, and you can get it for a trifle less from him, let me know. Here's my card. I'm at the Copley Hotel for a week."

He went out, leaving Uncle Myer mentally stunned. He had actually expected the customer to stop at "five"—and he had gone on to "hundred" as calmly as if ordering weinersnitzel in a delicatessen shop

MYER took up the violin and tried to look into its inner economy. At the same time he gave himself explanatory information.

'An old master, he said you were" he observed, "and didn't like the dark. So I should hang you where you'd get the air. And an old master you must be if a man wants you for five hundred. How'd he put it? 'I'd scarcely care to go above five hundred.'"

The shop had grown quiet again, despite Myer's self-communings and suddenly his heart gave the familiar pound, just as it had done a half hour before when a mysterious word floated on the air.

What was that word—Stradivarius! And what association had it in the mind of Myer?

An encyclopedia had come into the shop in flotsam from a library. Myer hauled down the volume "Pue to Strad" and solved the puzzle. A "Strad" was a violin, "an old master," probably of fabulous worth. The stranger suspected this of being one. The word had been pumped into the air inadvertently. Instead of cheating himself by paying five hundred he would be trying to cheat Uncle Myer. Well, the first thing to do was to get that fiddle into one's hands. Then "business" could be talked to that "collector," and perhaps when the violin changed hands more than a paltry five hundred would do likewise.

While trying to decide on what pretense the owner could be invited to the pawnshop without arousing suspicion, that down-and-outer crossed the threshold of his own volition. And he wore what Uncle Myer diagnosed as a lean and hungry air.

"Say," he pleaded, "I'm whipped clean again, and I've got to have an extra two dollars. My ship is still pounding its nose off beyond the coast of plenty. Can you add another two-spot to the violin incumbrance?"

"Well, maybe," considered the pawn-

FAT

the ENEMY that is shortening Your Life

BANISHED!

BY DISSOLVING THE YEAST CELLS THAT MAKE AN ALCOHOL DISTILLERY OF YOUR STOMACH

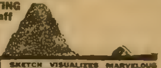
The fat in your body is caused by a simple chemical process. Yeast cells in your stomach combine with starch and sugar and form ALCOHOL. When alcohol gets in the blood, fatty tissue is made instead of healthy, lean muscle. Fat people, even though they be TOTAL ABSTAINERS have four billion yeast cells (or more) in their stomachs—enough to make 4 ounces of alcohol a day. Destroy this excess of yeast cells and you immediately destroy Fat at its source!

NO DANGER
GUARANTEED HARMLESS

NO DIET-NO BATHS-NO EXERCISE!

Dr. R. L. Graham's marvelous prescription, known as NEUTROIDS, destroys the yeast cells, stops alcoholization and reduces fat. No bother or inconvenience; can be carried in vest pocket or hand bag. Neutroids are composed of harmless ingredients that act only on the yeast cells that make you fat and not directly on the body. Neutroids are personally guaranteed by R. Lincoln Graham, M. D., to accomplish satisfactory reducing results and, furthermore, they are guaranteed to contain no thyroid extract, no harmful laxatives, no dangerous, habit-forming drugs. Don't bother with dieting, baths or exercise when Neutroids will accomplish better results with no inconvenience.

FREE PERSONAL MAIL CONSULTING SERVICE—by Dr. Graham's Staff



SKETCH VISUALIZES MARVELOUS REDUCTION IN STOMACH YEAST CELLS AFTER ONLY ONE TREATMENT

R. Lincoln Graham, M. D., discoverer of the marvelous prescription known as Neutroids, although a practising physician, has finally been prevailed upon to offer his priceless remedy to the public. He insists, however, that Neutroids must be only a PART of his fat-reducing service. You are to write him fully and confidentially. Dr. Graham, or a member of his staff at his New York sanitarium will give careful attention to your inquiries and write you a personal letter of advice. Anyone ordering Neutroids may use this service.

SEND NO MONEY—SEND ONLY THIS COUPON

Fill in and mail this coupon only, to my sanitarium. I will send you two full weeks' treatment of fat-reducing Neutroids. Pay the postman only $2 (a small portion of my regular consulting fee) plus 15 cents postage. If the treatment does not effect a satisfactory reduction, return the empty box and I will refund your money. (Signed) R. Lincoln Graham, M. D.

DR. R. LINCOLN GRAHAM, care of The Graham Sanitarium, Inc., 123 East 89th St., Dept 128, New York City:—Send me 2 weeks' treatment of Neutroids which entitles me to free professional mail consulting service and free booklet on Obesity. I will pay postman $2 (plus 15c postage) on arrival of the Neutroids in *plain package*. I understand my money will be refunded if I do not get a satisfactory reduction from this 2 weeks' treatment.

Name..Age..........Sex..........

Address..Weight..........

-Hello, Girls!-

I Am Betty Blue Eyes, the Doll That Can WALK, Go to SLEEP and CRY Out Loud.

I want to come to you. I know you will give me a nice home and loving care. And I am sure we will have the best times together, for I always try to be a good dollie and do just what my play mamma wants me to do. I don't like to brag about myself, but to get acquainted you should know what I am like.

GIVEN FREE!

First of all, I can walk, which is [illegible] to do is to lead me by the hand to keep me from falling and I will step right along. But if I should fall I would cry, right out loud. [illegible] Wa-a Wa-a [illegible] have a strong loud voice (this is something else other [illegible]).

Then, of course, I can go to sleep and wake [illegible] have lustrous brown hair (it is bobbed, too, [illegible] arms and legs, and come all prettily [illegible] dress shiny slippers, and the cutest little [illegible] can stand alone, and am sure you [illegible]

Use This Coupon

W. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. 20.
504 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Dear Betty Blue Eyes: I [illegible] and promise you a good home. Send me [illegible] to distribute on your easy plan so I can get you free and postpaid.

Name...........................

Box, R.F.D
or Street...........................

Town.................State.......

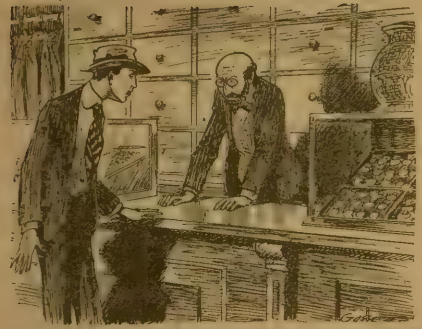
Send No Money

[illegible] send a penny. Just write [illegible] address on the Coupon [illegible] it to my present home address [illegible] you have [illegible] by fast mail [illegible] box, free and postpaid. Send the coupon TODAY

Dept. 20

W. D. BOYCE CO.

504 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



"Fool," He Sneered, "That Violin Is Worth Thousands—Indeed, Is Priceless. But I Cannot Starve—Give Me Three Hundred and I'll Sacrifice It."

broker. "Or—perhaps you'd sell the violin?"

"And perhaps I wouldn't think of anything of the kind," was the immediate reply. "Guess you don't know the soul of art that is held in bondage for want of a few dollars. No, mister, you can't appreciate the heaven of music that is imprisoned in that violin. If I sold it I would be selling all that is dear in the world to me."

The pawnbroker's face hardened and his eyes glinted covetously. "Then I can't be bothered," he answered, indifferently. "No more can I give you as a loan. To buy I'll give you a good price."

The man, taken aback by this cavalier treatment, turned and gazed ruefully toward the street. "I must have money to live," Myer heard him whisper. And then he wrung his hands, afterward passing them over his eyes as if to drive away a bad dream. Then, "Well, how much will you give?" he jerked out, desperately.

"Maybe ten or fifteen dollars," said the pawnbroker, cautiously. "I would risk the fifteen because you say it has value."

The man's answer was a sob that turned into a derisive chuckle. "Fool," he sneered, "that violin is worth thousands—indeed, is priceless. But I cannot starve—give me three hundred and I'll sacrifice it."

The pawnbroker raised his shoulders and inclined his head while an indulgent smile spread over his features. "For an old fiddle, three hundred dollars! Please don't joke in business hours."

"See here," said the man decisively, "you heard my offer. It was wrung from me by hunger—that alone. If you cannot accept it say so before another minute. I will go out among my friends—surely they will aid me to live until such time as I am able to redeem it." He paused to give the pawnbroker opportunity to think, then said, "The minute is up—what is your decision?"

The pawnbroker, still deliberating, allowed his customer to reach the door before he called him back. "Stop, stop, please," he cried. "I can—I can give you a hundred and fifty. It's all the money I have in the store. A princely offer, and one I shall not make again."

The man made as if to depart, then, as the door opened to admit another customer, he squared his shoulders, bit his lips, and moaned, "Give me the money."

Waiting only long enough to count the bills tendered him, and to surrender his pawnticket, he hastened away, his very back suggestive of a burden of lifetime regret. Myer allowed but one pang of sympathy to intrude on his self-congratulation. After all, a hundred and fifty was a bunch of money, and if the poor fellow didn't know he was selling a "Strad" he would realize that he had been well paid—when he came to think it over. "An old master!" cooed Myer to his purchase, and longed to fondle it all night.

An hour after opening up next morning, Myer went to the telephone and, thrilling under the glow of commercial conquest, asked for the Copley Hotel. When the connection was made he inquired for Mr. James, the name on the card.

"D[illegible]" came back over the wire, after [illegible] minutes of waiting. "We have no guest of that name stopping here."

Uncle Myer hung up the receiver weakly, as a disquieting thought crowded upon him. He rushed wildly to the hotel, but there was nothing to add to the telephone conversation. Inquiry at other hotels brought no hope. Mr. James was an unknown person.

Toward his three-ball establishment Uncle Myer moved mechanically and when he had entered he found a seat. His suspicions developed into facts. Sadly from the safe he took the violin and hung it back on the hook, while all and sundry among the pledges seemed to join in the sneer, "An old master!"

"It's a new game for the crooks," Myer soliloquized. "And it had to be that I should be the victim and lose my hundred and fifty. What a slick pair of Jesse Jimmies."

No sooner had he reported the fraud to police headquarters than he received a visit from Max Klein, a neighboring pawnbroker. "Say, Goldman," asked Klein, as the entered, "did you get caught on the new violin game?"

"What business, tell me, is it of yours?" groaned Goldman. "For the post mortem cackle you come round."

"I came for the reason that misery likes company," said Klein. "They got me for a hundred and twenty-five. And you?"

"A hundred and fifty," reluctantly admitted Goldman. "Twenty-five dollars you're better off than I am."

"Who wouldn't get caught?" said Klein, consolingly. "They were a nifty pair of actors. Show me your fiddle."

Goldman obeyed, and then Klein shook his head knowingly. "Just like mine, a cheap new fiddle fixed up to make it look old and valuable.

"I'll bet they're breathing a balmier climate by now," he gloomed, before returning to his own place.

WHEN Goldman had made his day's report to the police and locked up securely, he wandered toward the white light dis[illegible]. He felt versed in the weaknesses of the unrighteous and thought it just possible the pair who had duped him might be lingering where the cafes harbored the cabarets. Two hours of Sherlocking somewhat damped his ardor. He decided to begin to enjoy himself, sat down and ordered refreshments with which he really intended to refresh himself. An orchestra of three pieces, cornet, violin and piano, was playing an enticing waltz, and playing it well, considering the place and the hour. A very pretty girl adorned the piano stool, and the cornetist, an elderly chap, took such good care of her that Goldman thought he must be her father. The violinist stood outside the family group, fiddling cleverly. Goldman liked him because he was so different from the man who had pawned the fiddle. He should never care for pale men with flowing locks again. This chap had short black hair and a red face, the healthy glow of which included even the nose. He was carefully dressed, and looked as if used to his "three squares and a smack" daily.

Yet even while indulging in these reflections Myer's heart gave that old familiar thump. The man looked different in every particular. He had not run away, but was publicly exposing himself in the brightest of lights. His gaze, as he bowed to the perfunctory applause of the drinkers, was now dreamy, now keen and practical, never desperate—as that other gaze had been. But—he hugged the violin as that man had hugged it. The peculiar attitude was registered on Myer's memory.

"It's him," he gulped, and rushed out for a policeman.

He came upon one lolling carelessly at a street corner, to whom the pawnbroker, in high-pitched tones, imparted news of the fraud and its discovery.

"Wait," said the officer, "I'll phone to the station for a plain clothes man. It wouldn't do for me to make the arrest in uniform. It might hurt the management."

Ten minutes later the plain clothes man put in his appearance and in deference to the wishes of the cafe people the officer waited until the place closed before arresting his man. Goldman, much elated by the result of his sleuthing, went home to a much-needed rest.

Next morning he was honored by a visit from headquarters.

"You had it right, Goldman," advised the inspector, "the man whose arrest you caused is the guilty party. He confessed after we found the make-up, wig and so on, in his room. He had played the game on more than you and Klein—half the pawnbrokers in town were left lamenting. His partner, who framed the job, got away to New York, beating the chap we have in custody out of his share of the proceeds. In fact, the man who pawned the violins and did the dirty work was really a dupe. The fellow who got away, an old-time gentleman crook, uses his brains to pick out uncompromising jobs, attended with little risk. He got acquainted with the violinist at the cabaret, where the plan was arranged.

"The queerest part of the story," added the inspector, "begins with the stealing of all the violins in Providence. One of the lot was taken from a wealthy residence and is a real Stradivarius, for which there is a reward of five hundred dollars. It has a special V-shaped mark burned in the wood at the bridge. Now some of you pawnbrokers——"

Goldman, without waiting for further information, rushed behind the counter and grabbed the fiddle. His eyes traveled hungrily to the bridge and there they stopped, as he emitted a shout of joy.

"This is it," he cried; "this is the real Stradivarius!"

"You're lucky, after all," said the inspectator, "but remember," he continued, "you'll be wanted in court tomorrow morning as a witness."

"I'll go," said Goldman, "but inspector, please, I ask you, don't ask me to testify. I shouldn't want to say anything against that fiddler. He done me a favor. Think of it, inspector, three hundred and fifty profit. I had a suspicion all along it was an old master!"

* * *

Two Cases of Conscience.

WHEN he entered a restaurant and took a seat at the table, several waiters looked at him and said to themselves that he had too much gin. However, they did not insult him, and after he had eaten a hearty meal he said to his waiter:

"My dear sir, I used to be the bouncer in a restaurant. In case any one did not pay his bill, I used to throw them out. One time I bounced a young man with such severity that he died. I escaped the law, but I have had a case of conscience ever since. I would that I had not bounced him. I would give half the years I am to live if I had a clear conscience."

"Listen to me," said the other as he rapped on the table; "I am the bouncer here, and I can throw you out in such a way as to break your neck, or in such a way to break only one rib. I don't want [illegible] way on my conscience. Your bill [illegible] cents and my hand is on your coat collar. Will you pay up and have a clear conscience or will you load us down with a tragedy?"

The fifty cents was laid on the table and the young man with two watch chains slid softly outdoors.

* * *

Perfectly Safe.

Little Jack—Oh, look, mom, that bulldog looks like Aunt Emily!

Mother— [illegible] things!

Little [illegible]—Why [illegible]

New Gland Invigorator Restores Vital Force

Remarkable Scientific Discovery Makes Glands Active. Easily Used at Home. Old and Young Benefited.

Thousands of men and women who want again the nerve, vigor, virility and ambition of earlier years, are finding all these through science's discovery of an invigorator, stronger and surer than even the famous gland treatment.

The amazing benefits of this discovery are largely confined to the lower spinal nerve centers and certain easily stimulated vital organs and blood vessels. Remarkable improvement is frequently evident within 24 hours and gratifying results are almost always obtained during the first week after treatment starts. Elderly people especially rejoice in their renewed flood of youthful vigor.

Physicians often recommend its use in cases that defy other treatments. Men of 60 say they have been restored to the full vigor of 30.

This remarkable compound is prepared in tablet form for convenient home use. The distributors of Vi-Tabs, which is the name of this invigorator, offer everyone the opportunity of trying a regular $2.00 double strength treatment with the full understanding that it costs nothing if it fails.

If you wish to secure for yourself the amazing results that it gives, simply send your name and address in strict confidence to the Vi-Tabs Laboratories, Dept. 119, 1018 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, and this $2.00 double strength treatment will be immediately mailed to you. Pay post man only $2.00 and postage when package arrives in plain, sealed wrapper. If, at the end of one week, you are not satisfied, the Laboratories will immediately refund your money. This guarantee is protected by deposits in two large Chicago banks, so do not hesitate to accept this offer.

Cord Tires at Cut Prices

8000 Mile Guarantee 30X3½ $6.75

NO PRICE ADVANCE on GEM CORDS—the tire that gives 8000 miles satisfactory service. Cut your tire costs by these excellent tires at low prices. Best tire ever seen.

SEND NO MONEY

All GEM CORDS shipped C. O. D. Take tire home and examine it. If it isn't the best buy you ever made, return the tire and get all your money back.

Size	Cords	Tubes	Size	[illegible]	Tubes
30x3	$6.15	$1.05	32x4½	$13.45	$2.00
30x3½	6.75	1.25	33x4½	13.95	2.10
32x3½	8.45	1.55	34x4½	14.50	2.25
31x4	9.75	1.65	35x4½	14.95	2.50
32x4	10.25	1.75	36x4½	15.25	2.50
33x4	10.75	1.90	33x5	16.00	2.75
34x4	11.25	1.95	35x5	17.00	3.00

Do Not Delay. Order your season's cord tires now at these Bargain Prices. 5% discount for cash with order.

GEM RUBBER CO., 1315 S. Oakley Blvd.
Dept. 252 Chicago, Illinois

Send No Money
20 Shot Automatic Pistol

$9.80

20 Shot—32 Cal.

The biggest bargain ever offered. Built of best blue steel, checkered grip, safety. Every one brand new and inspected. Shoots all standard 32 cal. cartridges. 10 shot, with extra magazine, making 20 quick, hard and straight shots. Buy several while they last, at our unheard price, $9.80. (regular $36) (Pocket size, .25 cal, 7 shot $7.80).

SEND NO MONEY Pay on arrival, our bargain price, plus few cents postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Order today, NOW.

THE PRICE CUTTING CO., 55 Broadway, New York

A Baby In Your Home

Thousands of copies of a new book by Dr. H. Will Elders are being distributed to women without cost. Every woman who wants children should read this book and learn all about STERILTONE and its wonderful effect in constitutional weakness. Women who want to live a normal happy life with little ones around them should consider it their first duty to know what STERILTONE is and why it should be so wonderful an aid to them. Many thing are unfolded that the average woman has never been told before. For Free Book simply send name today to Dr. H. Will Elders, 103 Ballinger Bldg., St. Joseph, Mo

MAGIC RING of ISIS

The Sorcerer Ring of Egypt

THE ORIGINAL Magic ring worn by the Pharaohs of Egypt [illegible] LOVE, business, games and all undertakings. Ring [illegible] the Royal Sorcerer [illegible]

ISIS TEMPLE
103 E 125 St., Hall 101, New York City

STOMACH SUFFERERS

I positively guarantee that my remedy will relieve the worst case of stomach trouble (except cancer) and will expel any tape worm, or I make no charge for the remedy. A few dangerous symptoms are: Gastritis, acid stomach, gnawing pains, dizziness, indigestion, gas and bloating. Don't suffer another minute—send me your name and address today, for free proof by return mail.

CAWMOELLER, P.O. BOX A111, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

34 MILES on Gallon of Gasoline

Wonderful carburetor. Reduces gasoline bills one-half to one-third. Increases power of motors 30% to 50%. Starts easy in coldest weather.

Sent on 30 DAYS' TRIAL

Fits any car. Attach yourself. Fords make as high as 34 miles to gallon. Other cars show proportionate saving. Send make of car. Special 30-day trial offer. Agents Wanted.

AIR FRICTION CARBURETOR CO.
Dept. 3512 Dayton, Ohio

Under Ground Treasures
HOW AND WHERE TO FIND THEM

A SECRET you should know. It may mean a fortune to you. Full particulars for 2 cents.

MODEL CO. Dept. 37, Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

30 DAY TRIAL FINE STROP FREE

We will send a STERLING razor on 30 days trial. [illegible] $1.97. If not, costs nothing. Fine Horsehide Strop FREE. [illegible]

STERLING COMPANY [illegible] BALTIMORE, MD.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No [illegible] 15 cents [illegible] packages [illegible]

PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

Jim's Girl

By Laura Reid Montgomery

KITTY'S pink cheeks became scarlet as Paul Belton approached her counter. The son of the owner of the great store was nothing to her but it annoyed the other girls when he stopped and murmured compliments in his low voice. His manners were so different, too, from those of Jim Smith.

"And how," fell the rich tones, "is my remote princess this cold morning? Dreaming under that thatch of golden curls?"

Kitty tossed her head, hoping that Min heard: "I like the cold," she answered, repressing a shiver as an icy blast from the big doors swept her way Kitty had a code of her own and this code precluded any complaints concerning the unpleasant aspects of life as a shop-girl. She considered herself lucky to be in the store and she took her inadequate clothing as a matter of course.

"The cold brings out the blue in your eyes," continued the other, romantic dark eyes smiling down at the somewhat confused little face, "I keep thinking of tonight. You should come to the dance wearing a gown of sapphire velvet with seed pearls h——"

Quite inadvertently Kitty giggled at this point. Altho she loved to be described as a remote princess yet the picture of herself, Kitty Miller, wearing a gown of sapphire velvet with seed pearls brought mirth to her lips and eyes. She could imagine what her short-tempered dad would say should she appear in the close little room that served for dining and living-room in any such garb: "He'd probably take a stick to me," she murmured.

"What did she say?" Paul had not caught the drift of her words but her manner upset his mental picture of the provoking little flirt and he frowned, "you should speak more distinctly," he said in his authoritative manner that he reserved for the other employes.

Kitty pulled at the black sash that ornamented her otherwise severe black frock and practiced an expression she had admired upon a leading lady in "The Pink Lady of Love." This siren presented a cool, unmoved countenance when her lovers grew cold and her chill invariably brought them to time. Dropping her thick black lashes so that they rested effectively upon her smooth cheeks Kitty posed and Paul forgot his pique.

"Save a lot of dances for me tonight, princess, I may have something important to tell you."

Min, her chewing gum momentarily parked in one cheek, tried her best to hear Kitty's reply, but failed as the big doors let in a crowd of women and the buzz of the sale-day began.

All day Kitty displayed goods and made out sales-checks in her usual efficient way, but her thoughts were with two men. Of course she loved Jim, but—at this point her mind became confused. Jim never told her she looked like a princess, never mentioned that her curls were of a misty gold that angels might envy. Jim was apt to look at her critically and request, in his crude manner, that she wipe off some of the lip-stick before they started out. Jim talked of owning a four-room cottage out in Lilac Park and was enthusiastic upon the subject of a vegetable garden with a border of old-fashioned flowers. Jim made forty dollars a week and saved half of it. Paul was an idler with a large income and his debts were a matter of talk in the big store. Paul had once sent Kitty a box of great wicked-looking orchids and her dad had thrown them out of the window.

"Don't want any dudes putting wrong ideas in your head, my girl. Go ahead and catch Jim if you can, there's a man for you."

Kitty had shed tears at the indignity; she had not cared for the orchids themselves, only she had wanted to tuck a cluster of them in her frock and see the girls stare. Privately Kitty thought La France roses much prettier and she liked their smell.

"Jim going to take you to the dance tonight?" Min's tones were envious, she was a pretty girl temporarily without a sweetheart and the fact galled her.

"But, naturally," the yellow head tossed as Kitty repeated glibly a phrase that she had read.

"If he hears of your carrying on with Paul Belton he won't be so sweet. Jim has an awful temper. These rich men don't run after a shop girl for nothing That's what my mother says," and Min's lips closed primly.

"Aw, shut up," the remote princess spoke with a regrettable absence of poise and she pertly informed a nagging customer that she was out of rose-pink satin ribbon altho she held a bolt in her hand.

AT 4 O'CLOCK Jim left his department long enough to tell Kitty that he would be late calling for her because he had to meet his sister at the Northwestern depot.

"I can't help it, the kid's coming from Dakota and she don't know the way," he protested when Kitty complained at missing any of the dances at the big dance given to the employes of the store.

"Kitty is thinking of Paul Belton, he asked her to save a lotta dances for him," cut in Min.

Jim's frank hazel eyes smiled at Kitty's downcast face: "That's all, right, Min, you can't make me throw a fit. I know Kit and she knows when she's well off. She's my girl and she'll dance with me Get that? I can trust her."

Kitty's blue eyes softened: Jim had a big heart beneath his brusque speech and she was shrewd enough to realize it, yet, when Jim came nearly an hour late because his kid-sister from the West had teased to accompany them to the dance, she felt annoyed and had little to say as they rode downtown in the elevated train. Kitty stared at the costly furs and velvets of the women passengers and contrasted them soberly with her cheap little blue suit with the skinny rabbit fur choker that her family had clubbed together to buy her for Christmas. Paul had spoken of sapphire velvet and seed pears for the Remote Princess; would he be ashamed of her because her blouse was only gold-tinted pongee?

If Paul noticed her clothes he made no sign and he whispered, as the orchestra began the grand march, that he had this opening figure purposely delayed so that she could be his partner for that. And, altho perverse Kitty was well aware that her lover had expected the first dance, she accepted Paul's proffered arm with a gratified air, hoping that Min saw them.

"Now you'll be able to dance with Rita," she smiled, sparkling eyes upon the excited face of the kid sister.

There was a buzz of excitement from the sales-people in Kitty's department They had wondered at the delay in starting the grand march and seeing Kitty led out by the courtly clubman spelled, in their eyes, an astonishing triumph for the ribbon-counter clerk.

"Gee, and she isn't wearing an evening gown," thus spoke a languid beauty from the suits and cloaks department who had on an elaborate frock, reduced because of being faded from window-display, "don't his hair look like it was varnished? Reminds me, somewhat, of Randolph Madentino. Wonder what he sees in her."

After three straight dances Paul led his flushed little partner to a snug recess where impossibly green palms shaded them from the vulgar gaze of the employes. "Now we can talk in peace," he said rather wearily. "I did think of driving around for you tonight but I—decided not to altho I knew it would be a treat."

Kitty remained silent, his last words failed to arouse her usually quick temper because she was thinking of what Jim would have said.

"But, my Remote Princess, your reserve attracts me. Most girls would be flustered in this situation. I'm going to take you away from this noisy crowd Suppose we jump in the car and take a spin out to my home? I want my mother to see you and, if she saw you at the ribbon-counter she'd be instantly prejudiced. Remember I told you I'd have something, maybe, to tell you tonight?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that," her voice shook a little.

"Why not? Mother is going to a ball, but she won't start till 11."

"After all," thought Kitty, "why not? It would be heavenly to enter that glassed-in car with the warmed air and the silver flower vase—still Jim——"

But unfortunately Jim danced past at that instant. His frank eyes met hers and there lay an astonished contempt across his face.

"I knew it," Min's voice was shrill, "she's in there with him!"

"That so," laughed Jim unconcernedly, "won't spoil our dance, will it?"

And, in a flare of Celtic temper, Kitty accompanied the absorbed Paul.

HER heart beat to suffocation as they ascended the wide stone steps. Kitty was uncomfortably conscious of the butler who opened the door for them. She felt that his pale, swiftly [illegible] eyes saw right thru her cheap coat and blouse and that he guessed at the cotton garments that she wore instead of the scented silks that she adored.

"Want to see the drawing-rooms before we go up?" Paul asked but, without waiting for her reply, he ushered her thru the doorway as tho he, too, was irked at the servant's presence.

The long rooms were very beautiful, but if Paul had expected to awe her he was mistaken. The yellow head nodded when he expatiated upon the costliness of the Oriental rugs and some of the statues that gleamed whitely beneath the golden glow of tall floor lamps.

"I wanted you to see my home, Kitty, now we'll go up to mother."

When they stepped into the white and gold electric elevator Kitty felt stifled She had always longed for beautiful possessions but, somehow, in place of the stately mansion, she seemed to see the little cottage in Lilac Park with its gay border of wholesome garden flowers.

The French maid stared an instant when she saw Kitty, but she bowed and took Paul's message obsequiously.

"Madame will receive you," she reported.

Feeling rather like Alice in Wonderland Kitty stepped beneath the velvet curtain that the maid lifted back.

Mrs. Belton sat before a mirrored dressing-table that ran along the wall of the room. There was an exotic profusion of golden-stoppered bottles and jars and the air was heavy with the scent of hothouse flowers, but Kitty thought only of the lovely, weary face that smiled over at her.

"Come nearer, child," she said, signing for the maid to go.

"Isn't she lovely, mother?" Paul stood beside Kitty protectingly. "Of course she has had no advantages, but if you'd be kind and take her in hand—clothes and decent surroundings—lessons in speaking and deportment——"

Again the woman made a brief gesture with imperious jeweled fingers and Paul colored and paused.

Altho Kitty had known that Paul had intended to propose to her she had not expected the matter to be done in such an odd fashion. No advantages—decent surroundings—lessons—the words buzzed thru her brain maddeningly. If Paul had really loved her such thoughts simply could not have so wholly occupied him. When he had been romantically calling her his Remote Princess he had been visualizing some dream-girl conjured up in his youthful fancy, not little Kitty Miller.

"Paul has no tact," the low, beautifully enunciated tones aroused her, "but never mind that. Young love is a wonderful thing and if you are both sure—sure, mind you—we'll see. Suppose you come to me for a week's visit and——"

"But," cried Kitty, taken aback at the astounding complaisance of the wealthy

WOMAN SO BLUE SHE CRIED

Because of Ill Health—Tells How She Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Burlington, Iowa.—"I used to dread the time for my monthly period as it came every two weeks and lasted for two weeks, and during that time I would have the blues and cry. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am so happy I can hardly express myself. I have gained several pounds and look fine. I have recommended your medicine to my friends and you may publish my letter as a testimonial. I hope your medicine will give others the relief it did me."—Mrs. RALPH GAIL, 2021 Des Moines St., Burlington, Ia.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine for ailments common to women. It has been used for such troubles for nearly fifty years, and thousands of women have found relief as did Mrs. Gail, by taking this splendid medicine.

If you are suffering from irregularity, painful times, nervousness, headache, backache or melancholia, you should at once begin to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is excellent to strengthen the system and help to perform its functions with ease and regularity.

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : :

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigate Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsite and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 50c, POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.

4 Hair Cuts Pays For It
The Home Barber Outfit
Guaranteed

10 DAYS TRIAL

1000 of these Home Barber Outfits for Readers of this paper at HALF PRICE

This introductory half price sale won't last long The 1,000 will soon be sold You'll have to hurry Each set consists of 1 close cutting barber clippers of tempered steel, one 7-inch barber comb, 1 [illegible] barber hair shears Good shears [illegible] always sharp because they are made of [illegible] razor steel [illegible] Regular [illegible] $4.50 Special offer complete outfit only $1.98 if you decide to keep the set, [illegible]

MOTHERS [illegible] have the children's heads look nice [illegible] quicker and easier to do it with this outfit than to go to the barber shop

GIRLS WITH BOBS

For good looking bobbed hair [illegible] brush and comb [illegible] and with these shears you can always get a perfectly even bob.

THE WHOLE FAMILY will use this set and save barber bills Four hair cuts pays for it if you get in on this special offer Just write today and ask for the home barber outfit It will be sent by return [illegible] When it arrives pay the postman $1.98 and postage. Use the outfit for 10 days Then if you are not perfectly satisfied return it and your money will be promptly refunded.

SEND NO MONEY

HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. B. Topeka, Kan.

send birth date

Are You Reaching for the Truth?

I will tell you **FREE** Under which Zodiac Sign were you born? What are your opportunities in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings and many other vital questions as indicated by ASTROLOGY, the most ancient and interesting science of history

Were you born under a lucky star? I will tell you free, the most interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Sign you were born under

Simply send me the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting. To cover cost of this notice and postage, **enclose ten cents** in any form and your exact name and address Your astrological interpretation will be written in plain language and sent to you securely sealed and postpaid. A great surprise awaits you.

Do not fail to send Birthdate and to enclose 10c. Print name and address to avoid delay in mailing.

Write now—TO-DAY—to the

ASTA STUDIO
309 Fifth Ave., Dept. BL, New York

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER BLANK

SATURDAY BLADE, delivered each week by mail, . . *$2.00 a Year* ☐

CHICAGO LEDGER, delivered each week by mail, . . . *$2.00 a Year* ☐

Both BLADE and LEDGER, delivered each week by mail, *$3.00 a Year* ☐

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I enclose $ ________. Please send me the paper (or papers) checked above for a period of one year—to be delivered direct to me regularly each week by mail carrier.

Name____________________St. or R.F.D.____________________

Town____________________State____________________

No letter necessary. Just mail this blank with remittance.

2 TIRES $8.00
FREE TUBE WITH EACH TIRE

Sensational Slash in Standard Tire Prices

This is [illegible] unusual opportunity to have such tires as we are offering—no double tread or sewed-over tires. Also, Two Tires for almost the price of one and TWO TUBES FREE. Thousands of satisfied customers are getting better than

12,000 MILES

Note These Special Prices

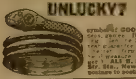
Size	1 tire 1 tube	2 tires 2 tubes	Size	1 tire 1 tube	2 tires 2 tubes
28x3	$5.65	$8.00	33x4	$12.30	$20.65
30x3	6.50	10.00	34x4	12.95	21.45
30x3½	7.25	12.00	32x4½	13.15	22.35
32x3½	9.15	15.65	33x4½	13.30	23.15
31x4	10.30	17.35	34x4½	13.60	23.95
32x4	11.65	18.95			

Large size prices on request

Free Examination Just send $1.00 deposit for each tire ordered. Send only $2.00 if you order 2 tires. We ship C. O. D. for balance. Express or parcel post. Take tire home and examine. If not satisfied, return at our expense and back goes your deposit. Don't forget to state whether straight side or clincher. For full cash with order, deduct 5% discount.

Order Now While Our Stock is Fresh—Don't Delay!

BROOKLINE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
7066 So. Chicago Ave. Dept. A-14, Chicago, Illinois



UNLUCKY? Then wear this Mystic Serpent. [illegible] of Ancient Hindu charm against evil spirits, sickness, spells and symbol of GOOD LUCK in love, business, games. Heavy, weird and startling. Genuine 14-Karat gold shell, 3 year guarantee. [illegible] FREE. Send measure (string tied around finger). ALI S. BABA, Box 55, 116 Str. Sta., New York. Pay $2.27 and postage to postman on delivery.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. [illegible]

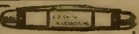
PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

Great For Rheumatism!

Dr. Lewis Baker, a widely known, retired physician, originated a very successful prescription for use of his patients in muscular, joint and sciatic rheumatism, and now offers to send the prescription free to any sufferer. Well stocked, honest druggists can fill it. Add: Dr. Lewis Baker, 312-R College St., Dayton, Ohio.

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn $18 to $60 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today. ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. 2, 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago



THIN KNIFE FREE for [illegible] ROSEBUD [illegible] at 25c each and return $1.20 [illegible] your name on [illegible]
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 220, Woodsboro, Md.

LADIES! I positively guarantee my great Successful Compound. Safely relieves many abnormal cases in 3 to 9 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $2.00; Double Strength $3.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today.
DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Kansas City, Mo.

PATENTS Write for free Illustrated Guide Book and RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK. Send model or sketch and description of invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 697 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Free to Every Woman! NURSE'S BOOK OF Private Home Treatments
Wonderful for ailments peculiar to womanhood. Enclose stamp.
VIOLA O. NURSE, 551 East 47th Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Here It Is

The New Serenola

Something new and different. Something you can sell easily and quickly. Orders waiting everywhere. [illegible] one week, his profit over $100.

The Serenola is built in just like a suitcase. Carried with you anywhere. Does more than machines costing 5 times its price.

Fully Guaranteed

Get started at once. No experience needed. We deliver and collect. Pay you every day. Work full or spare time. Write or wire us for terms and territory.

PERRY-LUDLOW CO., S-1717 Dayton, Ohio

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to [illegible] we know are asking for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake. Be sure to give your street number and town and have it written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as aforestated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

woman, "I thought you'd stare at me thru a lorgnon and call me a common little thing with an awful nerve——" pinkening Kitty realized that her words were scarcely calculated to endear her to a prospective mother-in-law and Paul touched her arm warningly, "in fact," quite unexpectedly a giggle broke thru her surprise, "I thought it would be a bit larky to come up and hear it. Kinda like the movies where the haughty lady——"

Paul started as his mother's amused laughter rang thru the room: "Kitty, you recall my own youth. I—" the dark eyes, so like Paul's met her own dreamily—"was a poor girl once and I married very well—" she paused—then continued in a more restrained voice, "as I say love is love, anywhere. If you feel that you'll be happy with Paul we must see what can be done——"

"But you'll see that she learns to speak properly. Kitty, can't you drop such language as 'an awful nerve?' I want you to impress Mother——"

Kitty shrugged away from him. The wide walls with their silver and rose panels seemed to dissolve and she saw a clean little kitchen with snowy muslin curtains fluttering in the breeze from the garden. She saw her own yellow head lifted from the cake she had been frosting to look out where Jim weeded his early onions. She seemed to know at last that the boundaries of the heart are not those of gold or station but vital throbbing walls of companionship—of mutual interest and young love. Paul had been engaged several times—she had read the details in the papers, Jim had asked no girl as yet and, altho they were not definitely engaged, he had called her his girl. Paul had not actually proposed but, already, he frowned at her speech.

"I don't believe I'll visit you, Mrs. Belton," she said at last, "but thank you for asking me. Paul likes me because he thinks I'm the person he dreams of—a sort of princess who speaks like poetry. I'm just plain Kitty Miller, ribbon-counter girl who likes to cook and enjoys sassing the near-ladies who come to harry the clerks. I—" her tone grew wonderfully soft and the faint Irish blur became more noticeable than usual—"can't say I'm sorry I came because it has meant a lot to me to know a real lady like you—to ask me into your home when I'd shame you with my common ways——"

Paul looked on in amazement as he saw his reserved parent suddenly draw the small pink-and-white face nearer and kiss the dimpled cheek. What were they talking about?

"What did you want to tell her you were common for, Kitty?" he demanded sulkily, as the car sped down the road that is called the Gold Coast.

"You don't understand. Gee, I hope Jim hasn't missed me. He'll be angry at my slipping away——"

"Then you are turning me down?"

"Sure—and you've never asked me; tell that dressed-up chauffeur of yours to hustle, will you?"

WITH the joy of belated decision melting her warm Irish heart, Kitty looked eagerly around the ballroom for Jim. Min was going too far and she'd soon show her.

But gradually anticipation died out of the blue eyes. Jim could not be found and finally Bertha, from the gloves, told her that she had seen Jim talking to Min and that they had left the room together.

Kitty's heart thumped almost audibly. This was what she got for her mad prank. Min had doubtless learned that she had gone driving with Paul and she could guess the hints that would dot the narrative. Min always made a talking-horse of her mother when she wished to make unkind comments and she would quote what her mother thought of shop girls running around with the sons of rich men and Jim, slow to anger, was equally slow to forgive. He'd never believe——

Kitty never forgot that trip uptown. The elevated seemed to crawl as it wound around curves that showed the uninviting backs of dingy buildings where the occupants did not trouble to draw down shades.

Jim lived three blocks from Kitty and she went straight to the flat and rang.

Jim's mother looked worried and there was a smell of medicine in the air: "Oh, so you've heard," she said, "come in, Jim——"

"What has happened to Jim?" the terrified shriek ran thru the flat and brought a warning look in the other's face.

"Don't be so noisy," she said crossly, "you girls haven't a bit of sense——"

"Quit scolding her, ma," Jim came down the little hall towards them, his wavy red hair standing out in spite of the barber's recent efforts, "so Min told you?"

"Told me what?" The relief at seeing him intact made the girl feel giddy and she leaned against the battered woodwork.

"About Rita's turning her ankle and spoiling the dance. She said she'd watch for you—that you'd gone somewhere with that cub Paul——"

"Oh, Jim, will you forgive me? I just thought it would be such fun to see their grand house and have his mother look at me icily the way they do in books and——" sobbing she flung herself boldly into his arms.

A bit clumsily he stroked the blonde curls that crept out saucily beneath the close velvet tam: "Kitty, my girl, I trust you. Tonight I was a bit vexed when you danced with him so much, but I just got to thinking that if you weren't sure it was better to let you find out. It would be a grand marriage for you, my girl and ——"

"But, Jim, I wouldn't marry him at all. Don't you want me, Jim? You called me 'your girl' and we've picked out the bit of cottage in Lilac Park and——"

Jim's mother vanished down the hall, but her tired face was radiant now with a comprehensive smile.

"If you're sure, Kitty, I want you, but——"

Lovingly Kitty snuggled her yellow head against the gay waistcoat that Jim had bought for the dance. She understood perfectly all that Jim had left unspoken in his slow speech and a little shudder seized her as she sensed the gravity of her action that she had gaily danced into. If Jim had once turned from her he would never have forgiven her, and she made a vow then that she'd walk circumspectly thru the years of marriage. "I'm sure, Jim," she whispered, and he bent down to the pink mouth.

"Min said he called you 'his princess,'" he remarked later as they sat upon the hard sofa in the tiny parlor.

"Yes, his 'Remote Princess,'" she giggled; "can you beat it? Say, Jim, I like the smell of that bay rum in your hair—shows you go to the barber."

"Yes," he agreed, "Pete said it was what the dudes all used. Get your hat, we must be beating it."

"Sure must. Dad will be waiting up—say, Jim," the girl who had not been awed by the mistress of the great house looked apprehensive—"you tell him. You got the nerve."

"Betcha," said Jim, radiantly.

GALLSTONE TROUBLES

Dr. E. E. Paddock, Specialist, Kansas City, Mo., Box 5P-201, has distributed free over 100,000 booklets on cause and treatment of inflammation of the the Gall Bladder and Bile Ducts associated with Gallstones of the liver, Bilious Colic, Jaundice, gas, indigestion. Send name for Free Booklet today.—Adv.

* * *

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

"Jess Hargis—Depity"

By C. Eldridge Ellman

THE polls were closed, the votes counted, and "Big Jess" Hargis had lost his job.

Ten years before, his reputation as a "bad man" had become such that no one dared attempt his arrest, and, in self-defense, the county had "forgotten" his past, and made him sheriff.

And he had accepted their choice with his characteristic vigor. On the night of his election, he had ridden thirty miles to warn his former pals to leave the State, and all but one had obeyed him—all but one—and the sheriff buried him decently where he fell.

The work of reform had gone on apace. When Arizona Charlie upon his next visit, had closed the local "palaces" and then expressed a desire to see the man who would try to arrest him, his wish had been instantly granted.

"It ain't no use, Charlie, to stir yourself like this," the sheriff said, as they lifted the fallen one; "things isn't as they was. I'm sheriff, now. Tell th' boys about it when you gits up."

And straightway it went abroad that the County of Wolf was in the grasp of the Law, and that the Law was enforced by a man who was "damnation quick" with his gun.

For ten years, Hargis had maintained the dignity of his office. At first he missed the midnight raids on the cattlemen, the duels in the defiles, when the herder rose in defense of his flock; missed the wild, reckless ecstacy of the gambler's life, but, if his reform had deprived him of these relaxations, it afforded him others for there were those who did not take kindly to the era of peace, and sought to resist its coming. These had rendered his life quite free from monotony.

He had grown old in the service, and now, gray-haired, and heavy in the saddle, Jess Hargis had lost his job!

At the polls, it had been made clear that the election of young Steve Newton was the result of no dissatisfaction with the work of the former incumbent; it was felt that the county had already "too long taxed the energy of Jess Hargis;" and the burden of the office should be laid upon younger shoulders. So ran the announcement, but Hargis knew that it was the beginning of the end.

"They've made a mistake, I reckon, in puttin' thet young fellow in my place. He's a handy boy, all right, but things isn't ready fer him yet; he ain't quick enough with his hands fer to be sheriff of Wolf."

THE trouble began one night in early December. The boys from the Crooked L had come in with a bunch of range horses, their coming being orderly in the extreme.

"How's the sheriff?" they asked, expecting simultaneously to feel the officer's penetrating glance.

"Sheriff's all right," had been the reply; "we put in Steve Newton last election. Jess was getting too old." But the last words were drowned in a fusillade of shots. The long-subdued resentment against law and order had burst, and, when the smoke lifted, three men lay upon the sawdust of the floor.

The young sheriff, fearless as a lion, had toiled desperately to make his captures, but the men escaped, bearing abroad the tidings that Jess Hargis was no longer the sheriff, and that a tenderfoot was his successor.

And, gradually, the old regime returned. Men in the hills, who, for good and sufficient reasons, had long been strangers to the county of Wolf, began to work back to their old haunts; in the early days, Elkhorn, as the home of Hargis, had held the foremost place in lawlessness. When the snow had settled too deep for riding, and trailing had become difficult, the men who had been living "quiet" grew bolder, and at last took informal possession of the town.

Such was the situation when, one black night, a hand lifted the latch of Jess Hargis' shack, the door was stealthily opened, and two men stood within.

"He's out, I——"

"Hands up, Pete. Don't move that gun, Cleevy. I'm HERE!" A low laugh greeted his words. "Ain't changed much, have you, Dan?"

"Not much, or you either, I guess." Still covering them, he threw a knot upon the fire, which blazed up brightly, the light falling full upon the faces of the men before him. Reckless, ruined wanderers, they were—men, creatures rather, whose every taste and appetite any one of their vices would long since have blunted.

Calmly, even commiseratingly, he looked upon them, and that cold inspection stirred them as his harshest words could not have done; slowly the moments fled, and then the tention snapped, for Pete's hand had sprung to his hip, and almost reached it—almost, when again the even voice spoke.

"Steady Pete!" And then: "Ten years ago, I told you fellers to leave and not come back. What is it you want now o' old Jess Hargis? First, tho, your guns! Knives, too! You know thet you kin trust me, and thet I CAN'T trust YOU. An' now we kin talk. What is it that you want?"

"Well, Jess, you ain't over friendly, but you warn't never ver much at talkin', and we lets that pass."

"Better." The word fell short but distinct.

"As I was saying, we lets that pass What we come fer's this: We've heard up above th' 'Rise' that they've got tired o' you an' put in another man fer sheriff. An', we've come down fer to strike up an acquaintance with th' kid, an' find out how he likes his job.

"We've passed th' word to some fellers you used to know, an' tonight we're goin' to hev' a game, down at th' Evening Star an' you can't tell but they may be a little fun arter th' game's over

"Now, course, es long as you was sheriff, you hed to go light on th' game, an' look careful how you likkered, but they ain't no ropes onto you now, an' we jus' dropped in, friendly like, to ask yer to come along with us.

"They's been times in th' last ten years, when you'd been glad to git back into the game again, we feels, and yet what could you do? You was sheriffin' you was th' law, an' what would folks

(Concluded on Page 26.)

A BABY'S SMILE

Thousands of homes are denied the joy of parenthood; life seems empty. Any childless couple may now have a free copy of an interesting booklet treating on the mysterious conditions of Sterility by sending name to Lye Chemical Co., Box C27, Kansas City, Mo.—Adv.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send me ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa. —Adv.

An Elusive Chanticleer

(Concluded From Page 5.)

chickens after forbidden to do so by the police, this fact might be made a stepping stone to greater things.

Carroll, growing from an over-sized country town to a modern city, had stumbled over its chickens and recently framed the ordinance which made Boss Reems' contention possible. Complaints of people who didn't keep chickens had finally resulted in an ordinance to the effect that chickens must be properly enclosed and that they only could be kept where not objected to by neighbors. If they became offensive to the neighborhood they would have to be banished.

NOW came old Mrs. Gray, who lived near the mayor, and complained that a certain rooster kept by Mayor Brandon crowed at unseemly hours, disturbing her rest. She was troubled with insomnia. Neighborhood gossip carried the news to Oliver Reems, who lived in the next block. He listened. He heard the disturbance. He saw that Mrs. Gray reported it to the police. The police asked the mayor to get rid if his chickens. He readily did so. But the sounds were heard again. The police came back. The mayor protested he had gotten rid of all fowls. He invited a committee composed of representatives of both parties to inspect his premises. They were forced to give him a clean bill.

But again, on the following evening, "the cock crew loud." This was the point at which Bob Hopper, of the Eagle, was asked to investigate. As he left home about dusk he swore by all his zeal as a young and very bright reporter that if the elusive chanticleer should raise its voice as much as once that night there would be a speedy show-down.

Not that Hopper was at all zealous of helping Boss Reems to win. But he had a newspaper man's love of bringing the truth to light—even if it isn't always printed! Leaving college two years ago, he had gone to work upon the Eagle because it was the only paper which offered a position at that time, rather than because it conformed to his ideals of a newspaper. Working beneath the handicap of a boss-ridden sheet he labored patiently and steadily, dreaming of the day when he might own a paper more intelligently operated.

Now his white straw hat, his earnest young face, his broad athletic shoulders faded from sight as he slipped into an alley behind the old mansion in aristocratic Madison Avenue, upon which Mayor Brandon lived. Twice, at a distance, he circled the place. The second time he got close enough to see Mayor Brandon leave in a limousine. Then, hidden by inky darkness, he leaped an iron fence beside a great, rambling, dark old house and took refuge in bushes near the tall, peculiar-shaped stable.

Nobody had seen him arrive. The mayor's man put away the car two hours later. Night had settled over the town As the hours sounded faintly from a distant clock and the moon came up, the chill of the early summer night stole down. What an asinine quest after all! Stiff from crouching and wet by night damps, Hopper was long ago willing to swear that the cock's crow was merely a vagary of Reems' brain, when suddenly——

"Cock-a-doodle-do-oooo!" pealed the voice of a rooster, long, loud, piercing. Hopper was alive instantly. There was a rooster! Where——

"Cock-a-doodle-do-oooo!" it sounded again, somewhere above. Then it came for the third time, long, high-pitched, strident—seemingly in the direction of the mayor's house. Hopper advanced swiftly in the shadow of a hedge. He was close to the corner of the house when a fourth sonorous crow broke the silence

He was about to rise in order to better locate the source of the sounds when suddenly a dark form sprang over him. It seized the mass of vines on the side of the house and began to climb. Another intruder on the premises seemingly swifter than the star reporter of the Eagle! Breathlessly Hopper watched. The climber reached a balcony above and then went in a second story window

A second later the side of the house was punctuated by the glimmer of electric light in a window. A moment after that there was a scream of fear and distress, sudden, tremulous—feminine!

Hopper delayed no longer. He went up the vine like a cat and into the window just as the man ahead of him attempted to come hurriedly out. From the sill Hopper forced the other man back into the room. There in the darkness they struggled until finally the reporter got the upper hand. Whipping his antagonist into submission Hopper fished out a small flashlight. He found his antagonist to be a wild-eyed lad of 20 with red bushy hair, and a face so pale that his freckles seemed to have faded.

Hopper switched on a light and cried: "Miss—er—Madame! Here's your burglar"

Around the corner peeped the white face of a pretty girl. In her deep blue eyes still clung traces of fear. "Oh—I was so frightened!" she gasped. "Why—it's Mr.—Hopper!"

"Yes, don't be afraid, Miss Brandon I was passing and saw him climb in." Of the strawberry-crowned prisoner he demanded: "What are you doing here?"

As the man hesitated there came a sound which commanded the attention of all. "Cock-a-doodle-do-oooo!" crowed the elusive chanticleer.

"I'll tell!" gasped the prisoner. "I'm after that chicken. I'm a detective. I've got my diploma, but I couldn't get a job. So Mr. Tutt, of the Fourth Ward Club, he said if I caught the mayor's rooster——"

As there came another crow the red-haired lad slipped from beneath the arm of the astonished reporter and ran away toward the rear. Hopper's first impulse was to catch him. But why do that, he reflected as he ran? Why not merely run after and report how the "detective" caught the fowl? Down thru the house and out the back door went all three Hopper and Miss Brandon paused behind the "detective" who was sniffing the moonlit air like a puzled hound.

"Cock-a-doodle-do-oooo!" Now all were looking at the tall old barn with its peculiar-shaped cupola. As they did so the silhouette of its crest, black against the moon, was stirred. There was the start of another crow caught at its fullest and squelched into a strident squawk of distress. Before they could move came a shout from the alley and the sound of shots.

Then past them was flying something like an ebony streak of lightning. Bob Hopper, a surprised cry on his lips, ran more swiftly than he ever had done the hundred yards, then dived and grabbed more desperately than ever he had tackled an opposing half back. A moment later a policeman sorted from the heap a scared-looking colored man and Hopper, holding both to the negro and to a desperately squawking rooster.

ALL Carroll tried to pack itself into the police court room next morning. Surrounded by friends, Dora Brandon and Martha Reems were at opposite sides. At last the name of Caesar Simpkins was called. Policeman Daugherty brought along as evidence an old bird cage from which protruded the questioning head of the fowl which had nearly wrecked the town's political fabric.

Simpkins entered a plea of not guilty of stealing and Policeman Daugherty was called as the first witness. Asked if he saw the colored man steal the chicken from Mayor Brandon's premises, the policeman said: "I saw him on the roof. I heard a chicken squawk, like some one grabbed him."

"Do you know this to be Mayor Brandon's fowl?"

"No—only——"

"That's all. Call Mayor Brandon"

"Does this rooster belong to you, Mr. Brandon?" the mayor was asked.

"No. I never saw it before. I don't keep chickens."

Bob Hopper was called He explained how he had captured prisoner and fowl, but could not swear as to the ownership of the fowl or whether the prisoner took it from Mayor Brandon's stable. Finally the prisoner was called.

"Jedge," protested the colored man, "Ah nevah stole dat roostah. He jess naturally fly down dat alley and roos' on mah han'. Er man come to me dis mawnin' and offah me money to sweah Ah stole dat roostah from Mayor Brandon. Ah tell yo' jess lak Ah tell him, Ah mout take a dollar at election time, but Ah never taken no fowl!"

Judge Thompson nodded. "I should think," he said, "that this community would be ashamed of itself. You hear what this man says about bribery. We might go on digging into this affair until we would put men into the penitentiary over it. But here is one court, at least, which will not be made a party to the act. The papers, in particular, should hide their heads over the way they have stirred up such a silly controversy Case dismissed!"

In the midst of the hum which followed Mayor Brandon arose.

"Just a word, if the court pleases," he said. "I agree exactly and I can vouch that the paper which has been most guilty in this matter will never descend to such depths again. I purchased the Eagle from Mr. Jenkins last night and, beginning today, it is published under my direction."

While the packed lobby was gasping Caesar Simpkins was still before the bench, casting longing eyes. Finally he blurted: "Jedge, yo' honah, ef dat ain't Mayor Brandon's roostah——"

"Take him, Caesar!" said the judge, "as the gift of a relieved public!"

As the courtroom buzzingly emptied itself Bob Hopper found Dora Brandon close beside him. Her blue eyes danced with eagerness and suppressed mirth.

"I've told father about last night, Mr. Hopper," she said, "and he says you must [illegible] with us today. He has the Eagle on his hands and he never ran a paper in his life." Her suppressed mirth forced itself to the surface as she smilingly lowered her voice and continued: "Did you notice how Martha Reems looked at me. She's pretty mad. But wouldn't she just rave if she knew I bought that noisy rooster and kept him in the cupola on top of our barn, just to worry her fat old father!"

* * *

Something to Make Thinkers Think

Hidden Countries.

70—1 We found it near the canal, as Katherine had said.

2. We saw the watch in a jewelers' window
3. What can Adaline do with her dog when she goes away?
4. In times of great danger, many people become panic stricken.
5. As I think you will all agree, Cecil is right in this matter.
6. She delights in diamonds and pearls.
7. I spanked Gladys, painful as the proceeding was to both of us.
8. The subject of his elegy, Ptolemy, was Cleopatra's brother.
9. In the attic we came across some old books we'd enjoyed as children.

A Riddle.

71—The farmer uses me as a hindrance and a protection. Every seaman dreads me; every reputable lawyer belongs to me; yet if he frequents me he ceases to be respectable. To be summoned before me is often a calamity, yet by musicians I am considered a necessity.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

67—Double Acrostic.

Primals, downward, Waterloo: Finals, upward, Napoleon. Crosswords, 1, win; 2, ado, 3, toe; 4, eel; 5, Rio; 6, lap; 7, oka, 8, own

68—Riddle.

C O M I C.

69—Three-word Squares.

P I N   P E W
I C E   E A R
N E W   W R Y

"Hearing Restored in Twenty-Four Hours"

Amazing Results Secured in One Day by Use of Virex, Formerly Known as Rattle Snake Oil.

Deafness and Catarrh need not be dreaded any longer since the discovery of a widely known physician. Now it is possible for some of the most obstinate cases of deafness to be relieved in a day's time by the application of a prescription formerly known as Rattle Snake Oil. This treatment is meeting with wide success all over the country.

Mr. D. Dey, a Nebraska resident, 67 years old, says, "I have used the treatment for only two weeks and my hearing is restored perfectly. The relief was almost instantaneous and now the head noises have disappeared. My catarrh, a case of many years standing, is improving wonderfully."

This compound, which is known as Virex, is easily used at home and seems to work almost like magic in its rapidity, on people of all ages.

So confident are we that Virex will cure you, that we offer to send a large $2 bottle for only $1 on 10 days' free trial If the results are not satisfactory, it costs you nothing

Send no money—just your name and address to the Dale Laboratories, 142 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and the treatment will be mailed at once. Use it according to the simple directions. If at the end of 10 days your hearing is not relieved, your catarrh and asthma showing wonderful improvement, just send it back and your money will be refunded without question This offer is fully guaranteed so write today and give this wonderful compound a trial. —Adv.

PROFESSIONAL BARBER RAZOR

Finest Steel Made Exactly Like Cut

RINGS LIKE A BELL

Value $[illegible] OUR PRICE $1.50

This razor is made from Krupp steel. You cannot get a better quality razor at any price. Will shave the toughest beard. This razor is used mostly by professional barbers. Our price $1.50 Very good value. Parcel Post 10c Extra.

BARBERS' HAIR CLIPPERS

HIGH-GRADE STEEL, EXTRA QUALITY

Complete with extra spring

Postage 10c Extra. $1.05

Very close cutting clippers, size 00 Fine for cutting children's hair Fully guaranteed Postage 10c Extra. $1.45

Genuine Rubberset Shaving Brushes Postage 10c Extra 50c

Extra Heavy Leather Razor Strop. Postage 10c Extra 75c

BARBER SCISSORS — FINE STEEL

Extra Fine Quality

OUR PRICE ONLY 79c POSTAGE 10c EXTRA

GERMAN POWERFUL MAGNIFYING GLASS for reading, cloth testing, machinists, etc., and for all fine work. 65c

Postage 10c Extra

Any article mailed on receipt of price or sent C. O. D. if desired

MODEL CO., 145-B Market St., Philadelphia Pa

GOLD FILLED FOB FREE

Gold Filled 25-Year Watch

Agents! [illegible]

New Octagon

$8.40

Don't Send a Penny

Agents Wanted!

GOLD WATCH CO. [illegible]

SEND NO MONEY

Pay $1.49 And Postage on Arrival

Easy fitting comfort shoes for women who have tender feet [illegible]

Sizes [illegible] Money Back Guarantee

L. J. TAPPAN SHOE CO., Mfrs., Dept 11
62 Washington St., HAVERHILL MASS

MILITARY MODEL FREE

[illegible] given FREE [illegible]

[illegible] DALE Mfg. Co. Providence [illegible]

SAY! It's mighty easy to build up a wonderfully profitable business [illegible] KINGERY POPCORN-POPPER AND PEANUT ROASTER give [illegible]

KINGERY MFG. CO. Est. [illegible] Dept. B W. Cincinnati, Ohio

Boys! Earn $1.00 to $5.00 a Week

selling The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. These great papers are known everywhere. People in every town want some one to buy the Blade and Ledger from each week and boys everywhere watch each month for Lone Scout. We send the Blade and Ledger in one bundle each week so they come on Friday. The Lone Scout comes just before the first of the month. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman or boy. Easy to see, and to build up a route of steady customers. Only one report for you to make out each week. You make 2 cents on each Blade, 3 cents on each Ledger and 4 cents on each Lone Scout you sell. You can't lose. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. In addition, we give you valuable premiums for every paper you sell. If you want to join the Lone Scouts of America, the great Organization for boys that is free of dues, and if you are accepted, we pay for you the expense of joining. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agents' outfit. We tell you how to get customers.

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL. Send This Coupon Today

I accept the agency for your 3 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. If I qualify, it is understood you will pay my expense of joining the Lone Scouts of America if I want to join. Also tell me about the free [illegible]

Name ....

Street or R. F. D. No. ....

Age.............. Town .... State

Cupid & Co.

(Continued From Page 9.)

The Colonel waved to a pile of letters. "Look after those, Miss Alston," he directed, and check them up; they are mostly subscriptions to the "Call." He dictated several letters; one was to a broker in Cincinnati; one went to Chicago; a third to Nevada; with each went a photograph of Miss Vouchamp. "I guess that will bring some of them!" Miss Alston heard the Colonel exclaim.

The office boy knocked and entered with a telegram. The Colonel tore it open. "Ah!" he said: "that Montana man is coming next week. Get out the Burnett correspondence, Miss Alston."

Miss Alston returned shortly with a neat folder. It contained several letters from a postoffice in Nevada and a typewritten sheet; in it were such terms as "Cattle lands. Steady but not a dead one; good looker, strong. Age, 28. Prominent in local politics. Ready to spend money, has plenty. Good prospect." The letter was signed—"Waddel."

WHEN Miss Alston had left th[illegible] the Colonel telephoned Miss Vouchamp's apartments at the [illegible]. "Hello, Margaret, I've got a man coming in next week, from Nevada, [illegible] good for a couple of thousand; seems to be dead crazy to get married."

"I hope he's a live one, because if he's another hick like that last one, count me out. I can't stand for any more sword swallowers; you know how it feels to have all the people looking at you."

"Sure! Sure. I know. I saw you [illegible] the dining-room, and he did look [illegible] freak. But listen, Margy! This [illegible] different, Waddell says so."

"All right," she answered. "Hope he keeps in time with the orchestra when he gargles soup, and doesn't try to drink the water in the finger-bowl. See you tomorrow—so long."

"Getting too fresh!" muttered the Colonel as he hung up the receiver. "Just because she's in with me and is getting tall money, she's trying to pull that temperament stuff now."

One of the things that was s[illegible] the prosperity of the Colonel's business, was the sporty car that called for him every afternoon at 5 o'clock. At half past 5 Miss Alston closed the office and fought her way thru the rush to the Subway.

• • • • • • •

At five minutes to 11 the following Friday, Frank Burnett, of Choteau County, Montana, stepped into the elevator of the Dexter Building and got off at the eighteenth floor. He did not wear a sombrero nor did he have a gun hanging from his belt; no spurs jingled on high-heeled boots, nor did he walk with the clumsy roll of one that spends most of his life in the saddle. On looking at his clothes, George might have passed for a lawyer, a doctor, a stockbroker, instead of a stockbreaker, but you would have known that he was none of the former, had you stopped to notice his six feet of height, the deep, clean tan of his face, the clear gray of his eyes, the squareness of his jaw and the width of his shoulders.

Mr. Burnett's conduct in the elevator did not mark him as a product of the Wild West, unless, the fact that he removed his hat at the entrance of a lady be accounted an eccentricity of the plainsman. He walked quietly into the outer office of the International Matrimonial Agency, lifted his hat to Miss Alston and asked politely for Colonel Plunkett.

"Not in yet," said Miss Alston. "But he's due now; won't you have a seat?"

Miss Alston flashed him an interested look for a fraction of a second; for she had seen many types of men in that office—rich and poor, old and young—all bent on the one purpose of assisted conquest. Heavy-eyed men, bankrupt in purse and health, seeking to ease the former and recuperate the latter; uncouth laborers, risen to fortune by the striking of oil on their farms, pasty-faced youths, of the lounge lizard type in search of a meal ticket and idleness—these were all common specimens. But in that flash of a second Miss Alston had noticed that George was of a type new to her.

Half an hour went by. Colonel Plunkett did not appear. For that captain of industry had been attending a late supper, with some former chorus chums of Miss Vouchamp's which had ended in the small hours of the morning, and he was just then rising in his luxurious apartments and trying to remember his engagements for the day. George began to grow restless.

"Would you mind my asking you a question?" he inquired mildly.

"Not at all."

"I suppose you know who I am from the letters I wrote, and while the Colonel doesn't seem to remember his engagements, I'd like to know more about this. He wrote me to come here and he'd see"—the color came under his tan—"that I meet some nice girl. I'm sort of impatient to know who she"

"Sorry," said Miss Alston briefly. "You'd better talk it over with the Colonel."

"I beg your pardon," replied George. "I didn't know." The color rose higher [illegible] his somewhat boyish face.

Miss Alston had decided by this time that he wasn't fresh. She rather liked the way in which he had said "nice girl." Most of the men who had had the occasion to talk to her in that office—or rather tried to talk—on the one subject that brought them all to the Colonel's office mentioned "Nice little joy rides" and "Little suppers." When the carriage on her typewriter ran to the end and the little bell rang its periodic alarm she glanced at the Westerner and was sorry she had snubbed him.

"I believe the Colonel's not coming down this morning," she said.

"Perhaps you'd better come back this afternoon."

"I've got a notion not to come back." George [illegible].

"[illegible]" asked Miss Alston; a [illegible] at the thought that this man was leavin[illegible]. It was indeed strange what [illegible] her.

"I [illegible] been thinking it over. [illegible] the Colonel [illegible] I changed [illegible]"

Now if the Colonel had been a minute longer adjusting his necktie that morning; or if his car had been held up a minute more by the traffic on Fifth avenue; or if the elevator had stopped at the twelfth, thirteenth and sixteenth floors instead of the twelfth, thirteenth and eighteenth the International Matrimonial Agency would have only lost a patron, instead of being forced to stop fleecing the innocent public, by the charges brought against it by Mr. George Burnett in a letter some weeks later to the commissioner of police in which its somewhat shady business was fully explained.

But as Mr. Burnett opened the door, Colonel Plunkett entered.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Burnett!" said the Colonel immediately. He had the eye of a boss barber. "Just step into my private office. Miss Alston, if any one calls remember that I am out."

A quarter of an hour later, George was escorted to the outer door by the Colonel. "At 6 then, Mr. Burnett," he said. When the door had closed the Colonel rubbed his hands, and from the smile on his face it was evident that he was successful in interesting George to meet the girl.

"We meet him at 6, Margaret," said the Colonel a few moments later over the phone. "Then a little dinner, y'understand—and it's up to you. Leave the dinner to me. The same place. Cut out the Broadway stuff. Rich but subdued's the idea. He'll shy on the cheap actress line."

"Say," protested Miss Vouchamp, "what's this going to be—an old hen's tea party? Didn't I hear you say he was a live one?"

"He's live enough for a thousand if this goes thru," answered the Colonel. "That fellow's got a roll so big that a giraffe needs a periscope to look over it. All he needs is some one to talk about leaving the great city with its cares and heartaches behind and going into a new country to make a happy home for some good, true man. About the time he gets that into his system, along with some of the hooch, he'll be wondering whether the parson keeps open nights and trying to bribe the waiter to leave long enough for him to hold your hand and ask you how you'd like to have your postoffice address changed to Cow City, Montana."

"All right," said Miss Vouchamp. "I get you. Run along now. Bring around your fair-haired boy at 6 o'clock. I'd just as soon rob a cradle as a grave anyway."

At six o'clock the car stopped in front of the hotel and the Colonel and the Westerner ascended to a first-floor parlor. Miss Vouchamp kept them waiting [illegible] minutes by the marble clock on the ma-

A New Kind of Dress To Sell By Mail!

A wonderful Voile and Organdy dress, special slenderizing style, in a quality seldom if ever before sold by mail. An offer that seems too good to be true. Let me explain just how and why I can do it.

By Mary Roberts

My husband has been selling wearing apparel, by mail, direct to wearers, for nearly twenty years. His object always has been to MAKE AS LOW A PRICE as possible. Sometimes, in doing this, he has had to skimp on the QUALITY. Other concerns do the same thing. But nearly ALWAYS the customer gets a big bargain, at the price asked.

I told my husband, however, that from a woman's viewpoint a CHEAP dress NEVER is a bargain—that the FIRST thing a woman wants is a DRESS THAT WILL LOOK WELL and WEAR well.

An Interesting Test

I asked my husband to let me make this test. I said that you, and other readers of this paper, would be better PLEASED if you got a $6.00 or $8.00 dress for $2.98 than if you got a $3.00 dress for $1.98. I told him that a PRICE can BE SO LOW that it becomes a JOKE—that IT PAYS for a woman to PAY A LITTLE MORE to get a dress *worth while.* Women KNOW they will look like "bags tied in the middle" in a CHEAP dress! The LOW PRICE is soon forgotten, but the POOR QUALITY REMAINS.

What I want to do is offer ONLY DRESSES THAT ARE WORTH WHILE WEARING—and charge the lowest prices POSSIBLE for GOOD quality. This fine voile and organdy dress is an example of what I mean. It is made according to my own directions—not to see HOW CHEAP but to see HOW GOOD they could be made and still keep the price lower than anywhere else.

Save $5 on Your Summer Dress

This dress, exactly as shown, is made of high grade durable figured chiffon voile. The style is excellent, especially for full figures, for it is designed along slenderizing lines. The Tuxedo Collar and Panels give length to the figure. The material drapes in youthful folds. The very prettiest style shown this season. The collar, vestee, cuffs, sash and panel insertions are of sheer white organdy. The dress is ideal for hot weather wear. The dainty Valenciennes lace edges give a beautiful touch to the entire dress. Launders perfectly and always looks fresh and crisp.

This dress would cost you $6.00 to $8.00 at retail. And it is worth every penny of it. Our own regular price is $3.98, but I am anxious to see if the readers of this paper WANT HIGH QUALITY so I am cutting the price to only $2.98. I DO NOT EXPECT TO MAKE ANY PROFIT ON THIS DRESS because I want to introduce this QUALITY idea to a number of women right away. I do not believe you have ever before bought this kind of a high quality dress by mail.

Send No Money! Don't send money now unless you care to do so. Just mail the coupon. This fine dress comes in all sizes from 34 to 53 bust measure, and in the following colors—Blue, Lavender, Rose or Black. Be sure to give size and color desired.

I do not know anything about business but I do know women and I am sure this is the kind of a dress you will be proud of. Save $5 by mailing the coupon, and get a dress that will delight you—a new kind of dress, sold by mail. Usually found only in the best stores at more than double my special price.

Cordially yours,

MARY ROBERTS,

Care of Norman Roberts & Company,
Dept. 7F45, 212 East Superior Street,
Chicago, Ill.

Mary Roberts,
care of
Norman Roberts & Co.,
Department 7F45,
212 E. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

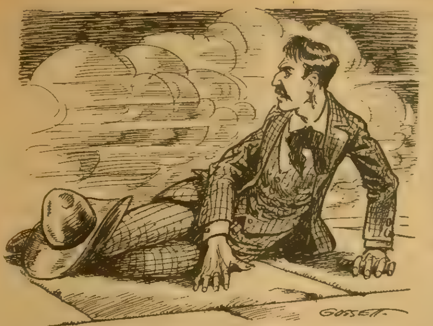
Send me your slenderizing voile and organdy dress on approval. When the package arrives I will pay the mailman the special price of $2.98 and postage. It is understood that if I am not satisfied you will return my money at once.

Size........Color....

Name

Postoffice

R. F. D. No........Street or Box No......................State



The Sheepman Never Knew How It Happened. He Found Himself Out on the Sidewalk, Swearing Wyoming Oaths, as a Taxi Whirled Up the Street.

hogany mantlepiece. She knew the value of those few moments of suspense before the star's entrance on the stage.

Then the grilled-work elevator came down and Miss Vouchamp made her entrance. Even the Colonel, censorious critic of the art of making a hit, found her debut flawless.

She hesitated perceptibly as the Colonel introduced them in his handsomest manner; the color came into her cheeks; her eyes dropped a moment, and then she looked straight into Burnett's eyes for the fraction of a second and gave him her hand with just the right degree of cordiality and just the right degree of reserve.

"Mary Pickford's got nothing on her," said the Colonel to himself as they went out.

THE Colonel had selected a quiet place for dinner. James, the waiter, deft of hand, soft of foot, deferential of voice, served them faultlessly. The orchestra was very good; and the Colonel, sensitive to the harmony of stage settings, felt the glow of satisfaction as his roving eye failed to pick out a single jarring element in the groups of well-dressed, well-bred people at the tables.

"Genteel—that's the word!" he murmured to himself.

"Life in the city is not always so gay as it seems, Mr. Burnett. Some times one gets tired of the rush and wants to get away from it. Now you're a man who has seen life as it really is among the mountains and the big plains and—and the other things!

"Society! I don't care for society. One has to worry over dinner and teas and receptions and clothes—you simply have to do it. I don't do it because I want to. I'd rather be a poor country girl than to have to keep up this pace."

The dinner over the Colonel motioned to the waiter to come close, he whispered something in his ear, whereupon the waiter left with a faint smile on his lips; and returned shortly with a bottle wrapped lovingly in a towel.

"Thanks," said Mr. George Burnett, "I'm not much on this anyhow."

"It's some of a special old vintage they keep for me here," said the Colonel urbanely. "I propose a toast to the Great West, Mr. Burnett—the Great West, where men are men!"

Miss Vouchamp sipped daintily.

"I'm drinking the toast just the same; but, really, I never touch liquor to any extent," said she.

Next morning the Colonel came into the office smiling; and by that Miss Alston knew the business in hand was prospering. She did not see Mr. George Burnett that afternoon, for he had gone motoring with the Colonel, and had called again at Miss Vouchamp's that evening. This time it was dinner and the theater.

Next morning the Colonel did not smile. He looked over his correspondence, snapped a few orders and left. Half an hour later he was in Miss Vouchamp's sitting-room while she serenely ordered her morning cocktail; sat on the arm of a chair and drank while the Colonel strode up and down the room.

"What's the matter with you, anyway, Margaret?" demanded the Colonel angrily. "You had him going the first night; but last night you fell down. Look's to me as if you were trying to throw the game!"

"Did it, Plunky?" murmured Miss Vouchamp. "Well, what ought I to have done?"

He shuddered at "Plunky," for it savored too much of the old hair tonic days

"Done!" cried the Colonel. "Just keep up that play you started the first night—that's all. Hand that soft music stuff to him strong. He'll fall for it. Pass it out about wanting to quit the bright lights—and be a real woman. You ain't losing your grip, are you?"

"That's it, I guess," answered Miss Vouchamp. "Say, do you think I couldn't get him if I wanted to? I don't want to—that's the size of it."

The Colonel stared and then ripped out some distinctly naughty words

"Go on—swear!" said Miss Vouchamp "I'm going to renig on George Burnett."

The Colonel's face began to look dangerous.

"Why?"

"I'll tell you why. Because he's on the level with me. Because he's a boy and a good one, too; and I haven't got the nerve to keep it up. The others—they've been different. They were all looking for the best of it and putting up the coin to marry me. Talk about stealing pennies from a blind man!"

The Colonel laughed, then sneered

"Just cut out that talk, will you? It don't fool me, you know you can't land him—that's all. Take it from me, Margaret, you act different tonight or I'm thru with you. And if we split it's back to the chorus and thirty a week for yours, and in a couple of years you'll be down and out. This is easy money for you," he waved his hand around the room, "and there's plenty more where that come from. Next year we'll take a trip to Europe and see what we can do there. Anyway, you needn't worry about Mr. George Burnett. He was telling me last night about a certain pretty widow he had on his string back home, and this afternoon hes' out in my machine with that frend of yours that you introduced me to the other night."

"I don't believe it!" she said.

"All right," answered the Colonel "Think it over. We'll be here at 6."

Miss Alston, once in a long while, would stop in the bank where she kept her savings and draw out enough to give herself and her mother a good treat

Sometimes it was an evening in Central Park; sometimes a Sunday in the country, and sometimes a good movie, with a stop in one of the numerous ice cream palaces for a special of some kind and a box of candy for her brothers. On this particular evening they had emerged from the theater and were crossing Seventh avenue when a machine whirled past them and Miss Alston looked for an instant into the flushed face of the man from Montana. He was laughing wildly, and his arm was around a fur coat and in the fur coat was a figure that she recognized at once as that of Miss Vouchamp. The Colonel was in the front seat, with the chauffeur.

"What's the matter, Kittie?" asked Miss Alston's mother anxiously "Did you know those people?"

"No," she answered, and then with some vindictiveness "They're just—joy-riders."

Mr. George Burnett awoke next morning with a blinding headache, a dull, slow, confused review of the events of the last few days, and finally to a bitterness of heart that only disillusioned youth can feel. He lay for a long while, thinking. Then he arose, rang, paid tribute to a bellboy, received a glass of water, and slowly dressed. He packed his suitcase, paid his hotel bill, ordered a taxicab, and left.

PROMPTLY at 11 o'clock Colonel Plunkett entered the office of the International Matrimonial Agency, and smilingly gretted Miss Alston and confidently passed on into his private office. Presently he called her.

"If that gentleman from Montana should call up or come in," he said, "just tell him I've gone to Chicago for two weeks on some urgent business."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Alston

As she sat down at her typewriter again, the Gentleman from Montana opened the door and walked in. He carried a suitcase

"I want to see Colonel Plunkett," he said smiling a little; but the smile did not hide the fact that his face was white and rather tired, and to Miss Alston it did not seem exactly the face of the man who had come from Montana a week before.

"Colonel Plunkett left word this morning that he had gone to Chicago for two weeks," she said.

"I'm sorry," answered George. "I had something that I wanted to tell him." He set down the suitcase and came toward her. "I'm going back home today," he said, smiling again, "and I came to congratulate the Colonel. You needn't look surprised. I know you're on, all right. But I give you credit, for it's a pretty clever game."

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Alston icily "I don't understand you."

George Burnett moved closer. "Yes, you do, so does the Colonel and Miss Vouchamp—if that's her name. You had me down right. I'm quite an easy mark, after all." He gave a little short laugh. "I thought, because I could come East every year or two and go back without carrying home a wagonload of gold bricks, that I was pretty wise. I suppose it's done me good to find out just how big a fool I am." He arose, smiling, and held out his hand "So long as the Colonel isn't here, let me congratulate you. Tell him that it was smooth work. I like to be a good loser."

Miss Alston arose also, but she did not take his hand. Instead, she looked out of the window.

"Don't!" she said, "please don't. I'm sorry—I'm more sorry than I can tell you!"

"That's all right, don't worry about me, for I have enough to spare." His voice had suddenly hardened

"I'm sorry because—because it hurt you, not because of your money!" cried Miss Alston, her big blue eyes filled with tears. "And I'm sorry because you think I'm one of them, for I'm not. I'm his stenographer—that's all. And I'll never be again after today. I don't want you to return home thinking that."

And sitting down at her desk without another look at George, she began banging the keys of her typewriter furiously She seemed to be trying for a speed record. Now George, not being superhuman, did not see the tears. He stood there gazing silently down at her a moment, then turned, picked up his suitcase and walked out

After the door closed, the clack of the keys became slower and slower until they ceased altogether. Miss Alston stared at the door, and then her shining head went down on the desk and indulged in a good cry

As Colonel Plunkett heard the door close, he smiled with the agreeable expression of a well-fed wolf, lit a cigar and tiptoed cautiously to the door of the outer office. Silence. Then Miss Alston's head went down on the desk, and the Colonel entered

Miss Alston raised her head, and exhibited two slightly reddened eyes and a small nose from the tip of which every speck of powder had been washed by the tears. She rubbed her eyes with her handkerchief, and made a brave attempt to smile at the Colonel.

In that moment of weakness she resembled not at all the collected, business like stenographer who took dictation from the Colonel at the rate of two hundred words a minute. Instead she looked all at once small and helpless; and the Colonel, with the wolf-smile still on his lips, moved silently to the desk and put his arm around her.

"There—there, little girl!" said he. "What's the matter?" And he attmepted to kiss her

Miss Alston jumped up and retreated to the other end of the room, her face aglow.

George Burnett stepped from the elevator, stood at the entrance of the building, and pulled out his watch. He had half a day to catch the train for the West. So he roamed aimlessly about the great city, but the thought of a pair of troubled blue eyes and a small and agitated voice would not leave him.

"I guess that girl is square, she struck me as being a lot different from the others. I can't think how she come to be mixed up with the rest of that lot, they being so wolfish, and her seeming so shy and little," and as if a sudden inspiration had seized him, he turned and started back towards the Dexter Building, and as he had not gone very far, he was soon in the elevator. "I'll go up and apologize anyway," he thought as the cage shot up to the eighteenth floor.

AS HE entered with a smile and an apology on his lips, Colonel Plunkett had just succeeded in cornering Miss Alston Neither heard him. Miss Alston pleading, trying to cry aloud, struggling with all the might of her small body, suddenly saw George's fist connect with the Colonel's jaw. I don't believe the spectators of the Dempsey-Carpentier go saw so much action in so little space of time, for there followed two minutes in which Mr. Burnett of the X Y Z Ranch, Choteau County, Montana, demonstrated

(Concluded on Page 26.)

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box E, South Bend, Ind.

Send Us Your Name and We'll Send You an Alpha Pearl Necklace

THE MOST SENSATIONAL PEARL OFFER EVER MADE!

Genuine Alpha pearls are known all over the world for their beauty [illegible] only in pearls of highest grade. Alpha pearls are [illegible] and graduated by experts, strung on highest grade silk floss and fitted with solid gold spring ring safety catches, length 24 inches

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Just send your name and address, no money, and we'll send this genuine Alpha pearl necklace on 10 days' trial. Pay your postman $1.00 on delivery. Test the pearls, show them to your friends, then if you are not convinced of their quality and low price send them back and we will refund your deposit. If you keep them pay only $1.00 a month until you have paid $11.00. Genuine Alpha pearls of this grade cannot be purchased in any jewelry store for less than $[illegible]

NO PAPERS TO SIGN

There are no strings attached to this offer—no embarrassing questions to answer. WE TRUST YOU. Simply send us your name and address today and the pearls come to you for ten days trial

GUARANTEE

We guarantee genuine Alpha pearls to be indestructible, that they will not peel, crack or change their color. We guarantee that they will give [illegible] Order today!

Rosgren Export Co., 24 Lorsch Bldg., New York, N.Y.

20 SHOT AUTOMATIC 9.75

32 cal. SPECIALLY PRICED

Send today sure [illegible] this brand new improved 20 shot, 32 cal. automatic of the finest blue steel. 10 shots with extra magazine, making 20 quick, sure, shots in all. Double safety. Special at $9.75.

Also brand new 25 cal. 7 shot blue steel automatic at the unbelievably low price of $6.95.

Both guns shoot any standard automatic cartridge.

Money back promptly if Not Satisfied.

PAY EXPRESSMAN ON DELIVERY PLUS POSTAGE

CONSUMERS CO., Dept. IAC, 1265 Broadway, N.Y.

KING TUT Charm Girdle $1.89

Charming & Lucky

Egypt's Mystic King Tut created for his Queen a Charm Girdle. Its highly colored links and gleaming silver white emblems of strange design protected the wearer and was supposed to bring love, charm success and happiness.

The Year's Sensation. This King Tut Charm Girdle like the ancient Egyptian one is said by thousands to possess mystic charm for the wearer bringing success in love, games and business—a beautiful girdle to wear with any dress, every woman delighted, makes wonderful gift. Colors: Jade Green, Navy Blue, Ruby Red and Black. Order Today. Send no money, just name and address. Pay Postman $1.89 on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Eastern Importers
747 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Dept. C-5

ASTHMA

Banished! Forever!

The Cause Removed

Healing, soothing Asthma Sera, the wonderful new non narcotic medicine has brought PERMANENT, LASTING RELIEF to many hundreds of former sufferers. Send this announcement — let us tell you more about it

R. M. B. LABORATORIES
700 Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

LUCKY HORSESHOE RING

Change Your Luck

The famous Kosmos Lucky Ring is a thing of beauty, it's odd, it's attractive. Made of solid Gold and Silver, set with Sparkling Garnet. It's the symbol of good luck in business, love or anything. Send your ring measure (strip of paper around finger) and we will send you this wonderful Ring. When it comes pay this special price of $3.97. Wear it seven days and follow the seven rules which come with it. If not fully satisfied your money back. Be in luck, order now!

KOSMOS CO., Dept. 102, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

Elegant THIN MODEL Guaranteed Watch $4.96

C.O.D.

PARCEL POST

AGENTS WANTED [illegible] C.O.D. $4.96. Pay your postman when you receive it. GUARANTEED A Reliable Timekeeper For 6 Years.

BOSTON JEWELRY CO., [illegible], Chicago, Ill.

Unscrambling the Eggs

(Continued From Page 4.)

had made him a valuable man for his party machine in a dozen hard political campaigns. His diction was faultless; his questions pointed. While far from being at ease, Martin's rebuttal was permeated with a beautiful optimism and a confidence in the future that would have inspired a poet.

"I'll be frank," Martin began when Old Man Barnes demanded an immediate explanation. "I love your daughter and she loves me, and——"

Barnes interrupted with an able discourse on the necessity of grocery bills. He suggested that before there can be love in a cottage there must be a cottage, or an income that will stand up on rent day. Barnes ended his oration w[illegible] Martin inform him on the future prospects of a newspaper [illegible].

"Well, I was discharged from the Herald today," Martin admitted, "but I'm going to the State capital tomorrow and I have every reason to believe I shall find a better place than the one I have lost. There's a man running a paper at the capital for whom I have an ambition to work and I'm going to convince him that I'm his sort of a man."

Old Man Barnes, chairman of the public service commission, if you please, and wheel-horse in the party machine, recognized but one paper in the capital, the Morning Chronicle. The Chronicle always said that Barnes was a great man, and there was a well-beaten track between the office of the chairman of the public service commission and the Chronicle's back door, and the prints on that track were [illegible] by Barnes' [illegible].

"Yes," Old Man Barnes replied, with a sarcastic rasp in his voice. "Doubtless the Chronicle won't be able to run [illegible] week without you."

[illegible] surprise [illegible] Mr. Barnes, [illegible] I want to work for Dave Bowman, who recently bought the [illegible].

"Oh-ho! Going to join the 'save-the-people' crowd, are you?" said Barnes. "Well, let me tell you something, young man! You pack up your affections and [illegible] them at some other address and, in the next place, [illegible] of Bowman's [illegible] months. Now clear out of here."

To have lost a job because of the weakness of one sausage link, and to have lost his best girl because of an irate father, was decidedly disquieting. Martin spent what remained of the night walking the streets and reflecting on the misfortunes which travel in flocks and go to roost at unexpected times and in unsuspected places. The sun of hope had set in Harmon, perhaps it would rise in the capital; at any rate, Martin decided that he would be a passenger on the first interurban car pulling out that morning for the capital.

There was quite a crowd on the early car. A conspicuous part of the crowd was Old Man Barnes. When Martin saw Barnes climbing aboard, he debated the advisability of waiting for the next car. However, Barnes took a seat well to the front and on the side of the aisle opposite to that on which Martin was and the newspaper man decided that if the old politician just kept his head turned toward the front end, no damage would be done, even tho the mere sight of Barnes' [illegible] head back and [illegible] thick neck was, for Martin, an unwelcome reminder of a late unpleasantness.

THE car started. There was no break in the usual rumbling monotony until Martin became aware of a feeling of unnaturalness. Something was radically wrong. He didn't have a morning newspaper to read! Martin wouldn't feel right until he could bury his nose in a paper. He looked about, spied a newspaper in the rack above the seat in front of him. The man who occupied that seat was reading a book. Martin was sure that a man reading a book wouldn't mind if a fellow passenger borrowed his newspaper and, being sure, he stood up and reached for the paper in the rack.

"May I borrow your paper?" he asked.

The passenger came to his feet with a jump, causing Martin to draw back in surprise. The man turned toward him and just for a second seemed to be struggling under [illegible] mental strain. His face was white and his eyes had the look which Martin had always associated with fright. The passenger—there was something instinctive in the action—placed his hand over the newspaper in the rack.

"Why—er—it's just an old paper," he stammered. "It's wrapped about a box of eggs, however, if you really want to [illegible] I——"

"No, no," Martin interrupted, chagrined that he had startled the man. "I thought it was this morning's paper. I beg your pardon."

Martin went back and talked the conductor out of his morning paper. When [illegible] to [illegible] seat, the passenger [illegible] the seat just ahead of [illegible] had [illegible] to a seat directly across the aisle from Mr. Barnes and was holding his package of eggs on his lap.

The egg man got off at Wide Water, the last express stop before the car reached the capital. Being unwilling to embarrass Old Man Barnes by meeting him face to face, Martin went to the rear platform and rode there as the car made its way thru the city. He was the first passenger off the car when it stopped in the capital station and just two hours later he had convinced Dave Bowman that he needed an experienced reporter on the Evening Telegram.

When such trivial matters as salary had been disposed of, Bowman went at something of importance.

"There is a band of philanthropic pirates in this city," he told Martin, "and it has had its own way for twenty years. These highbinders are out to do something handsome by the city. They are going to consolidate the two street car lines. These pirates used a high-pressure pump on the stock of the older company when they organized it and cleaned up a few millions. Then the People's Transit Company was organized to fight them. Now they are trying to swallow the People's company, with the consent of the State Public Service Commission. It's a rotten deal! Your job, Mr. Martin, is [illegible] the deal [illegible]. The final hearing before the commission comes up in two weeks. You'll have to work fast."

MARTIN knew what it was to work fast. He soon found out what it meant to get under a story in which the Philanthropic Pirates were interested. Twenty-four hours of almost futile effort convinced him that he was up against the strongest combination of capital and politics in the State. By the end of the third day, Martin had learned that five years prior to the opening of negotiations for the consolidation of the two street car systems, the Philanthropic Pirates had sold to the newly organized People's Transit Company, a practically worthless and worn out "cross town" line. The pirates had made a nice slice of easy money out of the sale, made the new company, backed by the citizens, believe that they had purchased control of [illegible] car system which was profitable.

The new company hadn't fared very well and now the pirates, having made a few millions in the sale of a part of their property, meant to make a few more millions by buying it back. It was a complicated deal and as rotten as it was complicated and Martin took the readers of the Telegram thru all the complications and showed them every bit of the rottenness, until public indignation was stirred and the only way that the deal could be put across was by the ruthless action of State Public Service Commission.

Ruthless action was a specialty of the commission. The philanthropic pirates were responsible for the commission. They had it established and they saw to it that always a majority of the five members would "listen to reason." In the face of a hostile public two commissioners already had declared themselves. The merger of the two street car companies was a good thing for the public; it meant a larger and better city. They would vote for it. The chairman of the commission, Old Man Barnes, had said nothing. The Morning Chronicle, however, was saying nice things about Barnes and the Chronicle never said nice things about men who refused to play the game, and "the game," as far as the Chronicle was concerned, was making money for the philanthropic pirates. Two of the commissioners had kicked over the traces; they had heard the voice of the people and didn't dare to vote against the public demand that the merger be blocked. That made it two for and two against the deal and it was up to Barnes.

THREE days before the hearing, Martin admitted to his chief that the jig was up; the merger would be approved by the commission and the pirates would pocket the swag. Barnes never had failed the pirates and he would deliver when the time came. Bowman and Martin remained in the office until ten o'clock that night talking over the prospects of defeat.

Bowman had been gone a half hour before Martin went down the stairs from the editorial rooms. At the street door he met an old man looking for the editor.

"This is an afternoon paper," Martin explained. "All the boys go home before six o'clock. What's on your mind, maybe I can do something for you?"

"Well, I've lost my job with the street car company," whined the old man. "I'm honest, and that's why they canned me."

"There are times when an honest man gets his bumps," Martin admitted.

"I should say there are!" exclaimed the old man. "Why, I just took the money home to keep over night, and afore I could get to the office next morning to turn it in they sends for me and tells me I'm fired."

Martin failed to see much of a story in these details, but he was the last person to pass judgment until he had all the details.

"How much money?" he asked.

"Ten thousand dollars," replied the old man, and the way he said it showed that he had not fully recovered from the shock of seeing that much money at one time.

"That's a lot of money if it's in one-dollar bills," Martin remarked. "Come up to the office and let's talk it over."

It was an hour later when Martin and the old man came down from the editorial offices. The old man went away grumbling over the penalties of being honest. Martin wandered aimlessly toward the Punkert Hotel reviewing the old man's story.

He had been a car cleaner for the interurban company. In sorting the refuse taken from a Harmon car he had found a newspaper which seemed to be sealed about a box. Investigating he found a pasteboard egg box inside the paper and in the egg box the most astonishing eggs—long, flat, thin, brown and green eggs with lettering and pictures and figures on them. They were the next thing to golden eggs, because each of the ten had a declaration on its face that it was worth a thousand dollars.

Never having had more than fifty dollars in his possession at one time, the sight of so much money confused and excited the old man. He couldn't decide what to do. He took the package home with him and there counted the money. At first he thought there were ten one-hundred-dollar bills, and when he realized that each bill was worth ten one-hundred-dollar bills, and that he had ten thousand dollars in his hands, he was witless with astonishment. So much money wasn't safe in the house, so he took it to the chicken house and hid it under the barrel of cracked corn.

All day he debated what to do about the money. Finally he decided to take the package with him when he went to work that night and turn it in just as he turned in other articles found in the cars. That was an honest decision but he failed to execute it, because an hour before he started for work the company sent for him. Suspecting what was wanted, the old man took the money with him. When asked if he had found anything in the Harmon car when he cleaned it, he produced the money, gave it up and was promptly fired for not having turned it in immediately on finding it.

The date and the man who cleaned the money were the two details of the story which interested Martin. Early the next morning Martin started out to verify the old man's story. He did verify it.

NO ONE saw Martin in the Telegram office that day. At 9 o'clock that night Martin rang the bell of a bungalow in the north part of town. A high-pitched, querulous voice insisted on knowing who was without.

"A message from the office," Martin said, evading explanations.

Immediately the key was turned and the door opened.

"I've a message for you which I can deliver only when I'm sure no one else hears it," Martin insisted.

The little man groaned, and invited Martin to step in. A minute later they were in a comfortable parlor where the light was strong enough to show Martin that the man of the house was the passenger who had occupied the seat ahead of him the morning Martin rode the interurban to the capital. That was the one fact Martin was after before plunging into a course of action which was about 50 per cent bluff.

It was 11:30 when Martin departed from the bungalow. Once out of the yard he raced for the car line. He knew if he could reach the Thirty-Fourth street junction on the interurban line by midnight he could catch the last car for Harmon. If he had been given his choice between Harmon and heaven at that moment, he would have taken Harmon. There may have been method in this madness. Hazel Barnes was in Harmon, therefore by taking Harmon, Martin would have had Hazel, and having Hazel, he would have had heaven.

He made the junction five minutes ahead of the last Harmon car. A part of those five minutes he used in dropping nickels into a telephone box in an attempt to get in communication with Bowman, his chief. He had obtained no answer before he had to bolt from the booth and board the car. When Bowman, aroused from bed, answered his telephone central told him there was no one on the line, whereupon Mr. Bowman told the telephone operator a few things which wouldn't have looked well in print.

In the meantime Martin thought the interurban car was making very slow time. He was excited for the first time since his cub days. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when he stepped onto the veranda of the Barnes' home. Martin was not sure which made the more noise, the door bell or his own heart. The bell sounded for the third time before a sleepy servant, evidently of a cautious disposition, inquired from behind the locked door, what was wanted.

"Please tell Mr. Barnes a reporter from the Chronicle must see him at once."

Five minutes of silence before the servant returned and opened the door. The servant got a shock because servants have a way of knowing what goes on in the family. Here was Miss Hazel's beau—the one Mr. Barnes had ordered from the house—and he was holding up a warning finger!

"Now be good and don't tell Mr. Barnes that I'm his caller," pleaded Martin in a whisper and the servant knowing that the course of true love is rocky, felt honored by this opportunity to aid and abet a romantic intrigue whatever its character might prove to be.

GLANDS MADE ACTIVE BY A NEW DISCOVERY

Chemists Find a Substance Which Renews Vigor by Effect on Nerves and Secretions.

A discovery made recently by medical chemists will be hailed with delight by millions. It is a substance which quickly renews youthful vigor by increasing the activity of the nerves and glands on which vital force depends. Its effect is so prompt that a few grains of it produce a visible improvement. Thousands who have tried it tell of delightful results in 24 to 48 hours, many reporting a full restoration of physical powers within a week.

The discovery has what scientists call a "selective" effect, concentrated directly on important nerve centers, glands and blood vessels. Thus the circulation improves, a [illegible] of warmth is felt and the increased glandular activity soon brings a restoration of youthful power and animation, manifested in sparkling eyes, buoyant step and an eagerness and increased capacity for the duties of life. The effects are virtually the same in both old and young. Men past 60 say the discovery has given them the vigor of the prime of life.

In the research department of the Melton laboratories, the substance has been made available for home treatment by combining it, in tablet form, with other invigorating ingredients. The result, known as korex compound, is a double-strength product, containing no harmful drugs, which users pronounce the most powerful and delightful vitalizer known. In fact, its success has been so great that the distributors invite any person needing it to take a double-strength treatment with the understanding that it costs nothing if it [illegible].

It [illegible] Melton Laboratories, [illegible] Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and the treatment will be mailed to you in a plain, sealed package. You may enclose $2, or simply send your name, without money, and pay $2 and postage on delivery. In either case, if you report "no results" after one week, the laboratories will refund your money. These laboratories are thoroughly reliable, so nobody need hesitate to accept their guaranteed offer [illegible].

Don't Wear a Truss!

After Thirty Years' Experience We Have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.

WE SEND IT ON TRIAL.

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success, send attached coupon today

The Above is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured, Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Michigan.

and we will send you free our Illustrated Book on rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It gives instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. Beware of imitations. Look for trade mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Brooks Appliance Company
316N State St., Marshall, Mich

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name.......
Address ...
City ... State

Ten minutes later Old Man Barnes, in pajamas and lounging robe, appeared. The Chronicle could not call Barnes from his bed at an hour he would resent. He was smiling as he stepped into the library but when he saw Martin the smile vanished and his disposition became as much awry as his hair. He hemmed, hawed, glared and, perhaps, would have spoken eventually if Martin had given him time to find words.

"You'll pardon me, I'm sure, Mr. Barnes," Martin began, "because it was most important that I should see you without delay and, knowing the high regard you have for that ring-ridden sheet, I took the liberty of saying that I was from the Chronicle. As a matter of fact, I got that job I was after on the Telegram, as you probably are well aware since we have had much to say about you and your commission, and now that I have the job I've decided to marry Hazel and I thought you should know of my decision at once."

For once in his life Old Man Barnes was speechless with anger. Martin continued:

"As you know, Hazel loves me and I love her and there's no necessity for delaying now that I have regular paydays. And while I am here, Mr. Bowman, my chief on the Telegram, wanted me to congratulate you on your stand for the people. He says your vote against the merger tomorrow will be a great victory for the public welfare."

"You impudent puppy!" Old Man Barnes finally sputtered. "I'll call the police. I'll——"

"Why call the police?" Martin asked, his outward calm giving no indication of the very tempest of excitement sweeping him. "I'm not going to turn State's evidence on you."

Barnes started from the chair into which he had wilted in his impotent rage. His fingers closed into his palms and opened again as if they were itching to do violence. He took a step toward the reporter, paused, turned back and started for the door. To show how completely indicision held him, at the door he turned back again. The reporter realized that the honorable chairman of the State commission could not long endure this acute attack of anger and that it would be humane to relieve the tension.

"There is no occasion for calling the police," Martin said finally, "what I know isn't for the police or for the papers. I just want to talk it over with you. Please sit down."

There was that in Martin's manner which changed Barnes' anger to curiosity seasoned with misgiving. He sat down, marveling that in his own castle he was taking orders from this upstart.

"Where did you get that ten thousand dollars you left on the interurban car some days ago?" Martin put as much calm and deliberation in the question as he could command in the face of his own excitement.

Barnes' hands closed convulsively. The red flush of anger in his face faded until his countenance was unnaturally white.

"Ten thousand dollars!" he repeated slowly. "Do me the favor of talking sense."

"I'll tell you a funny story," Martin said, "then, maybe, we'll be ready to talk business. A really good newspaper person lost his job in Harmon some time ago. He took an interurban car, early the next morning, for the capital and on that car was one of our most respected citizens. There was another passenger who seemed to have an interest in eggs. He carried them carefully concealed in a newspaper and on leaving the car at Wide Water, quite absentmindedly I am sure, he put the package of eggs on the seat beside the highly respected citizen. Being interested in neither eggs or old papers, the highly respected citizen tossed the package into the rack above him. That night a car cleaner found a package of eggs—nest eggs, you might say. He took them home for safe keeping. In the meantime, the passenger who had left the package when he got off the car at Wide Water became anxious lest the eggs might fall into strange hands and not have a good home, and remembering the highly respected citizen who had been sitting opposite him in the car, he called him on the phone and asked if he had received the present—of eggs, of course. It was then that our most respected citizens realized that the old newspaper may have been of value. He called up the traction company, they called the car cleaner, our most respected citizen got his eggs and our car cleaner got the sack and fifty dollars from a certain newspaper person for whom you never have had a very high regard. There were ten eggs in the package. You might call them Easter eggs. They had decorations on them, placed there under the authority of Uncle Sam and those decorations made them worth a thousand dollars apiece. Isn't it a good story, Mr. Barnes?"

The chairman of the public utility commission still stared. The stare deteriorated into a look of bewilderment, stupidity and awe. Twice his tongue dampened his lips, but he made no sound.

"Doubtless there are details in the story with which you are more familiar than I am," Martin continued. "The point is, Mr. Barnes, the man who left the eggs for you was a bookkeeper for the street car company and he is keeping himself out of the penitentiary by telling me just what happened. Now the merger hearing comes up tomorrow. The vote is a tie until you decide it. I've prepared a short statement—and Martin drew from his pocket several pages of poorly written manuscript—you'll find the sentiment is good even tho the writing is poor, good enough for the first page of the Telegram tomorrow evening; good enough, perhaps, to make you a United States Senator if you have the backbone to live up to the sentiment. It tells exactly what these philanthropic pirates are trying to do to the public, how they have systematically robbed the people in the State capital, and it says that the day has come when that sort of piracy is out of date. It says that you consider it a high privilege to save the public in this emergency, and that in casting your vote against the merger you feel that you have rendered no small service to the people, whose welfare is ever nearest your heart. That's all it says, Mr. Barnes. It's a perfectly good statement because I wrote it myself, and all you have to do is sign here at the bottom of the page."

Martin stepped to Barnes' chair and held out the sheets and his fountain pen.

"This is blackmail," Barnes groaned. "A conspiracy to ruin me."

"Not exactly," replied Martin. "Offering a bribe is enough to put a man behind the bars, and accepting one leads over the same trail. That's why I've decided that you'll not accept this one. You'll announce in the Telegram tomorrow that this sum of money has come into your hands and that you have no idea who sent it; you'll say you don't want it and that it will be with the secretary of the commission for thirty days and the man who sent it may get it there by identifying it and telling why he sent it. Of course, the guilty person will never claim the money. You can then donate it to the State highway fund or some charity. There are possibilities in that situation!"

"But suppose they investigate—suppose the State—— Great God, I'm ruined, ruined!"

Martin weakened. Old man Barnes was in agony.

"Here, they'll not investigate!" he assured Barnes. "You know the ring because you've played the game with them. They'll not dare start anything when they know what's on their hands. As for being ruined, if you want to go straight from now on you are made. This statement and your vote against the merger is going to put you in right with the people. They elect Senators by popular vote now. You don't have to ask the ring for permission to get into a senatorial race. You're made, I tell you, if you go straight from now on, and, as I'm going to be a member of the family, I'll try to see to it that you do go straight."

Barnes showed signs of returning anger.

"You don't mean that you are going to hold this over me to force my consent to——"

"Far be it from such," Martin grinned. "I'm just holding this over you to prevent an elopement. Hazel and I were going to marry as soon as I got settled in the capital, whether you liked it or not. This just prevents a scandal in the family. Just sign the last sheet of the statement and I'll have a copy ready for you when you arrive in the capital tomorrow morning for the hearing. In the meantime, not a word to the Chronicle."

SAN FRANCISCO had its earthquake, Chicago its fire, Galveston its flood, and the capital had the Barnes sensation, when that old wheel-horse of the machine turned the machine over and spilled the treasure when it was right in the hands of the philanthropic pirates.

Bowman, owner and publisher of the Telegram, was called from his bed early that morning, and no more than half-dressed, he was literally snatched away from his house in a dust-covered automobile. On the way to the office, Martin, red-eyed, dust-covered and sleepless, told the big chief that he had been on the trail of the chairman of the commission.

"The street car merger will never go thru," said Martin.

"But it was known all over town last night that everything was set to put it across," said Bowman.

"I've got Barnes' signed statement here, in which he votes against the merger and gives his reasons. It's a long story, and I'll have to tell it my own way. It's worth at least half of the front page with a three-column picture of Barnes and pictures of the two other commissioners who are voting against it. The commission meets at 1 o'clock. I've got the story now and we can spring it exclusive in the noon edition."

"How do you know that Barnes is playing square with you?" Bowman asked.

"It's the other way round, I'm playing square with him."

"I don't understand you," Bowman complained.

"Of course you don't. The merger is dead and we can print that story. But there's a story behind the story that isn't for publication."

The Telegram caused a sensation in the capital at noon that day. For the first time in history the philanthropic pirates had been whipped. That night the pirates sat about an empty boodle-box and asked each other: "Who 'n hell is this Martin person? He's the fellow who spilled the beans."

If they had asked Bowman he would have been able to give them a short and enlightening answer. It would have been the same answer he gave his wife that night when she asked, "Who is this Mr. Martin?"

"Martin," Bowman replied, "oh, he's the man I've been looking for."

$3.75 FOR 2 TIRES

Guaranteed 6 Months

Special Sale of Standard Tires at Cut Prices. Think of it! Two tires for much less than usual cost of one, but you must act quick! These Goodyear—Fisk—Firestone—Goodrich—U. S., etc. slightly used Tires, fabricated by Miles process are giving our customers maximum mileage. No double treads or sewed-on tires. GUARANTEED 6 MONTHS or replaced at half original price. You too can get 10,000 MILES. Our Prices Can't Be Beat.

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Tubes	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Tubes
28x3	$2.50	$3.75	$ .95	34x4	$7.50	$ 9.75	$1.95
30x3	3.75	5.75	.95	32x4½	8.25	10.00	2.25
30x3½	4.75	6.75	1.05	33x4½	8.75	10.75	2.60
32x3½	5.50	7.75	1.30	34x4½	9.00	11.75	2.50
31x4	6.50	8.50	1.60	35x4½	9.75	12.00	2.75
32x4	7.00	9.25	1.75	36x4½	10.00	13.00	2.75
33x4	7.50	9.75	1.85	35x5	10.50	13.50	2.95

Free Inspection Don't Wait! Order today to be sure of getting sizes and number of tires wanted. Tires sent subject to examination upon receipt of $1 deposit per tire as good faith, balance C. O. D. If not entirely satisfactory, return. Don't delay, order at once—TODAY!

MILES TIRE COMPANY
2129 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 11, Chicago, Ill.

BLUE STEEL MILITARY AUTOMATIC

NEWEST MODEL Regular Value $25.00

Shoots standard cartridges, lies flat in pocket. Genuine German Mauser 10 Shot 25 Calibre $12.20, 32 Calibre $13.20. World famous Luger 30 calibre $19.95. Hand Ejector Swing Cylinder Revolver 32 Calibre, $16.75, 38 Calibre $17.75. All brand new latest models guaranteed imported.

$8.25 Perfect Safety Device 32 Cal. $10.25

SEND NO MONEY Pay on delivery plus postage.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money promptly refunded.

$6.75 25 Cal. Vest Pocket Automatic. Massive military Trench Model Automatic 32 Calibre 10 shot, extra 10 shot magazine free, $11.45. Break open Revolver long Barrel 32 Calibre, $8.45. 38 Calibre, $8.75.

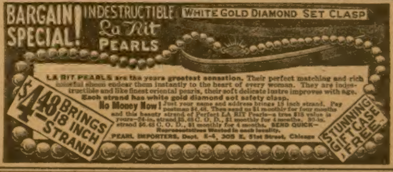
IMPORT SALES CO., 842 Broadway, Dept. 34, New York

Change Your Luck

1,000 Lucky People will wear this Egyptian Good Luck Ring for sure success in all they undertake. Will you be one of the 1,000? Then send at once for this wonderful Gold Acid Test Ring with the Ancient King Tut-Ankh-Amen's genuine seal, and story of its secret symbols.

FREE "The Magic Secret" of Getting What You Want. Send measure (string tied around finger). $1.98 or $1.95 C. O. D. Money Back Guarantee.

Y. REO CO., 116 W. 39th Street, New York, N. Y.



BARGAIN SPECIAL! INDESTRUCTIBLE La Rit PEARLS WHITE GOLD DIAMOND SET CLASP

LA RIT PEARLS are the years greatest sensation. Their perfect matching and rich colorful sheen endear them instantly to the heart of every woman. They are indestructible and like finest oriental pearls, their soft delicate lustre improves with age. Each strand has white gold diamond set safety clasp.

No Money Now! Just your name and address brings 18 inch strand. Pay postman $4.48. Then send us $1 monthly for four months and this beauty strand of Perfect LA RIT Pearls—a true $15 value is yours—24-in. strand $5.48 C. O. D., $1 monthly for 4 months. 30-in. strand $6.48 C. O. D., $1 monthly for 4 months. SEND QUICK—Representatives Wanted in each locality.

PEARL IMPORTERS, Dept. E-4, 305 E. 51st Street, Chicago

$4.48 BRINGS 18 INCH STRAND

STUNNING GIFTCASE FREE

FIVE FORD AUTOMOBILES GIVEN FREE

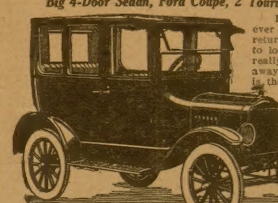
Big 4-Door Sedan, Ford Coupe, 2 Touring Cars and Roadster—ALL ABSOLUTELY FREE

Here it is at last! Positively the biggest and best opportunity ever offered to secure a new Ford Automobile Free of any cost in return for something you can readily do if you will just try. Nothing to lose! Everything to gain! Send no money. Five Ford Cars really given away. The thing to do is to get started quick—right away—at once. Read this wonderful offer, then act fast. Today is the best time. Whatever else you may do, you should not let this opportunity pass by.

WRITE ME AT ONCE!

Every Minute Counts

If you want a shining new automobile for your very own here is the greatest opportunity of a life time to win either a big 4-Door Sedan, a Ford Coupe, your choice of two Ford Touring Cars or a Ford Roadster. Five Ford Cars Free. Such an offer may never be made again, so do not miss this wonderful chance to own a beautiful new sturdy Ford Car without a penny of money cost. A Ford Automobile Free for each of five enterprising people who will start quick and keep going.



5,000 Ford Votes—Try This Puzzle

6	9	22	5	6	15	18	4	19	6	18	5	5

The figures in the squares above represent letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B, 3 is C and so on. When properly arranged the letters represented by the figures spell three words. The first word has 4 letters, the second has 5 letters and the third has 4 letters. What are the three words? There is nothing hard for you to do. Just as simple as A, B, C. All your neighbors and friends will be interested. Send your solution to this easy puzzle and receive 5000 votes toward one of the 5 Ford Cars. But you should act quickly so that nobody in your neighborhood will get ahead of you. Be the first! The real winners always start quick.

Send Your Answer Now

Get your answer to me just as quickly as the mails will carry it. That is the first and most important thing for you to do, so hurry. The sooner the better, because prompt action at the start will pay you big. This offer is made by a million dollar concern which has given away a great many automobiles free and is now going to give five more fine cars all at once.

W. D. BOYCE CO., 502 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Winners Wanted for Five Ford Cars

The very day I get your puzzle answer and the coupon below you get 5000 votes for one of the five Ford Cars. Then go ahead and make sure of winning the car you want. Positively nothing to lose because I pay liberally in cash for everything you do for me, and, in addition, give you a most wonderful opportunity to easily win either a big 4-Door Sedan, Coupe, Touring Car or Roadster. All cars absolutely free, freight and war tax prepaid. The quicker you start, the easier you win. Try the puzzle. Send your answer, win 5000 votes quick.

Rush Coupon for 5,000 Ford Votes

Contest Mgr.,
W. D. BOYCE CO., 502 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.
Dear Sir: I want to win one of the Five Ford Cars. Here is my answer to the puzzle:

....

Name..

P. O..

Street or Box.......................................State..........

Cupid & Co.

(Concluded From Page 23)

to Colonel Plunkett, that Mars hath his victories as well as Cupid.

The Colonel arose from the floor in time to receive a left hook on his aristocratic nose that let the red sap flow; he staggered forward from a violent collision with the wall, cursing wildly, and attempted to clinch, but he was doubled up by a right swing to the stomach. He was deluged by a flood of blows, became entangled in a whirlwind of hooks, jabs, crosses and punches; and when, sobbing and sputtering bad words and false teeth, he collapsed on a desk and begged for mercy, he was lifted bodily in a mighty grip and tossed into his private office, to lie crumpled on the floor, until he awoke from sweet dreams, about a half an hour later to the cruel realization that the man that quoted as rather a joke, the fact, that the course of true love never did run smooth, was no liar.

Mr. George Burnett, having satisfactorily attended to the Colonel, straightened his coat, and helped the rather pallid girl to a seat.

"I'm sorry to have started a row in here," apologized George, "but I can't stand that kind of a man!"

"Oh, I'm so glad you came back!" cried Miss Alston convulsively. "I—I can't thank you enough!"

"Yes, you can," said George, seizing the psychological moment by the forelock, "and I'll tell you how." He took a long breath. "I came back to apologize for thinking you were one of his bunch. And I made up my mind that I'm going to stay in New York long enough to know you and take you back home with me—if you should ever care to.

"Will you?" he asked.

* * *

"Jess Hargis—Depity"

(Concluded From Page 20.)

hev' said hed you took th' road again? But now they can't be no kick, fer you've done yer work, an' it's over an' you're free. Come with us, tonight, Jess. They'll be things happenin' the way they used to do; the old gang'll be there an', the old game, at which they wasn't never no better man than you. Better come, Jess. Come an' take a hand."

Hargis did not speak. The words had stirred to life the memory of a thousand nights and days, when checkless pleasure, the fever of the play and the alcohol's madness, had been life, the only life, to him. A wild, free life it had been, and he had loved it well, drinking to the full its uncontrolled delights, and daring, even seeking, its manifold alarms; careless of the law and heedless of the creed. For who had recked of either, in the windy attle ranges, where might was right, and only the weak were wrong?

And tonight the game would be after his own heart; no meeting of "tenderfoot" partners this, but a battle royal, waged by skilled and cunning hands, a game to test even his sublety and nerve; he could see the baize of the tables, hear the riffle of the cards, as they fell from the practiced hand, feel the hush which settled as a heavy stake was made, and catch the cry which told the winner's joy and the loser's hate.

Yes, he could see it, feel it all, and as irresistibly it called him, he rose slowly to his feet.

"I'll go," he said, and followed them from the room.

IT WAS after midnight, and the walls of the Evening Star, dingy enough by day, revealed new squalor in the lamplight.

Hogan, the barkeep, his huge chin resting upon his hairy hand, viewed with his one eye the crowd at the table. Of the circle, not one but had an evil name. "Red" Carter, wanted for the shot that killed Murray the ranchman, sat next Stump Ryan, his arch enemy, their hatred guised in vigilant cordiality; opposite Pete was Coyote Bill, fresh from the jail which he had broken, his face opened by the last blow that the warden would ever deal, but half-healed and terrible; "Loco" Cleevy, three half-breeds, and half a dozen Mexicans (these admitted to the circle on account of the money they brought) completed the group.

Hargis, leaning against the bar, had not yet entered the game.

To the common dismay, the Mexicans were winning; and, naturally their cowardice diminished as they drank, they were assuming a manner which, the ex-sheriff knew, could have but one result—a sudden rush for the pile upon the table, a general emptying of guns. Those who survived the final struggle would seek the cover of the hills. And the end was near. Already "Red" Carter's hand was at his hip, when Hogan's shout filled the room.

"The sheriff, boys. He's coming!" The door flew inward, and a tall, young figure strode boldly into the room.

"Hands up!" came the command. But they were in front, behind, and upon every side. Came the crack of a shot, and then another, and Steve Newton, sheriff of Wolf County, sank slowly to the floor.

"Hands——" He could not form the words, but on the floor his hands writhed to his breast, and from his weakened fingers, something rolled to Hargis' feet. In an instant, he had clutched it, and then he KNEW, and "Jess" Hargis, his hard face set in a direful calm, turned menacingly upon them.

"Hands up!" The voice was cold, compelling, merciless. Not one but knew it well, and yet they paused in strange surprise to gaze upon him.

For a long moment they stared, and then: "It's Jess Hargis boys, sheriffin' again. Take him! We'll sure do fer him now!"

The voice was Carter's and his gun was flashing to its aim when the ex-sheriff's bullet found his heart; as his second shot cut the cord which held the lamp, his first stopped Ryan's rush, but, tho the man scarcely felt the blow which crushed him, it took from the rest the force of Hargis' glance, and, like wolves, they rushed on him.

In the melee, no one might aim, and, catching up a heavy bench, Jess Hargis resumed the work which, for teh years, he had done so well.

Try as they might, they could not pierce the circle of that merciless frail, and down the long room he drove them until stunned, broken and mad with fear, they sought only to escape.

The lamp alight again, he stood before them, the Colt, which, in his passion, he had discarded, leveled immovable in his hand.

"You'll stay where you are," he said, "an' I tells you, boys, y'u may think thet because you dropped th' kid, you've got the law where you want it, but mind, and mind it good—the sheriff is Steve Newton, but Jess Hargis' his depity, an' by God, the depity holds th' office when th' sheriff gits plugged."

And, thrusting aside the lapel of his rough jacket, the "depity" shewed his star.

* * *

A Two-priced Horse.

HE WAS leading a skinny old horse along the street when a man shot at him.

"What is your price for that old skate of a horse?"

"Why, if you wish to take him now," was the reply, "you can have him for fifty dollars, and if you wait five minutes longer it will be one hundred dollars."

"Why will it be?" was asked.

"Because, in about ten minutes he will be dead, and I will be weeping over his sad remains. Every time I weep I charge fifty dollars extra. Take him or leave him."

The horse was not sold and no one wept.

A Goat and a Wolf.

A GOAT who had climbed up and was looking out of a window in a barn saw a wolf trotting around a farm yard, and feeling safe from all harm, he cried out:

"O Wolf, what do you do here?"

"I was looking for you," answered the Wolf.

"What do you want of me?"

"I wanted to give you some inside information."

"Never mind about inside information," said the Goat. "My father got some inside information from the inside of a wolf and was never seen again. I do not hanker after any such information."

"Come now," said the Wolf. "Let us be friendly. "I have never hurt you, have I?"

"I can't remember that you have," replied the Goat, "but I do remember that in reading in the book that when goat and wolf meet one or the other is eaten for supper. As I can't eat you, and don't want you to eat me, I'll stay behind and go take a walk."

Moral: Half the world is engaged in trying to eat the other half.

* * *

A Time Saver.

"Miss Vamp, do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Well, it certainly saves a lot of time."

"Why Mrs. Blakely—How Do You Do!"

He had met her only once before. Some one had presented him at a reception both had attended. He had conversed with her a little, danced with her once. And now, two weeks later, he sees her approaching with a young lady who he surmises is her daughter.

"Why, Mrs. Blakely, how do you do!" he exclaims, rushing forward impulsively. But Mrs. Blakely, accustomed to the highest degree of courtesy at all times, returns his greeting coldly.

And nodding briefly, she passes on—leaving the young man angry with her, but angrier himself for blundering at the very moment he wanted most to create a favorable impression.

DO *you* know what to say to a woman when meeting her for the first time after an introduction? Do you know what to say to a woman when leaving her after an introduction? Would you say "Good-bye, I am very glad to have met you"? Or, if she said that to you, how would you answer?

It is just such little unexpected situations like these that take us off our guard and expose us to sudden embarrassments. None of us like to do the wrong thing, the incorrect thing. It condemns us as ill-bred. It makes us ill at ease when we should be well poised. It makes us self-conscious and uncomfortable when we should be calm, self-possessed, confident of ourselves.

The knowledge of what to do and say on all occasions is the greatest personal asset any man or woman can have. It protects against the humiliation of conspicuous blunders. It acts as an armor against the rudeness of others. It gives an ease of manner, a certain calm dignity and self-possession that people recognize and respect.

Do You Ever Feel That You Don't "Belong"?

Perhaps you have been to a party lately, or a dinner, or a reception of some kind. Were you entirely at ease, sure of yourself, confident that you would not do or say anything that others would recognize as ill bred?

Or, were you self-conscious, afraid of doing or saying the wrong thing, constantly on the alert—never wholly comfortable for a minute?

Many people feel "alone" in a crowd, out of place. They do not know how to make strangers like them—how to *create a good first impression.* When they are introduced they do not know how to start conversation flowing smoothly and naturally. At the dinner table they feel constrained, embarrassed. Somehow they always feel that they don't "belong."

Little Blunders That Take Us Off Our Guard

There are so many problems of conduct constantly arising. How should asparagus be eaten? How should the finger-bowl be used, the napkin, the fork and knife? Whose name should be mentioned first when making an introduction? How should invitations be worded? How should the home be decorated for a wedding? What clothes should be taken on a trip to the South?

In public, at the theatre, at the dance, on the train—wherever we go and with whomever we happen to be, we encounter problems that make it necessary for us to hold ourselves well in hand, to be prepared, to know *exactly what to do and say.*

Let the Book of Etiquette Be Your Social Guide

For your own happiness, for your own peace of mind and your own ease, it is important that you know definitely the accepted rules of conduct in all public places.

It is not expensive dress that counts most in social circles—but correct manner, knowledge of social form. Nor is it particularly clever speech that wins the largest audiences. If one knows the little secrets of *entertaining conversation,* if one is able to say always the right thing at the right time, one cannot help being a pleasing and ever-welcome guest.

The Book of Etiquette, social secretary to thousands of men and women, makes it possible for every one to do, say, write and wear always that which is absolutely correct and in good form—gives to every one a new ease and poise of manner, a new self-confidence and assurance. It smooths away the little crudities—does amazing things in the matter of *self-cultivation.*

Five Days' Examination

Here is an unusual opportunity for you to own this authoritative edition at a NEW LOW PRICE. Don't send one cent now, just the coupon. But when your own postman hands the package to you just deposit with him only $1.98 (plus a few cents postage) for the regular $3.50 edition. Keep the books for five days and if within that time you are not entirely satisfied, return them to us and every cent of your deposit will be promptly refunded to you.

We take all of the risk—and you get a genuine bargain. By signing and returning the coupon you get the original $3.50 edition, including the handsome and durable binding, for only $1.98, plus the five days' examination privilege. Surely you are not going to let this opportunity slip by. Clip and mail coupon NOW while you are thinking about it. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1056A, Garden City, New York.

Special Bargain!

The Famous Book of Etiquette

Nearly Half a Million Sold at $3.50

NOW ONLY $1.98 For a Very Limited Time

At this time of the year there is always a lull in the publishing business. To keep the presses running and the pressmen from being idle, Nelson Doubleday, Inc., makes the amazing offer to send you the complete, authentic, original BOOK OF ETIQUETTE at almost half the usual publisher's price!

You have always wanted to own the two remarkable books that give poise, ease, dignity, self-confidence. Almost 500,000 people have purchased them at the regular price of $3.50. If you act NOW you can receive the same two authoritative and fascinating volumes for only $1.98.

SEND NO MONEY

No money is necessary. Just clip and mail the coupon below to us at once. We will send you the complete, two-volume set and when it arrives you have the privilege of giving the postman only $1.98 (plus few cents postage) for the regular $3.50 set!

Surely you are not going to let this offer slip by. Clip and mail the coupon NOW while you are thinking about it.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.
Dept. 1056A, Garden City, N. Y.

USE THIS SPECIAL COUPON

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1056A,
Garden City, N. Y.

I accept your special offer. You may send me the complete, two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. When it arrives I will deposit with the postman only $1.98 (plus postage) instead of $3.50, the regular price. I retain the privilege of returning the books at any time within five days of their receipt, and my money will be refunded to me at once.

Name ....

Address ....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at $2.98 with same return privilege.

Orders from outside the U. S. are payable $2.35 cash with order

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next. W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED.

SALESMEN—ALL TOWNS, FOR BY FAR best fitting, richest looking, soft as silk, all wool, made to order, men's suits (guaranteed) at wholesale prices; $19.50 and $27.50; same goods sell in local stores at $35 to $50; we deliver, collect and furnish advertising; $40 to $80 weekly to go-getters. Tailoring experience unnecessary; outfit shipped for free examination. Wholesale Direct Tailors, Dept. 2, Buffalo, N. Y.

SALESMEN, 40% COMMISSION SELLING high grade securities. Two million dividends already paid. Some cases thirty for one. Special contract covering blue sky states. Hoffman Company, 306 Barclay Block, Denver.

AGENTS WANTED

WANTED—TAILORING SALESMEN, MAKE $60 to $125 per week. Biggest merchants in many towns have started with our lines. We are the largest made-to-measure tailoring house in the country, furnishing elaborate sample equipments, including 500 all wood fabrics and guaranteed absolute satisfaction, perfect fit, best workmanship, or no sales. Write me for line and all accessories to be sent free. Tell us all about yourself. Address A. B. Bradford, Sales Manager, Box 483, Chicago, Ill.

DISTRICT REPRESENTATIVES: START profitable business selling $10 accident and sickness policy. $5,000 death, $25.00 weekly benefits. State protects policy holders. Guaranteed yearly income from renewals. Dept. B, Room 516, 75 Montgomery street, Jersey City, N. J.

AGENTS—CLEAN UP $100 WEEKLY WITH "Nifty Nine"; weekly average 100 sales—dollar profit each. 30-40 sales daily frequently made; demonstrating outfit cinches order. 30 other coin-coaxers, all daily necessities. Postal brings our unique plans. Davis Products Co., Dept. 409, Chicago.

AGENTS—$75.00-$100.00 WEEKLY TAKING orders for popular price-smashing raincoats, $3.98. Largest commission advanced. Prompt shipment. We collect. Free coats. Eagle Raincoat Co., 547 Mid-City Bank Building, Chicago.

AGENTS—SELL HOUSE DRESSES. BIG demand now. Retail $2.00 each. Cost $12 dozen. Write for free catalog giving complete line agents supplies. Economy Sales Company, Manufacturers, Dept. 152, Boston, Mass.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

$100 WEEKLY—SELLS LIKE WILDFIRE. Klean-Rite Magic Washing Compound. No rubbing. Women crazy about it. Premium plan makes sales come easy. Samples free. Bestever Products Co., 1945-K Irving Park, Chicago.

ENERGETIC MEN AND WOMEN, EVERY city, earn $35 to $100 weekly introducing America's greatest beauty treatment. Sells on sight to every woman; repeat orders come fast; our plan gets the money; send for it today. Aladdin Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

AGENTS, SELL RICH LOOKING IMPORTED 36x66 rugs, $1 each. Carter sold 115 in 4 days, his profit $57. You can do the same. Write for sample offer. Sample prepaid $1.39 each. E. G. Condon, Importer, 77 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

EARN BIG MONEY FAST APPLYING GOLD initials to autos. Every owner buys; $1.40 profit on $1.50 sale. Particulars and samples free. World Monogram Co., Dept. D, Newark, N. J.

AGENTS—IF YOU HAVE FORMERLY SOLD felt rugs write for our new proposition concerning new goods. It's a winner. Newark Felt Rug Company, 56-E Bergen street, Newark, N. J.

AGENTS CLEAR $50.00 WEEKLY SELLING Opaline portraits. Expense money advanced. Credit given. Big line now ready. Samples & catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk 1, Chicago.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN. Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 75-BB Front St., New York.

AGENTS SELL MADE TO MEASURE GARbardines, whipcords, $14.50. Reversible raincoats. $75-$100, weekly; outfit free. Standard Raincoat, Dept. 27, 127 West 17th street, N. Y.

AGENTS: HOUSEWIVES EVERYWHERE delighted with new article which removes stains from clothing, table linen, etc. Write quick territory and sample. Make $2 an hour. Christy, 75 Union, Newark, New York.

SELL "AMENZ" SHIRTS, WONDERFUL opportunity, big profits. Made-to-measure and stock shirts; finest materials. Write for details. Menzin Shirt Co., 479-B, East Tremont avenue, New York.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS — MEN - WOMEN — MAKE 96c profit on every dollar distributing. Collect on delivery. Cards of fragrant flower beads. Latest novelty for women. Sample 25c. Mack Company, 9120 Baltimore Ave., Chicago.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights, tableware. Complete working outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

MAKE MONEY SILVERING MIRRORS, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 311 Fifth Ave., New York.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

SOLEUROWN — NEW WONDER SIX months shoesole. Anyone applies quick. Lifelong repeater. Doubles agent's money. Exclusive territory. Guaranteed pair 50c. H-M Company, Kent, Ohio.

REMNANT STORE; CINCINNATI, O. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO money required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

WONDERFUL SELLER. BIG PROFITS. Harper's Ten Use Cleaning Set washes and dries windows, scrubs, mops, cleans walls, sweeps, etc. Complete set costs less than brooms. Can start without investing a cent. Write Harper Brush Works, 104-A St., Fairfield, Iowa.

MAKE $25 TO $50 A WEEK REPRESENTing Clows' famous Philadelphia hosiery, direct from the mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 34, Philadelphia, Pa.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

EARN BIG MONEY FAST APPLYING GOLD initials to autos. Every owner buys—$1.35 profit on $1.50 sale—particulars and samples free. Write quick. Lithogram Co., Dept. 22, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—$60-$200 A WEEK FREE SAMples gold letters for store windows. Easily applied. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 435-B, N. Clark St., Chicago.

START YOUR OWN BUSINESS AS OUR sole agent, selling 100 famous home products. All or spare time. Dr. Blair Laboratories, Dept. 529, Lynchburg, Va.

MAKE $10 TO $20 DAILY SELLING GUARanteed silk hosiery, full or part time. Men or women. Syndicate Products Co., Dept. Q, 350 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS BONANZA—$1.00 PACKAGE GILman's (powdered) herbs makes 40 large dollar bottles excellent tonic (water solution). Labels free. E. Gilman, Box 170, Flint, Mich.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 126, St. Louis.

$425.00 A MONTH MADE BY MR. BURTSchi selling our spices, extracts, soaps, etc. Write for terms and territory. Lacassia Co., Dept. 116, St. Louis, Mo.

GET OUR FREE SAMPLE CASE—TOILET articles, perfumes and specialties. Wonderfully profitable. La Derma Co., Dept. B, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—NEW DISCOVERY MAKES ALL jelly "jell." Big profits, constant repeater. Sample free. Joy-Jel Company, 829 Grand, St. Joseph, Mo.

HELP WANTED

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS RAILWAY postal clerks. Men 18-35. $1600-$2300 year. Travel. See the country. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 25, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS. $1400-$2300 yearly. Many openings. Thirty-six page information booklet free. Chicago Civil Service College, B-51 Kesner Building, Chicago.

MALE HELP WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards; established 1909; particulars free. Write C. T. Ludwig, 326 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MEN OVER 18 WILLING TO TRAVEL. Make secret investigations. Reports. Salary and expenses. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Govt. Detective, DE, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY, travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Columbia, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

WANTED — BOYS-MEN, BE AUTO EXperts. $45 week. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 404, Rochester, N. Y.

GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BEGINNERS, $150-$250 monthly, railroads everywhere (which position?). Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

EARN MONEY AT HOME DURING SPARE time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2219, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

WANTED: WOMEN TO DO FANCY WORK at home. Spare hours. Material furnished. Good pay. Stamped envelope brings particulars. Underwood Art Goods Company, Portsmouth, Ohio.

GIRLS-WOMEN. LEARN GOWN DESIGNing—making. $40 week. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. W 505, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN, $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $200. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

FOR SALE—TRUCK FARMS IN ILLINOIS & Missouri. Easy terms. Box 195, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

REAL ESTATE LOANS

6% MONEY. BANKERS RESERVE SYStem. 6% loans are made on city or farm property to buy, build, improve, or pay indebtedness. Bankers Reserve Deposit Company, Lathrop Building, Kansas City, Mo.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

OIL—$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO land and interest in oil well that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 333 Petroleum Bldg., Houston, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MONEY IN GRAIN—$12.50 BUYS GUARANtees 10,000 bu. wheat; no further risk; movement 5c opportunity take $500; 4c, $400, etc. Particulars, market letter free. Investors' Guide, 203 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SALE—A VALUABLE MINING CLAIM at Elk Lake, Ont. Apply for particulars to M. Sabourin, 129 Fergusson street, North Bay, Ont.

10,000 GERMAN MARKS $1.50. 1,000,000 roubles $1.75 or both for $2.25. Public State Bank (Foreign Dept.), Chicago.

INCH DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENT 161 MAGazines thrice $15. Year $50. Wood's Popular Service, Atlantic City.

MEDICAL

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book; symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

CIGARS

PANETELA CIGARS DIRECT TO CONsumer. $2.00 per 100 prepaid. Somerset Cigar Co., Barnesville, Ohio.

TOBACCO

HOMESPUN TOBACCO. CHEWING, 5 LBS., $1.25; 10 lbs., $2.25; 20 lbs., $4.00. Smoking, 5 lbs., $1.00; 10 lbs., $1.75; 20 lbs., $3.00. United Farmers, Mayfield, Ky.

TOBACCO—EXTRA SMOKING, 5 LBS., $1.00; 10 lbs., $1.50; 20 lbs., $2.75. Chewing, 5 lbs., $1.50. 10 lbs., $2.75. Quality guaranteed. O'Connor Smokehouse, S151, Mayfield, Ky.

SONG POEMS WANTED

POEMS WANTED — SELL YOUR SONG verses for cash. Submit MSS at once or write New Era Music Co., 103 St. Louis, Mo.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

GUARANTEED HEMSTITCHING AND PIcoting attachment. New. Fits any sewing machine. $2.00 prepaid or sent C. O. D. Literature free. LaFlesh Hemstitching Co., Dept. S, Sedalia, Mo.

FISHERMAN

WONDER FISH LURE. MAKE FISH BITE like hungry wolves. Box 25c, five $1.00. Hamilton, Barnes City, Iowa.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS. BOOKS, CARDS. LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

DOGS

SEVERAL WELL TRAINED HUNTING hounds, male and female, guaranteed to please you at a real bargain; right ages. Write for full description of kind you want. P. O. Box 14, Paris, Tenn.

PERSONAL

LONESOME—WORLD'S GREATEST CLUB for lonesome people, largest, best; established many years. Thousands attractive, congenial, wealthy members everywhere, worth $4,000 to $400,000 willing to correspond. Honorable, sincere people write. I will send you free, hundreds complete descriptions for your approval. One may be your "ideal." Am making many happy. Quick results; try me. Old Reliable Successful Club, Hon. Ralph Hyde, 80-A, San Francisco.

DOWN IN BED SUFFERING SO I couldn't sleep; six doses of a simple mixture of 2 liquids obtainable at any drug store put me back to work in 2 days at a cost of less than 10 cents. Several have tried it with the same results. Try this formula on any case of rheumatism, if not satisfied with results just write me and get your money back by return mail. Send me $1 now; you can't lose. Address Manager National Sales Co., Box 663, Charlotte, N. C.

WHAT WORRIES YOU? WHETHER IT'S love, health, money or finding your mate, write full letter and send silver quarter, carefully wrapped, for wonderful booklet, "Mystic Secrets." Full instructions. Strict confidence. Prompt reply. We help thousands. Prof. Coffman, 111 West Third Str., Div. 174, Los Angeles, Calif.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN WHO HAVE LOST THEIR GOOD health, or never had any, can find complete restoration in Chrometome, the new, marvelous 48-hour pick-me-up remedy for nervous, exhausted, run-down, debilitated men. Quick results. Box $1; four for $3. Legion Remedy Co., Pittsburg, Kansas.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN. IF you want health, courage and strength you should consult experienced specialists. We specialize in diseases of men. Chronic, nervous, skin, kidney and bladder diseases. Write. Book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY—JOIN THE HIGH CLASS SELECT club. Many wealthy, honorable, refined members everywhere. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction assured. Long established, reliable. People's Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, Calif.

LONESOME LADIES, MARRY FOR COMfort, happiness. Large list descriptions wealthy gentlemen, free. Long established. Confidential. Welfare Club, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

THE POCKET RADIO—A MARVELOUS DIScovery—The human thought indicator tells what anyone's thoughts are. Price $1.00 postpaid. Circulars free. Radio Psychotector Co., Dept. Q, 601 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago.

WOMEN—ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. NO harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

WISH NEW FRIENDS? MANY LADIES and gentlemen desire correspondents. Write Good Fellowship Club, Woodhaven, New York. (Stamp.)

MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years' experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamme Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORREspondence Club." Particulars free. Confidential. Mrs. Kegna, B-23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY — MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

ARE YOU BASHFUL, SELF-CONSCIOUS, easily embarrassed? These troubles overcome. Send dime for particulars. O. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS. DIRECtory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

JOIN THE CLUB OF JOLLY PEOPLE. EXchange letters and make real sweethearts. Send stamp. Eva Moore, Box 903, Jacksonville, Florida.

WEAK, RUNDOWN MEN. YOU CAN FEEL my treatment within five minutes after using it. Test treatment a dime. Sondergord, 2804 Poplar, Cairo, Ill.

BRITISH GIRLS DESIRE AMERICAN CORrespondents. Proposition 10c. Clare, 16, Cambridge street, London, S. W., England.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS. WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 6, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

LADIES, IF YOU WISH A WEALTHY, pretty husband, write me. Box 594, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

WEALTHY, PRETTY, AFFECTIONATE girl, would marry. Write enclosing envelope. Doris Dawn, South Euclid, Ohio.

HUNDREDS SEEKING MARRIAGE. IF SINcere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

YOUNG BUSINESS MAN, WELL-TO-DO, would marry. Write me. Box 787, Dennison, Ohio.

WEALTHY COUNTRY GIRL, 18, WILL marry. Union Agency, Box 511, Huntsville, Ala.

MATRIMONIAL MAGAZINE, PHOTOS, ADdresses, 25c. 25 postcards beautiful women 50c. A. McCreery, Chatham, Ontario.

THERE'S A PAL IN THE WORLD FOR ALL. Nancy Bell, Box 773, Philadelphia, Pa. (Stamp.)

WEALTHY RANCHER, LONELY, WANTS sweet, affectionate wife. Ladies, write. Club, Box 25, Cimarron, Kans.

COUE'S SELF MASTERY BY AUTOSUGGEStion, the way to health and happiness. 30c. Crystal Supply Co., Box 562, Norfolk, Va.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WIDOW, WORTH $40,000, will marry. Club, Box 1022, Wichita, Kansas.

WEALTHY LONELY WIDOW WANTS HUSband. Write Bessie, 422 E-Forsyth, Jacksonville, Fla.

GIRL, 20, WORTH $30,000, LONELY, WILL marry. H-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

MISSING PERSONS

Mrs. Fannie Thweatt, 1425 Cooper St., Augusta, Fla., wishes to hear from or concerning husband, Daniel B. Thweatt, 67 years old. Last heard from at 1450 Gevinnett St., Augusta, Fla. Height, 6 ft.; has brown hair and eyes, and fair complexion. Wife exceedingly anxious to hear from him.

Richard Baumgardt, Erskine, Alta., Canada, wishes to hear from or concerning brother, Leo Baumgardt, 44 years old. Last heard from near Mankato, Minn., about 27 years ago. At the age of 17 years he was working for Louis Coal, 12 miles north of Mankato, Minn. Any information as to his whereabouts will be gratefully received.

Stop that Itch!

INSTANT RELIEF FOR YOU—yes, relief as if by magic from the torture of skin diseases, ulcers, pimples, scales, crusts or eczema in any form! Gone is the maddening itch that pursues you day and night and gives you no rest. Instead you can have that calm, cool sensation which comes when the itch is taken away.

End the Misery of Skin Disease

Don't endure the torment and humiliation of skin diseases any longer. Don't be ashamed to appear before your friends. Banish the sleepless nights. If you have searched in vain for freedom from your trouble, here is a message of hope for you—a message that has brought letters of thanks from thousands of skin sufferers for 25 years. Just read—

Reputable physicians will tell you today that the medical profession can only guess at what is the true cause of skin disease. Some say it is a blood disease and try treatments through the blood. Others say it is a skin disease, pure and simple, and treat the disease through the skin.

But science isn't sure. We shall not presume, then, to tell you what skin disease is when science itself frankly admits that it cannot tell.

But we can tell you about a prescription which has been used for twenty-five years in the treatment of skin disease. And, without making further claims, we ask you to read the letters from those who have used it.

A Doctor's Prescription

D. D. D. Prescription is the formula of a physician, Dr. D. D. Dennis, from whose initials it secures its name. The present enormous sale of this prescription is the result of twenty-five years of gradual growth from the time when Dr. Dennis first started treating patients in his immediate neighborhood.

We make no extravagant claims for D. D. D. We do not shout from the housetops, "Come one, come all—see, I cure, I cure!" There is nothing miraculous about this prescription. It is just a common sense lotion, compounded of well known soothing and healing ingredients—thymol, oil of wintergreen, etc. —just such elements as any conscientious physician might prescribe.

We only know this:—throughout twenty-five years, day by day, the written testimony of restored happiness and health keeps pouring in. Letters by thousands come from everywhere, with words of thanks and praise. They come freely without solicitation or suggestion of any kind. If you should ask, "What is the secret of D. D. D.'s success?" we should answer, "Read the letters which we receive, and judge for yourself."

We reproduce a few letters. Read them!

Eczema Torture—A Touch of D. D. D.—Instant Relief

For months I did not know what it was to enjoy a night of unbroken sleep, for I had a severe case of itching eczema which was a perfect torture. I am so thankful for having heard of your D. D. D. remedy I scarcely know how to say enough for it. The first application gave complete relief, and I decided to keep on using it, and after three months' treatment find myself completely well. To anyone suffering with skin disease I would say, "For your own sake use D. D. D." It will heal you. WM. BENFIELD.

3252 Monroe St., Bellaire, Ohio.

Sore Covered Skin Now Smooth

After four years' suffering, D. D. D. gave me almost instant relief, and my legs that had been raw sores with eczema were perfectly smooth in four weeks. I used several preparations put up for eczema, but none ever did me any good until I tried D. D. D.

Asheville, N. Y. ALBERT SMITH.

Instant Relief!

About three years ago an itching, scaly eruption appeared on my head. I tried several salves and remedies, but it kept growing worse and kept spreading. Night after night I walked the floor unable to sleep from the constant pain, itching and burning. A friend recommended Three D. for eczema. I tried it and the **first application gave me great relief**, stopped the itching so I could sleep. After applying it for several months I was entirely healed. D. W. HANNA.

Burlington, Kan.

Eczema Returned Every Summer

I have never known a case where D. D. D. failed to do all you claim for it.

I used to dread the summer season, for with it always came the same old trouble "eczema" until I used your D. D. D. remedy, and since using it, over eight years ago, I have had no sign of eczema, but always keep a bottle of D. D. D. in my house.

S. J. WILLIAMS.

Medford, Wis.

Constant Torture Ended

I certainly can recommend your medicine in this community for what it has already done for me. I had not had a good night's rest for five months until I commenced using your D. D. D., and oh! how sweet was rest after suffering five months of severe torture.

MRS. LUCY J. TAYLOR.

Mechanicsburg, Va.

Greatest Remedy in the World

I want to thank you for that great benefit derived from your wonderful medicine D. D. D. For years I was a constant sufferer from eczema and at times thought my pain was more than I could bear. Being in the drug business, I was in touch with many so-called eczema cures, but not until I used your remedy did I see or feel the slightest benefit. After using less than a bottle I could see a most decided improvement in my condition and was completely healed before I had completed my fifth bottle. I believe you have the greatest remedy in the world and I advise all sufferers from eczema to give D. D. D. a trial. Wishing you unlimited success.

COL. H. H. STONE.

12 W. Tenth St., Kansas City, Mo.

Perhaps, indeed, these letters are too enthusiastic. But, if so, may not the writers be excused in the knowledge that they wrote in the ecstasy of relief—in the joy of freedom from years of suffering?

D. D. D. may now be had in two forms:

D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION

the original **liquid** remedy, which, for 25 years, has been the standard lotion for skin diseases. It is effective in cases of Eczema, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Barber's Itch, Hives, Rash, Acne, etc. In all cases, D. D. D. gives relief from itching upon first application.

D. D. D. EMOLLIENT CREAM

was created in response to a demand for a remedy in **milder** and more **convenient** form which would have the same soothing and healing properties as the liquid. It is based on the same formula as D. D. D. Prescription. The action of D. D. D. Emollient Cream is calm and gentle; **and still it soothes the itch instantly!** It is therefore especially recommended for initial use in cases where the skin is highly sensitive, to be followed, in more severe and obstinate cases, by the use of D. D. D. Prescription in liquid form. For skin blemishes, pimples, and the milder forms of ivy or oak poisoning, as well as for continued use to keep the skin smooth and velvety, D. D. D. Emollient Cream is an effective and ideal product.

One thing is sure. Regardless of what they said, the spirit of what they said is unmistakable. It rings true. Joy, relief, gratitude, happiness!

If they have won this feeling, why not you? If you could but have the feeling that inspires such letters, freely written, what would you not give? What more, indeed, can you ask?

We'll not say that these grateful correspondents are relieved, healed or cured, but we will say that they are HAPPY AGAIN, after years of pain and suffering—and that's what D. D. D. Prescription offers to do for you. We make no claims. You can draw far greater confidence and comfort from what D. D. D. has done through the past twenty-five years than from anything we can now say.

Trial Tube

Sent on Request

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
DDD
D.D.D.
EMOLLIENT
CREAM
CHLORAL HYDRATE 7 GR. PER OZ
Intended to Relieve Itching and Other Irritations of the Skin
PREPARED ONLY BY
D.D.D. COMPANY
CHICAGO
TORONTO

If you suffer from any kind of skin disease or itching, particularly if your skin is so sensitive that you can scarcely touch it, try D. D. D. Emollient Cream—and see how it brings you relief! We shall gladly send you a generous trial tube of D. D. D. Emollient Cream if you wish to feel its soothing effect. The first touch gives instant relief. See how gentle the action; how handy to use! The trial tube alone is sometimes sufficient in mild cases of skin disease. Simply fill out the coupon below and send it in today. Enclose only 10 cents to cover package and postage. Do not delay, for it may mean freedom for you, at last, from the agonizing torment of skin disease.

D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. A353
3845 E. Ravenswood Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me a trial tube of D. D. D. Emollient Cream. I enclose ten cents to cover cost of package and postage.

Name……………………………………

Address…………………………………

Town……………………………, State…………